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PART XXIII.]

[PRICE 5d.]



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF  
**BIBLICAL TRUTH,**  
 AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN  
**THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.**

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"HAVE WE ANY 'WORD OF GOD?'"

IV.—THE INTRINSIC CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE.  
(Continued.)

THERE is another point of view in which the Bible stands alone. This world, and the state of it, resemble a lock with many wards, and in this book we have a key which fits them all. For instance—

1. There is a singular practice, found in many parts of the world, pervading a great number of nations, and observed by two or three hundred millions of the human race; in obedience to which one day in every seven is regarded as sacred, and is set apart to religious observances.

2. A still more remarkable custom is more widely observed than the Sabbath itself—viz, that of slaying a beast on some kind of altar, as a method of propitiating some displeased Divine Being.

3. Even more surprising is the rite, largely used among Eastern nations, of circumcision.

4. Another strange thing is, that go where we will—to the Phenicians, the Romans, the Mexicans, the Hindoos, the Goths, or the Chinese—we everywhere find, among the oldest traditions of every race, a positive and distinct assertion of a deluge overwhelming the earth. How such an idea, so strange, so difficult to be received, should have pervaded both Italy and South America, China and the Gothic countries, is indeed a difficult problem, and one which seems, apart from the Bible, scarcely capable of solution.

5. Once more: Histories of ancient times, and of the most authentic character, assure us of the former existence of many great nations, which flourished, rose to power, decayed, and vanished away. Such were the Chaldeans, Phenicians, Carthaginians, Vandals, Goths, and others. When subdued, they generally became incorporated with their conquerors, or else melted away. Especially is this found to be the case when they were uprooted from their own land and carried into slavery. A Phenician, Etruscan, Chaldean, or Goth, properly so called, has not been seen on the earth for many centuries past. Yet there is one strange exception.

Roman history tells us that, in the days of Vespasian, about A.D. 71, the land of Judea was subdued, the city of Jerusalem stormed and taken, and the people, in vast numbers, sold into captivity. Enormous numbers perished—

1,100,000 in the siege; 580,000, sixty years after, in a rebellion; and finally, the rest were banished from the land, and sent as captives or exiles over the whole face of the earth. Every other nation so used has disappeared; but these Jews, everywhere persecuted and trodden down, seem imperishable. This is no ordinary circumstance. How is it to be accounted for?

We might name divers other strange facts apparent in the history and state of the earth, but these may suffice. Is it a trifling matter that in the Bible we have a key which fits all these wards? a single book which tells us, in a simple but distinct and authoritative manner, when the Sabbath was instituted, and by whom; when the rite of sacrifice was appointed; when circumcision was commanded; when and why the general deluge was sent upon the earth; and how the Jewish people came to be wanderers over the face of the globe, scattered everywhere, and everywhere inextinguishable. Surely the volume which satisfactorily, fully, and distinctly solves all these difficulties, and explains all these strange facts, is very far indeed from being "like any other book."

Nor, when we look more closely into it, do we find our wonder decrease. Modern writers have exercised their ingenuity in discovering reasons for deeming the Pentateuch to be only 3,000 years old, instead of 3,500, as we have been accustomed to suppose. But no one possessed of the slightest credit has deemed it to be any other than a very ancient book, dating far earlier back, for instance, than the foundation of Rome. Now let any one take the trouble to look into the history of the Jewish people, during the last thousand years, and follow the sad details of their cruel persecutions, coupled with their continued life and even increase, and then let him turn back to the words of Moses:—

"If thou wilt not observe to do all the words of this law, . . . thou shalt be plucked from off the land whither thou goest to possess it. And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other; and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and stone. And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest: but the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind: and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life," Deut. xxviii. 58, 63—66.



Yet to these terrible predictions, Moses adds, uttering the purposes of God :—

"Yet for all that, I will not cast them away, neither will I abhor them, to destroy them utterly: for I am the Lord their God," Lev. xxvi. 44.

And a later prophet adds—

"Lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve; yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth," Amos ix. 9.

Now what a wonderful collection of prophecies is here. The children of Israel were to be plucked up and driven out of their land: they were plucked up and driven out. They were to be scattered among all nations: they have for centuries been scattered among all nations, "from one end of the earth to the other." Everywhere they were to be hated and persecuted, and to find no rest: there never has been a people so universally hated, and so cruelly entreated, as the Jews have been all through the Middle Ages; in every kingdom in Europe by the professed Christians; in all parts of Asia and Africa by the Mahometans. Everywhere "a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind," has been their characteristic. And lastly, they were to be indestructible: and accordingly, after slaughters innumerable, and perpetual sufferings—while Goths and Avars, and many other races, faded away and disappeared—the Jews remained undestroyed. Still are they to be found "in every country under heaven;" still are they hated and often oppressed; but to destroy them passes the skill and power of men or devils. Did ever an elaborate seal and its impression so correspond? And when we recall to mind that the predictions were uttered more than a thousand years before the fulfilment could even commence, we may surely ask, Whether so stupendous a fact can be alleged of any other book in the world? Truly, if men are not convinced by Moses and the prophets, neither would they be convinced, though one rose from the dead.

Other instances of the same kind there are not a few: but I have not time or space to do more than name them. We see Nineveh, then a splendid city, warned that God would "make her a desolation, and dry like a wilderness." She has been a desolation for more than sixteen hundred years. Babylon, in the times of the prophets, was "the golden city." God said, by the mouth of Isaiah, "I will make it a possession

for the bittern, and pools of water." She has been so all through a long series of centuries. Tyre, in the days of Ezekiel, was "very glorious in the midst of the seas." The prophet, in the name of God, said, "I will make her like the top of a rock, a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." All travellers agree that the site of Tyre now is "a rock whereon fishers dry their nets." Egypt was one of the most ancient and most powerful of the kingdoms. God said, "It shall be the basest of the kingdoms," and for more than two thousand years Egypt has been ruled over by a succession of foreign tyrants—"a land of tyranny and slavery."

Is there any other book in the world which can show a single prediction rivalling, and even resembling in an inferior degree, any one of the wonderful prophecies? If not, is it not both foolish and morally wrong to speak of the Bible as "like any other book?"—Yours sincerely,—R.

#### THE MORN.

Come, climb the dewy upland,  
To greet th' emerging sun;  
Come, see the monarch rising,  
His glorious race to run.

We'll breathe the heavenly freshness,  
The incense of the morn,  
While thousand gems of crystal  
Each flower and leaf adorn.

Hark! hark! the lark uprising,  
Pours forth his matin lay;  
And birds of various voices  
Salute the dawning day.

Oh Nature! clad in beauty,  
Thy various forms I love;  
Through all thou tell'st the praises  
Of Him who reigns above.

#### A BRITISH GENERAL AND THE WALDENIAN VALLEYS.

SOME forty years ago, Colonel Beckwith, who had distinguished himself at the battle of Waterloo, was induced to visit the Waldensian valleys. In that visit he resolved to devote his energies and means to their benefit. Regretting the sad state of the other parts of Italy, he believed that Providence had preserved the 20,000 Protestants of the valleys for some great purpose; he fancied that, through them, a new life could be poured into the moral veins of the land. But, looking at the Waldenses as they presented themselves to him, he soon saw that they were not prepared for that glorious task—for the accomplishment of that grand object. He saw a poor, ignorant, oppressed, helpless people, who had scarcely power enough to maintain the service of God among themselves, and were in the most urgent need of training,

both religious and secular. How could they be the teachers of a people who, except in the knowledge of the one thing needful, were far their superiors? Our noble-minded and sensible general perceived that the first thing was to revive the lamp which could afterwards throw light in the dark places of Italian Popery; and with rare energy and power of intellect, he applied to this task of love the means and influence which God, whom he served, had largely granted to him.

In those days there lived another servant of God in England, whose heart beat no less fervently for the spread of the Gospel than that of Beckwith: it was the Rev. Dr. Gilly, then Prebendary of Durham. Some wealthy British Christian one day put £5,000 at his disposal, to be spent for the cause of God. No sooner was the general informed of this munificent donation than he requested his friend to favour the Waldenses with the benefit of it. The kind-hearted clergyman paid a visit to the valleys, and, to his satisfaction, found that this was the spot where the large sum which was trusted to his administration could be best put to use for the cause of his Master. The two friends directed, in the first place, their attention to the pressing want of a good establishment for the training of young men as ministers, teachers, and leaders of the people.

In the midst of a paradise of vines, flower-gardens, and chestnut forests adorning the slopes of mountains on both sides, stands the pretty and thriving town of Latour, at the bottom of a rich valley, reflecting its white-plastered houses in the waters of the Pelice. The interior of the town, however, has nothing worth noticing. Owing to the narrowness of the spot on which it stands, it consists of only a single street, with a market-place hardly as broad as Cheapside. Every one knows that Latour has been for centuries the stronghold of Waldensian Protestantism. There, also, the brave English general carried on his plans of benevolence and charity.

There was at Latour a Latin school, under the superintendence of only one teacher, whose salary was £35, from a fund in Holland. Great credit as this school did to its able and zealous master, M. Moustier, it was necessarily very defective. It was resolved to found a college at which young students could be prepared for the university. A beautiful site at Latour, at a short distance from the river Pelice, in the midst of a charming landscape, was chosen, and soon the simple but spacious building rose in the shade of Mont Evers. Dr. Gilly provided it with sufficient means for the support of the professors, and with bursaries for ten students. Nor did he forget his Italian friends when he returned home. He wrote several works about them, which excited the deepest interest in England; and many a gift which henceforth was sent to the valleys was the effect of his indefatigable efforts to promote the welfare of its Protestant inhabitants.

Meanwhile, General Beckwith did not cease his operations with the founding of the college. He had opened the way for raising the standard of the education of the male population; his attention was now given to that of the females. "No people will ever be great," he used to say, "which has not intelligent women." With the aid of some influential friends in England, he opened a boarding-school at Latour for the training of the daughters of the ministers. Then he took up the common schools. Every parish had its school, but they were in the hands of the Catholic priests, and no Protestant child could attend them. Thus, nearly the whole Protestant youth was, and had been for years, destitute of any regular training. Our devoted general went over the fifteen parishes, and, although lame, walking over the mountains and valleys, addressed the people, visited them in their houses and huts, and left no stone unturned till they promised to do their utmost for the opening of a Protestant school in each parish. To encourage them, he offered to pay a certain portion of the amount required for the erection of every school, if they would engage to pay the rest. His efforts were crowned with the most gratifying success. Soon every Protestant parish had two schools: one for boys, one for girls. Nor was this all. As the people, especially in the high mountain parishes, were scattered over a large area, where, in winter, the roads were either inaccessible, or could not be passed without danger, the parish schools were, at that season of the year, of no use to the children who lived at remote distances. Impelled and encouraged by their excellent friend, the parishioners founded in each parish several winter schools at remote spots, where, during three months, instruction is given. All these school-houses are now maintained by the people themselves, who also pay the salaries of the teachers. Taking into account the poverty of the inhabitants of these valleys, and the low state of their social training, we may be astonished how one man could bring about such a wonderful reformation of a whole people, and in such a short space of time. Truly, there is might in a holy object and faith!

Still the Waterloo soldier did not stop even here. He felt that but little is gained by building schools and paying salaries, if teachers are unfit for their work. The college at Latour was not yet opened; nor was there any normal school. At that time a most excellent institution was conducted in Switzerland by the Rev. M. Gautey. The general, at his own expense, sent there a number of pious young men. Soon Latour had its own training college; professors of good abilities, and fit for their responsible work, were appointed, all of whom taught in French; scarcely any one of them knew Italian. This was a defect in the opinion of Beckwith. Could the Vaudois Church, if ignorant of the native language of the land, be the instrument of the reformation of Italy, his fond and cherished hope? One of the pro-



seors was sent by him to Florence, whence he returned an excellent Italian scholar. Four of his colleagues went there also. At present the Vaudois pasteurs, the professors, and the students, even the teachers and children of the schools at Latour, speak Italian as fluently as their native tongue.

Since 1850 it has pleased the Lord to grant social and political liberty to the Waldenses, who for so many centuries were the outcasts of Europe; now they enjoy the same rights as the Roman Catholic State Church. Vast efforts were made, and are continued, to render the Protestant Church what she ought to be, and, with God's blessing, will be. It is needless to add that General Beckwith has acted a most important part in the new phase of the Vaudois Churches, being always ready to lead them in the right way, and to help them with an unbounded generosity.

Some years ago, being forced to leave the valleys, he took up his residence in France. He soon, however, returned to the country of his choice, and there united himself with his beloved Waldenses, through marriage with the daughter of a respectable Vaudois farmer. Last year his Master took him to his heavenly home, rich in years, and loaded with the blessings of the whole Protestant population of the valleys. In every cottage his portrait adorns the humble parlour, and in each of the inmates' hearts he has the place of a noble and devoted benefactor. No wonder that his amiable widow and her daughter are the pets of the Waldenses, amongst whom she resides!

### The Early Days of Good Men.

No. XVI.—DR. DODDRIDGE.

PERHAPS some readers of these sketches may, like the writer of them, feel a "fond, personal obligation" to Dr. Doddridge, and may recall, with pleasure and gratitude, the perusal of his "Rise and Progress," having found in its pages help and guidance at the critical period of their spiritual history. If so, they will with the greater interest read these memorials of his youthful days, in which there is much to instruct, and much deserving of imitation.

Philip Doddridge was born in London, June 26th, 1702. His father, who followed the trade of an oilman, had a numerous family, or, rather, a numerous family had been born to him; but such was the fatality which reigned in his household, that, at the birth of the twentieth, there was only one other child, a daughter, surviving. This last child, who was named after his uncle, was, from the circumstances of his birth—his mother having been in the utmost peril of her life—so feeble, that he was at first laid aside as dead; but one of the women in attendance, fancying she saw him breathe, carefully tended him, and, after a time, succeeded in resuscitating him. His constitution, thus originally delicate in the extreme, never attained to robustness; and he was one of the manifold examples of how much mental and spiritual energy may be lodged in a physical frame of the utmost fragility.

As the last hope of his parents, the little delicate boy was tended with the most indulgent care, and his excellent mother especially devoted herself to his early instruction. Alluding to the period of his infancy, he says:—

I was brought up in the early knowledge of religion by my pious parents, who were in their character very worthy of their birth and education; and I well remember that my mother taught me the history of the Old and New Testament before I could read, by the assistance of some blue Dutch tiles in the chimney-place of the room where we commonly sat; and the wise and pious reflections she made upon those stories were the means of enforcing such good impressions on my heart, as never afterwards wore out.

The reference here made to the early circumstances of his parents reminds us to tell that, both on his father's and mother's side, there were memorials of worth of a nature to influence an ingenuous young mind, and to spur it on in the pursuit of honour, learning, and piety. Doddridge's mother was the daughter of Mr. John Bauman, a Bohemian clergyman, who, when but just of age, had quitted a considerable estate, and all his friends and connections, for the truth's sake. He found himself compelled either to abjure the Protestant faith or to seek freedom and safety in expatriation, and, preferring the latter painful expedient, he fled, disguised as a peasant, with 100 pieces of gold plaited in a leathern girdle, and a copy of Luther's Bible in his pocket. The latter, as a precious heir-loom, descended to Dr. Doddridge, who carefully preserved and bequeathed it to his family. Of the girdle a curious story was related. The first night after his escape, the refugees left it behind, at the inn in which he lodged, and did not miss it for some hours after. At length, discovering the loss, he went back in painful suspense to seek for his lost treasure. Inquiring of the chambermaid if she had seen his belt, she told him that after he was gone she found it, but not supposing it to be of any value, had thrown it away, she could not recollect where. Induced by his promise of a reward, she searched for it, and found it in a cupboard under the staircase, where all sorts of rubbish were cast aside. We can readily imagine how rejoiced was the good man to recover it, and how thankfully he went on his way, often referring to the incident in after days, when recounting the eventful course of his life.

He afterwards spent some time in various parts of Germany, but eventually came to England, where he settled, and was made master of the Free School at Kingston-upon-Thames. He died about the year 1688, and left one daughter, afterwards Mrs. Doddridge.

On the paternal side there were also good and pious memories to which Dr. Doddridge loved to refer. His father's father was John Doddridge, one of the ejected ministers. Speaking of this ancestor, he observes:—

He had a family of ten children unprovided for; but he quitted his living, which was worth to him about £200 per annum, rather than he would violate his conscience by submitting to the subscriptions and declarations required, and the usages imposed, by the Act of Uniformity.

This worthy man is described by Calamy, in his "Memorials," as "an ingenious scholar, an acceptable preacher, and a very peaceable divine."

When very young, little Philip was sent to a day-school kept by Mr. Stott, "a long since forgotten

minister," by whom he was drilled in the elements of learning, and at ten years of age he was sent to Kingston, to study within the walls of the old grammar-school, where his worthy grandfather had once been master. Mr. Mayo was then its president, and in after days the young divine expressed his gratitude to this early preceptor, and spoke of the advantages he had derived from his "excellent instructions in public and private."

He had spent about three years at Kingston when he lost his father, and, shortly after, his mother also was taken from him by death. The natural tenderness of his disposition made these grievous bereavements the more sensitively felt by him. Happily his early piety taught him to look upward for consolation, and his note-book contains this touching record:—

God is an immortal Father; my soul rejoiceth in him. He has hitherto helped me, and provided for me. May it be my study to approve myself a more affectionate, grateful, and dutiful child.

Afterwards, in one of his sermons, entitled "The Orphan's Hope," he says—

I am under some peculiar obligations to desire and attempt the relief of orphans, as I know the heart of an orphan, having been deprived of both my parents at an age in which it might reasonably be supposed a child should be most sensible of such a loss.

Shortly after the time of his father's death, he was removed to a private school at St. Albans, under the care of an excellent and learned man, Mr. Nathaniel Wood, who soon became attached to a pupil so amiable and diligent, and whose attainments were such as to reflect credit upon his teachers. At the same time, there was raised up for him a kind and efficient friend, who became a second parent to the forlorn young stranger, and assisted him to struggle with the rough necessities of his orphan lot. This was the Rev. Samuel Clark, author of the well-known manual, "Scripture Promises," then minister of the Presbyterian chapel at St. Albans, a man who, with ample means, possessed a generous spirit, and a zealous desire to promote the interests of religion. Pleased with the diligence and seriousness of Doddridge, he took friendly notice of him, and, when circumstances made his help most urgently necessary, afforded him counsel and pecuniary aid. When he had been about a year at this school, our student began to keep a diary, in which he recorded the occurrences of his life, and from which we learn that he was indefatigable in endeavouring to improve his mind, labouring in his class, and carefully pondering what he learned. With conscientious care he distributed his time, that he might be the better able to improve the hours of leisure. He also set himself to do good to his schoolfellows, assisting them in their studies, entering into religious conversation with them, strengthening any pious dispositions which he saw in them, and encouraging and assisting at social meetings for prayer, especially on the Sabbath-day. He was much given to walking in the fields, and would often ramble, book in hand, around the old town, with its picturesque environs, reading or chatting with some favourite companion. In these walks he frequently paid a visit of mercy to the poor cottagers, to whom he would talk pleasantly and read to them, sometimes giving them a trifling sum out of his own slender allowance of pocket-money. In this manner he early learned the ex-

quisite happiness of true charity—that kindness of heart which enriches its possessor above all other wealth. Nothing can be more lovely than the spirit he evinces, in the following letter to a young man who had been deploring his loss of fortune:—

I verily believe that nothing in this affair is so afflictive to you as to be deprived of the *pleasure of doing good*; but I need not tell you that in all our acts of benevolence we ought chiefly to regard the approbation of God, and the reward of a future state. Now, God beholds your secret generosity of soul; your tender compassion for those who are in misery; your hearty desire to relieve them, and your affectionate prayers to the Fountain of all goodness on their behalf; and you know that he does as graciously approve you in these honest and liberal intentions as he would have done for their actual execution, had he given you an opportunity to realise them. And such generosity of soul is also attended with a considerable degree of satisfaction at present. You may now, perhaps, give a shilling with as true an overflowing of soul, and almost as much joy, too, as you would give a guinea, if you were twenty times as rich.

He goes on to add, how the virtuous and generous recipient values a gift according to the spirit of the donor, and estimates it in proportion to the circumstances of the benefactor.

This assertion (he says) is confirmed by my own experience, for I have found as exquisite a pleasure in receiving some little services from my friends, when attended with circumstances of generosity and endearment, as I ever did in any of greater importance. And it seems to be the thought of Solomon, when he says, "The desire of a man is his kindness."

While yet a schoolboy, Doddridge began to cherish some thoughts of the ministry, and whatever were his school-business, studies, or amusements, he daily read portions of the Scriptures, with some commentary upon them; and carefully noted all the sermons he heard, recording what impression they made on his heart, and what in the minister he was most desirous to imitate.

On the 1st of February, 1718 (being then sixteen years of age), he was admitted to the Church, and his reflections upon the occasion show the earnest, loving piety of his spirit:—

I rose early this morning, and read that part of Mr. Henry's book on the Lord's Supper which treats of a due approach to it, and endeavoured to excite in myself suitable dispositions and affections. As I endeavoured to prepare my heart according to the preparation of the sanctuary, though with many defects, God was pleased to meet me, and give me sweet communion with himself, of which I desire always to retain a grateful sense. I, this day, in the strength of Christ, renewed my covenant with God, and vowed against every sin, and resolved carefully to perform every duty. The Lord keep this in the imagination of my heart, and grant that I may not deal treacherously with him!

Shortly after this time a cloud arose, which overshadowed his prospects in life, and threatened to disappoint all the fond anticipations he had indulged as to his future course. The person who had undertaken the management of his little property after his father's decease, became insolvent, and lost the whole of his ward's substance as well as his own. Doddridge thus found himself reduced to a state of absolute want, and looked around, with anxiety, not knowing from whence he should find the requisite means to complete his education. Just at this critical time, a generous offer was made by the Duchess of Bedford (who had learned from the duke's steward of the youth's circumstances and inclination for the ministry) to place

him at either of the universities if he chose to embrace the Church as a profession. He received this proposal with gratitude; but as he could not conscientiously comply with the terms of ministerial conformity, he felt compelled to decline it. His fervent desire was to preach the Gospel in connection with those whose principles he loved and adhered to; and he hoped to obtain encouragement and assistance from the Dissenters. With palpitating heart he went to London to call on Dr. Calamy, begging his advice and help; but he met with no success.

He advised me to turn my thoughts to something else (says his diary). It was with great concern that I received such advice; but I desire to follow Providence, and not to force it. The Lord give me grace to glorify him in whatever station he sets me; then, here am I; let him do with me what seemeth good in his sight.

There seemed now no alternative but to accept a lucrative proposal made to him by a friend, to enter on the study of the law; yet, still his heart yearned towards the path he was about to quit, and he cast a lingering look of regret before finally resolving to take a decisive step. The state of his mind is fully revealed in a letter written shortly after, and which concludes as follows:—

Before I returned my final answer, I took one morning solemnly to seek Divine direction; and so it was, that even while I was thus engaged, the postman called at the door with a letter from Mr. Clark, in which he told me that he had heard of my difficulty, and offered to take me under his care if I chose the ministry on Christian principles. This I looked upon almost as an answer from Heaven; and while I live I shall ever adore so seasonable an interposition of Divine providence.

How joyfully he accepted this offer, and with what devout gratitude he again bent the knee to acknowledge the mercy thus seasonably bestowed we may readily imagine.

Truly (he said), I have sought God's direction in this matter; my only view in my choice has been that of more extensive service, and I beg that I may be made an instrument of doing much good in the world.

Thus was the way made smooth before him, and in a manner so desirable and creditable both to himself and his excellent benefactor. And now we enter upon the student-life of one who was himself destined to become, in after years, eminently distinguished as an instructor of the young, and as a divinity professor. Hastening back to St. Albans, he spent a short time with Mr. Clark, who furnished him with proper books, directed him as to his studies, and finally arranged that he should remove, in October, 1719, to an academy established at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, then a leading place of education among the Dissenters, under the superintendence of the Rev. John Jennings, a man of piety, learning, and usefulness, and "a very worthy tutor." Of his studies during the first three years, we find frequent and ample notices in his letters and diary. He must have been most indefatigable in his academic preparations; studying the classics and the original Scriptures with taste and accuracy; commenting upon Homer; and annotating on the Testaments, New and Old; managing at leisure times to read, in a few months, as many as sixty volumes, including Patrick's Commentary, Tillotson's works, and the "Boyle Lectures." He seems to have been very happy during this time, and speaks

glowingly of "the meadows and arbours" of Kibworth, which he overlooked from the window of his "dear, light garret," wherein he held happy communion with Heaven and his own soul, giving utterance by word of mouth, and with his pen, to the overflowings of his gentle, loving spirit, and expressing those feelings of ardent attachment and fervent admiration which in him were simply genuine and true, though in many they might have appeared too glowing and overcharged. Some memoranda relative to this period show the more serious exercises of his mind, and tell how diligently he guarded himself from what might estrange his heart or distract his attention from those holy duties to which he had consecrated his life. One of these papers contains a solemn form of covenant with God, in which he devotes himself, his time, and his powers, to the service of his heavenly Father, with reverential love and cheerfulness. It so nearly resembles the form which he recommends to others in the seventeenth chapter of his "Rise and Progress," that it need not be here inserted. He also drew up some rules for the direction of his conduct, and, that they might be constantly in sight, he inscribed them on the fly-leaves of his interleaved Testament. They are truly excellent, and deserve the attentive consideration of the young reader. To select but a few:—

1. Let my first thoughts be devout and thankful.
2. Let me set myself to read the Scriptures every morning, endeavouring to impress my heart with a practical sense of Divine things.
3. Never let me lose one minute of time; nor incur unnecessary expenses, that I may have the more to spend for God.
4. When called abroad, let me be desirous of doing and receiving good, and endeavour to improve my time with good thoughts as I go along.
5. Let me endeavour to render myself agreeable and useful to all about me, by a tender, compassionate, friendly behaviour; avoiding all trifling and impertinent stories; and remembering that imprudence is sin.
6. Never let me enter into long schemes about future events, but in general refer myself to the Divine care.
7. In all my studies let me remember that the souls of men are immortal, and that Christ died to redeem them.
8. Let me remember that, through the mercy of God in a Redeemer, I hope that I am within a short space of heaven.

At the end of three years, Mr. Jennings removed to Hinckley, a country town at no great distance from Kibworth. The change did not please the young student, who missed the pleasant country enjoyments of his former abode. He thus describes his new home in a letter to Mr. Clark, dated September, 1722:—

If I were to regard only my personal convenience, I should much regret our leaving K. For though I am fixed in a pretty little chamber, yet I have no opportunity to study walking, and am exposed to a great deal of noise and interruption. Besides, we have none of those agreeable retirements without doors that we had there, as meadows, gardens, arbours, and groves. Nay, at present we have the hurry of building, and nothing can be seen from my closet-window but bricks and mortar, timber and sand. However, I hope this will not last long, for the meeting-place goes on very fast, and will be finished before Christmas. As for the company in the town, it can but little interrupt my studies. If I expect elegant and polite entertainment, I must look for it within doors. Our neighbours are persons of an ordinary education; but some of them have native good sense, and many of them a great deal of piety; and they often take an unaffected, prudent freedom, in discoursing on religious subjects which is very agreeable and I hope may be improving.



A few months later we find the youthful divine writing to his sister, and telling her that he has been promoted to the best bed-room, and giving an inventory of its furniture, which he thinks very handsome. "A neat blue camblet bed, an elbow-chair, half a dozen small ones, a black table, and a chest of drawers, also a large looking-glass, besides the convenience of a fire-place, which, you know, is very considerable." His dress is a "dark blue calimanco gown, of 18d. a yard," and which "has been turned and mended a good many times." He has just exchanged an old Hebrew Bible, in a very worn and tattered condition, for a perfect copy, and has purchased two or three additions to his treasured stock of books. "My expenses," he says, "are never extravagant; and I never want money, nor, indeed, anything else but wit and grace." Yet he was very far from being flush with cash, and sorrowfully records how four guineas have melted away in journeys and necessary expenses. What deserves especially to be noted, in reference to this matter, is the wise economy with which he husbanded his little stores, so as to avoid the burden, and escape the disgrace, of incurring debts he could not pay. His wife related that she had frequently heard him say he never contracted any debts during the years he was at school and at the academy; and though his income was so small, he managed, at the close of every year, to have some surplus in hand. "He said that he always made it a rule to content himself with the table kept for the family, and never spent any money either in wine, or tea, or any other unnecessary expense."

(To be continued in our next.)

## Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. C.—"God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation."—Acts xvii. 26.

In his all-wise and kind providence God has shown every consideration for his creature man, adapting the physical condition of every one to the climate of the country which he inhabits. The different colours of the skin of the different races of mankind is to be accounted for as follows:—There is in the scarf or outer skin an intermixture of "pigmentary cells," i.e., cells containing colouring matter. "In the white races the pigmentary tint is extremely slight, and less in the winter than in the summer season; in the darker races, on the contrary, it is deep, and strongly marked. The various tints of colour exhibited by mankind are, therefore, referable to the amount of colouring principle contained within the cells of the scarf skin, and their consequent depth of hue. In the negro the cells are more or less black; in the European of the South they are amber-coloured; and in the inhabitants of the North they are pale and almost colourless."

"Colour of the skin," says an eminent surgeon, "has reference to energy in its action. Thus in the tropics, where light and heat are in excess, and the skin is stimulated by these agents to vigorous action, colour is

abundant and intense; while in the frigid North, where both are wanting, the lungs, the liver, and the kidneys relieve the skin of part of its duties. The same observation relates to summer and winter: under the enlivening warmth of the summer sun, with its flood of light, exposed parts of the fairest skin become brown, i.e., their pigmentary energy is increased. But the winter's scarf skin is white and pigmentless, and restores the fair complexion, when the summer's scarf is worn away."

F. M. D.—"For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind. And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them."—Isa. lvi. 17, 21.

This is a text on which there is great difference of opinion, and one on which it is most difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. It undoubtedly refers to the happy time of the conversion of God's people, Israel, and their restoration to their own land. God promises them that they shall again "build houses, and inhabit them;" that they shall "plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them," and live long to enjoy this happy state, without fear of again forfeiting it. It will be a time of such universal joy to them that they will feel as if they were inhabitants of a new world; it will be to them, as St. Paul says, as "life from the dead." But though the reference is, in the first instance, to the land of the Jews, and their restoration to it, it also shadows forth the happiness to be enjoyed by the whole Church of Christ under his personal reign, when "the Lord shall be king over the whole earth, when there shall be one Lord, and his name one," when God's kingdom shall have come, and his "will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

F.—At the resurrection, will our souls be joined to our present bodies, and shall we, in these bodies, inhabit a new earth?

There is no doubt whatever that our souls will, at the resurrection, be joined to these present bodies. Our Saviour was recognised after his resurrection by Mary Magdalene (John xx. 16), and by his disciples (John xx. 20), and by many others who had seen him before his death (1 Cor. xv. 6). His resurrection body was recognised to be the very same which had been crucified; for St. John tells us that Jesus showed unto his disciples "his hands and his side," as convincing proof that he had risen from the dead. He was pleased, also, to give the unbelieving Thomas the like convincing proof of his resurrection, John xx. 27—29.

Now St. Paul tells us that Jesus has risen as "the firstfruits of them that slept," and that in the resurrection day he will "fashion" the bodies of his believing people "like unto his own glorious body," Phil. iii. 21, which will consequently be recognised as the same in which they have lived on earth, in like manner as his was. We shall be as distinctly recognised to be the same persons as we were before death, as Lazarus, and the widow's son, and Jairus's daughter were. The assurance of the patriarch Job on this point is very remarkable: "I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in

my flesh shall I see God : whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another," Job. xix. 25-27.

It is also quite as clear, that in their new and glorified bodies, the righteous will inhabit a new earth; for St. John, after speaking of the resurrection and the judgment in Rev. xx., tells us in chapter xxi. that there will be a "new heaven and a new earth," in which "God will dwell" with his redeemed people, to their great and unspeakable joy. The Apostle Peter, in like manner, says (2 Pet. iii. 13), "Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

SNOWDROP.—"Know ye not that we shall judge angels?"—1 Cor. vi. 3.

The angels here alluded to are undoubtedly the "devil and his angels." These, the Apostle says, the saints shall judge at the last day. Christ will first place the righteous on his right hand (the seat of dignity and judgment), and after acknowledging them as the children of his Father, and the inheritors of his kingdom, they will sit with him in judgment on the wicked angels and on the lost of mankind.

The Apostle uses this as an argument why Christian people should settle matters of trifling dispute among themselves. If Christ's people are hereafter to take part with him in so momentous a matter as the passing sentence on the wicked angels, a judgment in which an eternal destiny is concerned, surely they are qualified to settle the comparatively small and insignificant matters of dispute which relate only to this world.

H. H.—"Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"—John xxi. 22.

Our Saviour is here checking the curiosity of Peter, telling him that he was not concerned to know what became of John, whether he should die a martyr's death or not, or how long he was to live. He should permit him to live as long as he thought fit, even until his second coming, if he determined thus to prolong his life. But this was no concern of Peter's, and belonged only to Him in whose hand are "the issues of life and death." It was the Apostle's duty, without being curious to inquire what might become of his fellow disciple, to execute the commands which his Master had given him, and to follow his example in all things.

W. P. is recommended to apply to the Secretary of the Church of England Scripture Readers' Association, established 1844. The office is at 9, Spring Gardens, London, S.W. Or he might succeed in getting an appointment by applying to the clergyman of his parish, or by advertising in the *Record* newspaper, office, 169, Fleet Street, London.

He might also, were he so disposed, offer his services in behalf of the London City Mission.

A WORKING FARMER.—Most of the words printed in *italics* in our English Bibles are not to be found in the original languages in which the Scriptures were written, and are supplied by the translators in order to express the sense. The reason of the latter clause of 1 John ii. 23, "but he that acknowledgeth the Son hath the Father also," being printed in *italics*, is because it is not found in all the MSS. and versions.

Barnes says that it is found in a large number of MSS., and in the Vulgate, the Syriac, the Ethiopic, the Coptic, the Armenian, and the Arabic versions, and in the critical editions of Griesbach, Tittman, and Hahn. It is probable, therefore, that it should be regarded as a genuine portion of the sacred text. It is much in the style of John, and though not necessary to complete the sense, yet it well suits the connection. But as this passage was wanting in many of the MSS. consulted by the translators of the Bible, they have shown the great caution with which they acted, by admitting nothing doubtful into their translation.

#### BOAST NOT.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—Prov. xxvii. 1.

Boast not, boast not of the morrow!  
Canst thou reckon on to-day?  
In the midst of laughter, sorrow  
Steals the soul of mirth away.

Boast not of thy youthful vigour,  
Age is like a little cloud,  
Which is ever waxing bigger,  
And at last shall all enshroud.

Boast not of deceitful riches,  
Night has oft the day undone;  
Like the ne'er advancing stitches  
Which Ulysses' partner spun.

Boast not of thy learning fangled,  
Intellect's a subtle thread;  
And if once the skein be tangled,  
Reason is for ever fled!

Thirst not after martial glory,  
Which survives a span of years;  
Who would see his shortlived story  
Writ in mingled blood and tears!

Flattering love is a deceiver,  
Like the hoar frost bright appears,  
Decks his flower, and hastes to leave her  
In an hour dissolved in tears.

Oft the thread of life has parted  
When the storm seemed overpast,  
And the seaman, broken-hearted,  
Sees the vessel wrecked at last.

Oft the brimming cup of pleasure,  
Slipping from the trembling clasp,  
Leaves, instead of golden treasure,  
Shadows in the holder's grasp.

There is naught on earth abiding,  
All things hasten to decay;  
And the very brooklets gliding  
Wear the hardest stones away!

Tell me, what is worth the trusting,  
If the world is but a cheat;  
Pleasures fleeting, treasures rusting,  
Things substantial all deceit!

This alone is worth thy knowing,  
What thy future life shall be;  
And that thou art daily growing  
Fitter for Eternity!

# The Student's Page.

## SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—XIX.

"For unto us was the Gospel preached, as well as unto them: but the Word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it."—Heb. iv. 2.

THE Word preached is the grand ordinance of God, Rom. x. 17; 1 Cor. i. 21.

In the hand of God mighty in operation, Ps. cx. 2; 2 Cor. x. 4, 5; Heb. iv. 12.

Yet through our unbelief often unprofitable (text).

I. When doth the Word not profit?

1. When it does not separate the sinner from his sin, Mark vi. 20.

2. When it does not produce a change of conduct, Ezek. xxxiii. 32; James i. 22—24.

3. When its influence upon the heart is only transient, Matt. xiii. 20, 21.

4. When it fails to overcome the world, Ezek. xxxiii. 31; Matt. xiii. 22.

5. When it is heard merely for amusement, Ezek. xxxiii. 30.

6. When the mind is unsettled in the Gospel profession, Eph. iv. 14; 2 Tim. iv. 3.

II. Why doth it not profit?

"Not being mixed with faith,"

And therefore—

1. It is listened to without self-application, 2 Sam. xii. 1—7.

2. It is not retained in the heart, Luke viii. 12.

3. It is heard as the word of man, 1 Thess. ii. 13.

4. The expectations of the soul are straitened, 2 Cor. vi. 11.

5. The prejudices of the heart are excited, Matt. xiii. 64—68; John vi. 64—66.

Let me then inquire,

Is the Word solidly united, mixed, and incorporated with faith in my heart?

Oh, let me not be satisfied with a slight and transient taste of its sweetness, but let it be so inwardly digested in my daily experience, that it may have subsistence, power, and efficacy in my heart.

## NAZARITE.

(Numb. vi. 2.)

A PERSON separated; one peculiarly devoted to the service of God, from being separated from all servile employments. The Nazarites were of two kinds: such as were devoted to God by their parents in their infancy, or even sometimes before they were born; and such as devoted themselves. The former were Nazarites for life; the latter commonly bound themselves to observe the laws of the Nazarites for a limited time. The Nazarites for life were not bound to the same strictness as the others, concerning whom the laws were made. Besides the religious nature of this institution, it seems to have been partly of a civil and prudential use. The sobriety and temperance which the Nazarites were obliged to observe were very conducive to health. Accordingly, they were celebrated for their fair and ruddy complexion, being said to be whiter than milk, and more ruddy than rubies—the sure sign of a sound

and healthy constitution. It may here be observed that when God intended to raise up Samson, by his strength of body, to scourge the enemies of Israel, he ordered that from his infancy he should drink no wine, but live by the rules of the Nazarites, because they would greatly contribute to make him strong and healthy; intending, after Nature had done her utmost to form this extraordinary instrument of his providence, to supply, by his own supernatural power, the strength further required.

## ECCLÉSIASTICAL OFFICERS, OR SECTS OF MEN.

*High priests*, who only might enter the holy of holies. *Second priests*, or *Sagan*, who supplied the high priest's office in case he were disabled.

*High priests for the war*, set apart for the occasion of an expedition.

*Priests*, Levites of the sons of Aaron, divided into twenty-four ranks, each rank serving weekly in the Temple.

*Levites* of the tribe of Levi, but not of Aaron's family. Of these were three orders: the Gershonites, the Kohathites, and the Merarites. These were descended from the sons of Levi.

*Nethinims*, inferior servants to the priests and Levites (not of their tribe), to draw water, and cleave wood, &c.

*Prophets*, anciently called *Seers*, who foretold future events and denounced God's judgments.

*Children of the prophets*, their disciples or scholars.

*Wise men*, called so in imitation of the Eastern magi, or Gentile philosophers.

*Scribes*, writers and expounders of the law.

*Disputers*, that raised and determined questions out of the law.

*Rabbies* or *Doctors*, teachers of Israel.

*Libertines*, freed men of Rome, who, being Jews or proselytes, had a synagogue or oratory for themselves.

*Galileans* or *Galileans*, who pretended that it was unlawful to obey a heathen magistrate.

*Herodians*, who shaped their religion to the times, and particularly flattered Herod.

*Epicureans*, who placed all happiness in pleasure.

*Stoics*, who denied the liberty of the will, and pretended all events were determined by fatal necessity.

*Simon Magus*, author of the heresy of the Gnostics, who taught that men would be saved by their knowledge, however vicious their practice.

*Deacons*, officers chosen by the Apostles to take care of the poor.

*Nazarites*, who, under a vow, abstained from wine, &c.

*Nazarenes*, Jews professing Christianity.

*Zelots*, *Sicarii*, or murderers, who, under pretence of the law, thought themselves authorised to commit any outrage.

*Pharisees*, Separatists, who, upon the opinion of their own superior godliness, despised all others.

*Sadducees*, who denied the resurrection of the dead, angels and spirits.

*Samaritans*, partly heathens and partly Jews, the offspring of the Assyrians sent to Samaria.

*Apostles*, the missionaries who were sent by our Saviour, and from their original number were called *The Twelve*.



## Thoughts for Spare Moments.

### EVERY COUNTRY HAS ITS GIFTS.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM states that an Arab woman, an inhabitant of Abusheber, came to England with the children of a Mr. Beauman. She remained in this country four years. When she returned, her country people gathered round her to gratify their curiosity about England.

"What did you see there? Is it a fine country? Are the people rich? Are they happy?"

She answered—"The country is like a garden. The people are rich; they have fine clothes, fine houses, fine herds, fine carriages, and are said to be wise and happy."

At this her friends were filled with envy of the English, and a gloom spread over them which showed their discontent at their own condition. They were departing in this mood, when the woman happened to say—

"England certainly wants one thing."

"What is that?" said the Arabs, eagerly.

"There is not a single date-tree in all the country."

"Not a date-tree? Are you sure?" was the general exclamation.

"Positive!" said the old nurse, "for I looked for nothing else all the time I was there, but I looked in vain."

The Arabs in a moment became cheerful, and they separated pitying the English, and rejoicing that it was their good fortune to possess the date-tree.

### SURMOUNTING DIFFICULTIES.

MEN of genius and diligence have sometimes triumphed over some of the worst disabilities of blindness, and have won for themselves competence, fame, and scholastic success. The whole machinery of Saunderson (the blind mathematician) for computing was a small piece of deal; divided by lines into a certain number of squares, and pierced at certain angles with holes large enough to admit a metal pin, and with this simple board, and a box of pins, he made all his calculations. In 1711 he was the friend of Sir Isaac Newton, by whose interest he was elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. It is most probable that he never beheld the distant orbs of heaven, yet with the highest skill he reasoned of the laws which control them; unfolding and explaining the nature and beauty of light which he could not behold, and the glory of that bow in the clouds which he had never seen. Huber, the blind philosopher of Geneva, lost his sight at the age of seventeen; yet he passionately devoted himself to the study of the habits of bees, and gave to the public the best and most interesting work on the subject which has been produced in any language. Unwearied diligence and love for his work no doubt greatly aided him in all his discoveries; but genius effected for him what mere assiduity would never have accomplished. This taught him in a few minutes to swim the river he desired to cross, in spite of difficulty, while others spent their days in searching for a ford.

### AN UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.

A FATALITY seems to have attended the family of Prince d'Arenberg. His father, we are told, received, when shooting, a gun-shot wound in his eye, by which he was deprived of his sight; his mother died on the guillotine; his brother was banished in consequence of a duel, in which he had the misfortune to kill his adversary; his sister perished in the fire which broke out in the house of Prince Schwartzenberg, at Paris; and the prince himself was killed when riding in St. Joseph Platz. It is said that his horse knocked down a woman. He alighted to inquire into her condition; fortunately, she had received no serious injury,

and the young prince again mounted his horse, which reared and fell back on its rider. He was conveyed to the palace of Prince Schwartzenberg, but expired on the way. This series of misfortunes brings to our mind the sad fate of the various members of the House of Stuart.

### A FAITHFUL DOG.

A LITTLE boy, only three years old, whose parents live near the wood of Grenoble, in France, being missed one evening not a great while ago, search was made for him by the members of the family in every direction, but in vain. The neighbours being notified of the loss, turned out to find the child, and sought for him in every thicket and building far and wide, without success; and the chill of despair settled down upon the frantic mother's heart, who could not be persuaded that her darling had not been carried off and devoured by a wolf. At last it was noticed that the house-dog (who was much attached to the child) was missing, and it was then recollected that he had been missing for some time previous to the discovery of the child's absence. This circumstance inspired hope, and search was at once begun for the dog, his name being loudly called by his master. After a time a responsive bark was heard, and, guided by the sound, the party proceeded to a barn at some distance, in which they found the child lying fast asleep, and the faithful dog watching by him. The little fellow had gone into the barn for a nap, and the dog had watched him with a fidelity which only a dog is apt to show in such cases.

### THOUGHTS ON AFFLICTION.

No man is more unhappy than the man who is never in adversity. In other words, the greatest affliction in life is never to be afflicted.

"If my property had not perished," says an ancient philosopher, "I should have perished." Many of the servants of God have been enriched for eternity by being made poor for a time.

Our bodies need physic; our trees need pruning; our metals need the furnace; and our minds need the discipline of affliction.

Afflictions are blessings to us, when we can bless God for afflictions.

Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions.

Under the equitable Master whom we serve, we do not suffer a single affliction that hath not for its foundation either his justice, which corrects us for our sins, or his mercy, which would prevent the faults into which we are liable to fall. There is not one affliction, therefore, which is not either a just chastisement or a merciful preservation.

"If pain afflicts, or wrongs oppress;  
If cares distract, or fears dismay;  
If guilt deject; if sin distress;  
The remedy's before thee—pray."

### THE CAMEL THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

CAMELS are remarkably well formed to be beasts of burden in the East. This animal kneels to receive its load. A large pack-saddle of straw is so fitted on its back as to raise its sides, so to speak, to the level of the hump; and on the top of this rude saddle a framework of wood is placed, by means of which loads of goods can be fastened to the camel or suspended to its sides by heavy panniers. No riding-saddle can be placed on its back, but an English traveller throws his quilt or carpet, or whatever he carries for the purpose of lying on at night, folded and fastened, on to the pack-saddle upon the top of the hump. "You sit," says an English traveller, "as a man sits on a chair, when he sits astride." According to Sandys, six hundredweight is the ordinary load of a camel; yet it will carry a heavier one.

It kneels down, at the command of its driver, to receive its load, and rises, at his word, to pursue its way. The great length of its neck enables it, without stopping, to nip the thorny shrubs which everywhere abound in the desert; and although the spines on some are sufficiently strong to pierce a thick shoe, the camel's mouth is so defended as to feed on them with ease. The power of enduring thirst varies with different camels. Burekhardt states that all over Arabia four entire days constitute the utmost extent to which a camel is capable of enduring thirst in summer. On a journey it is customary to halt about four o'clock to remove the loads, and to permit the camels to graze around. Afterwards they are called in for their evening meal, and placed in a kneeling posture around the baggage. They do not browse after dark, and seldom attempt to rise, but continue to chew the cud throughout the night.

#### FAITH REWARDED.

A **WEATHER** king had a pious bishop brought before him, and demanded that he should renounce his belief, and bow down before the idols. But the bishop refused, and said, "No, king; that will I never do."

Rage seized the king, and he cried out, in ire, "Dost thou not know that thy life is in my hands, and that I can kill thee! A word from me, and it is done."

"That I well know," answered the bishop; "but first allow me to relate to you a parable, and beg you to answer me a question. Suppose that one of thy truest and most faithful servants fell into the power of thine enemies, and they, trying to shake his faith in thee, should seek to make him a traitor to thee and thy house; but not being able to destroy his faithfulness, should then strip him of his raiment, and chase him away with mockery; say, oh, king, when he came thus naked to thee, wouldest thou not give him the costliest garments, and cover him with honour?"

The king replied, "Most assuredly I should; but what has this to do with the question?"

And the bishop answered, "Now see. Thou canst strip me of my earthly body, but I have a Lord who will clothe me anew. Shall I, then, value my raiment more than my faith?"

The king was silent. At last he spoke: "Go; thy life be spared!"

#### WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"WHEN I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a school-master who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us—

"Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case."

"Ah," thought I to myself, "there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and I immediately informed the master.

"Indeed!" said he, "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did! and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

"I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

#### "THE SUN IS ALMOST DOWN."

Two good men, on some occasion, had a warm dispute, and remembering the exhortation of the Apostle, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," just before sunset one of them went to the other, and, knocking at the door, his offended friend came and opened it, and seeing who it was, started back in astonishment and surprise; the other, at

the same time, cried out, "The sun is almost down!" This unexpected salutation softened the heart of his friend into affection, and he returned for answer, "Come in, brother, come in." What a happy method of conciliating matters, of redressing grievances, and of reconciling brethren!

#### A PROVIDENTIAL CURB.

A **MAN**, in a fit of insanity, had determined on self-destruction, and had escaped from his house in London, at night, with the determination of throwing himself from Westminster Bridge into the Thames. When about to complete his purpose he was suddenly assaulted by an armed foot-pad, who threatened him with instant death. This not being the mode by which he had purposed to part with his life, alarm for his safety instantly seized him, to the exclusion of the hallucination which had but the moment before been predominant. Being freed from his unsought danger, he, with altered sentiments, returned to his family, fully impressed with the criminality of his design, as well as relieved from the presence of previous perplexity.

#### THE TESTIMONY OF NAPOLEON I. TO THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

ONE evening, when Bonaparte was on his voyage from Egypt, a group of officers were conversing together on the quarter-deck, respecting the existence of God. Many of them believed not in his being. It was a calm, cloudless, brilliant night. The heavens, the work of God's fingers, canopied them gloriously; the moon and the stars, which God had ordained, beamed down upon them with serene lustre. As they were flippantly giving utterance to the arguments of atheism, Napoleon paced to and fro upon the deck, taking no part in the conversation, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Suddenly he stopped before them, and said, in those tones of authority which ever overawed, "Gentlemen, your arguments are very fine; but who made all those worlds beaming so gloriously above us? Can you tell me that?" No one answered. Napoleon resumed his silent walk, and the officers selected another topic for conversation.

#### THE TOMB OF ABRAHAM.

THE most important building still to be seen in Hebron is the great Mosque, which is built over the alleged tomb of Abraham. When the town was in the possession of the Crusaders, in the twelfth century, this place was visited by the Jewish rabbi, Benjamin of Tudela. Access to the building, then a church, was comparatively free; and the rabbi says, "An iron door is there found which dates from the time of the forefathers who rest in peace. With a lighted candle in his hand, the visitor descends to the first cave, which is empty; traverses the second, which is also empty; and, at last, reaches a third, which contains six sepulchres—that of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah. All these sepulchres bear inscriptions, the letters being engraved. Thus, on that of Abraham appears, 'This is the sepulchre of our father Abraham, upon whom be peace.'"

#### MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AMONG THE ARABS.

AMONG the Bedouin Arabs, when a young man sets his mind on a young woman, he asks her of her father through one of his relations. They then treat about the number of camels, sheep, or horses that the proposed son-in-law will give the father for his daughter; for the Bedouins never save any money, and all their wealth consists in cattle. A man that marries must, therefore, literally purchase his wife, and the daughters are the principal riches of the family. But Jacob had no property, and his request was granted on the hard condition of seven years' service.

## Youths' Department.

### THE LITTLE STRAWBERRY-SELLER.

A TALE FOR GIRLS.

It had been a very dull winter; in fact, winters are generally dull at Tunbridge Wells, for in the summer and autumn it is a fashionable visiting-place; but as the residents are comparatively few, it is very much forsaken in the other parts of the year.

Well, the early spring found Mary Roberts and her little girl in very bad circumstances. The father had met with an accident soon after Christmas, and he was still in the infirmary. The Robertses kept a small greengrocery shop in Mount Zion, and rented an acre or two of land about ten minutes' walk out of the town, which the husband had heretofore cultivated single-handed, raising upon it, besides vegetables, a considerable quantity of strawberries. But this accident had sadly put them about, for being obliged to hire a hand to work in the garden ground, nearly all the money they took in the shop, or otherwise got, had to be devoted to the man's wages. But there was no alternative, for unless they did so, the crop of strawberries would in all probability fail, and upon this, under Providence, all their hopes for the future hung.

Early and late Emmy and her mother might have been seen carefully watching their garden of promise. And sometimes in the very stress of anxiety the mother and child have knelt together in the little tool-shed, and supplicated for the protection and blessing of their God and Father, whom they knew to be the God of Nature as well as the God of grace.

But the poet Cowper has very truthfully said—

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform," &c.

And so it was with our strawberry-growers. After expending their little all on the ground, the spring and early summer proved to be unusually wet, literally rotting the fruit before it came to perfection. Oh, how the mother and child sat and shed tears together over their perishing fruit! And the poor man, as he lay on his bed of suffering, watched the descending rains, which continued day after day, with all the bitterness of despair. These rains would be their ruin. How could the hand of love be dealing out so bitter a potion?

One day the mother and child had succeeded in gathering a few quarts of tolerably fine fruit. The weather had held up for some hours, although it was again raining incessantly. But no time was to be lost in disposing of their gatherings. So while the mother proceeded to attend to the shop and manage the fruit, Emmy dressed herself as sufficiently as she could to face the weather. She had not much choice of clothes, but she put on what was best calculated to keep her warm and dry.

She was but nine years of age, and a little thing, too, for that; so that, as she took the basket and hung it upon her little arm, and prepared to set out in order to vend the little fruit they had secured, she looked too young and weak to be exposed to such bad weather. But there was no help for it; indeed, she was only too glad to have any strawberries to offer for sale. So she scarcely noticed the weather, as she tripped lightly along from house to

house, in the best neighbourhoods. And as the fruit was scarce she readily found customers, who, when they heard her simple, childish tale of the long destructive rains, and of the losses they had sustained, invariably refused to take any change out of the pieces of money which they gave her.

It was very wet—wet—wet, still she continued her walk; she knew it was of great importance to them to sell what they had gathered at once. And as the gay folk were chiefly within doors—prisoners to the drenching rains—they were well pleased to see the little strawberry-seller entering the garden and offering the delicious fruit, so scarce that year, and for the most part so very inferior.

"Poor little girl!" said many of the ladies, "you must be well paid for your strawberries to-day."

"Poor little girl!" said many a gentleman—the happy husband, or brother, or lover of some fair purchaser; and without taking her fruit they dropped silver coins into her basket.

"How is it," some inquired, "that your mother has sent you out this wet day? Why did she not come out with them herself?"

"Oh, she had to get the baskets ready," said the little Emmy; "but ere this I have no doubt she is round at the houses too."

"Poor little girl!" said a lady.

"Oh, we are too glad, ma'am, to have any fruit to sell, to care for the wet," said Emmy.

And then she told again her oft-repeated tale of the destructive wet and the perishing, soddened strawberry beds.

Who could hear and not feel for little wet Emmy? So the purchasers paid her liberally that day.

When all the fruit was sold, little Emmy crossed the common towards her home. She had not counted her gains, but she had tied it all up—silver and copper together; and felt light at heart at what she believed would surprise and please her mother.

"Wet days, I think, are the best days," she said to herself, as she tripped along. It was with pleasure she anticipated spreading out her gains before her mother.

But upon reaching home her young heart was saddened by the sight of her mother weeping. A message had come from the infirmary stating that erysipelas had shown itself, and that her husband's life was in danger. So the mother was getting ready to go there.

Emmy was just in time to mind the shop in her mother's absence. It was no time to tell her success, so she put the money away safely in the cupboard till her mother's return.

Poor little thing! she loved her father. In his rough way he had always been kind to her. The child was naturally more delicate and soft-mannered, taking, perhaps, after, and being an improvement upon her mother, who before her marriage had been a lady's-maid. Roberts used to call Emmy the little lady; there was a natural superiority about her. She had not had much education; only just what she could get at the free school connected with one of the churches; but she learned readily, and retained what she learned.

Little lady! there was not much external resemblance, as Emmy sat down in their back room, after her mother had gone out, and divesting herself of her outer garments, and shoes, and stockings, wrung the wet from them as though they had been taken out of the wash-tub. And then she spread



them out before the morsel of fire over which the ten-kettle was singing lazily.

While thus engaged she had not given way to her grief for her father. Perhaps she had hoped it would yet take a favourable turn. But now that she had nothing more to do, her thoughts lingered over what her mother had said, and on her mother's grief. Was it possible for her father to die? She had never thought of that! Then she dwelt upon his honest bluntness and hard-working ways, and invariable kindness towards herself, until her little bosom heaved convulsively, and her overwrought feelings broke out in sobs and tears.

There she was sitting, only partly clad, with naked feet, red from the drenching wet which had penetrated her little ragged shoes, when, the weather having partially cleared up, a footman in livery entered the shop and told her that she was to bring some fruit to a house in Calverley Park on the following morning, and to wait to see the lady.

Emmy was thankful for the order, and promised to do so.

"My poor little bird," said the man, "why are you weeping so?"

The child explained her father's danger.

After endeavouring to comfort her and raise her to hope, the man left.

It was some time before Mrs. Roberts returned. The medical men had not alarmed her without cause. Soon after she arrived at the infirmary, Roberts was taken from his sufferings.

We sometimes see in God's high heavens the blackest clouds fringed with golden sunlight. So it is often with human woes, and so it was with the widow and orphan of Roberts.

"Behind a frowning providence  
God hides a smiling face."

That wet spring and summer which had driven out the little fruit-carrier in the drenching rain, had been the way of Providence for sowing seed which was to yield a timely crop of commiseration and practical sympathy in their approaching greater trouble.

Wandering, as Emmy had done, from house to house to sell her fruit, and pleased with the great success she had found, she had not herself so very much noticed her several customers. But it was so, that in Calverley Park she had not only found a liberal customer, but she had also awakened strong and peculiar feelings. Sir Morris Newnham and his lady were staying there with their little girl—the only surviving child of four. They had left London, and sought a change of air chiefly for the health and to divert the mind of the darling from the recent loss of a pet sister. There had been about sixteen months' difference in their ages, and their lives seemed bound up in each other, so that when the separation came the silent grief of the survivor had awakened the strongest fears.

Strange to say, in little Emmy, notwithstanding her soiled and drenched appearance, both the parents and child had been struck with her uncommon resemblance to the so lately lost one. And it was with difficulty that the baronet's little daughter could be restrained from embracing her. She seemed quite to believe it to be her lost sister. Age, height, and appearance seemed to justify such a conclusion. After purchasing some fruit, and liberally rewarding her, the parents inquired her

name and address, and then suffered her to depart, intending fully to make further inquiries. But the little lady was not to be pacified in that way. She begged so earnestly that the child might be brought to her—live with her—be a sister to her, that the fond parents thought fit to send the footman to desire the child to come again on the following morning, as we have seen.

Lady Newnham, finding that her darling child's feelings on the following morning were quite as strong towards the little strawberry-seller, felt pleased that she had sent her footman the preceding afternoon, desiring her attendance. What will not well-to-do parents allow to improve the health, and perhaps preserve the life of a much-loved and only child? The Newnhams felt just so. If the presence of the little fruit-girl would reconcile their child in some measure to the regretted loss of her sister, they would by all means wish it. Expense was immaterial to them. They would gladly have made any sacrifice for Adelaide.

Little Emmy, in her sadness weeping herself, and yet striving to comfort her mother under the sudden stroke of her father's death, knew not the happy change which her heavenly Father had in store for her. The death of Roberts had driven from the child's mind all recollection of the footman's message. So the morning and afternoon passed away without her going to Calverley Park. And it was not till later in the day, when the footman again called at the shop, that she recollected it. This time the man brought a parcel of clothes for the child. Lady Newnham thought it very likely that the child's clothes were still damp, and so she had been prevented from coming. The man's orders were to wait and bring the child with him.

Emmy was soon clad in the clothes sent, and with her little fruit-basket upon her arm, in which her mother had carefully packed some of the choicest of their strawberries, she went with the footman to Sir Morris Newnham's. The lady and her little one were waiting for the child's arrival in the drawing-room. She was now nicely clothed, instead of standing, as she had done on the previous day, in the pelting rain, thinly clad and miserable.

Lady Newnham could now see yet more strikingly the resemblance she bore to the lost little one. Her little daughter Adelaide was in raptures.

"You are to live with me, with us, for the future," she said, addressing Emmy, "and my governess shall teach you all she teaches me, and we will play together, and walk together, and be always together."

Emmy was bewildered.

The footman had informed his lady of the sudden death of the father.

The sequel of our story is soon told. Communicating with the mother, arrangements were made for the continuance of Emmy as a companion to their own little girl. The fond parents engaged to bring up the little one in every respect as their own child. They were prompted to this from a pure feeling of benevolence, as well as out of regard to the strong bias of Adelaide's mind. The resemblance betwixt Emmy and the deceased little one, who had been Adelaide's playmate, seemed to increase rather than diminish upon further acquaintance. And with the advantage of a superior education the soft, winning traits of the child's

disposition became more fully developed, so that she soon came to be beloved for her own sake.

As the mother, Mary Roberts, had no tie to her home and shop after the death of her husband, she readily consented to Lady Newnham's proposition to fill a responsible situation in the family; and as she had been accustomed, before her marriage, to a similar life, she was far more comfortable and easy than she had lately been.

Our young readers will, perhaps, be guessing about the after-life of Emmy. Suffice it to say that the friendship which had been commenced in such affliction was never broken, but continued as enduring as at first, even when, in after life, the two young ladies—for Emmy was a young lady then—had homes of their own.

How true it is that we cannot judge of circumstances by themselves. There are many cogs in the wheel of providence which are regulated by the hand of Infinite Wisdom. There is often a bright shining light behind the dark cloud. The wet summer and the perished fruit were the means which ultimately led Emmy and her mother into the comfortable household of Sir Morris Newnham. Let us, therefore, have every confidence in our best Friend, hoping in the midst of the greatest adversity.

## SQUIRE TREVLIN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNING" "MRS. HALLINGTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

### CHAPTER LIX.

#### A GHOST FOR OLD CANHAM.

TREVLIN HOLD was a fine place, the cynosure and envy of the neighbourhood around; and yet it would perhaps be impossible in all that neighbourhood for any family to be found so completely miserable as that which inhabited the Hold. The familiar saying is a very true one: "All is not gold that glitters."

Enough has been said of the many trials, the discomforts of Mrs. Chattaway: they had been many and varied; but never had the trouble accumulated upon her head as it had now. The terrible secret that Rupert was within hail, wasting unto death, was blistering her brain by night and by day. It seemed that the whole weight of it lay upon her; that she was responsible for his weal and his woe: if he died, would reproach not lie at her door, be cast to her by the world; would remorse not be her own portion for ever? It might be thrown in her teeth then that she should have disclosed the secret and not have left him there to die.

But how disclose it? Since the second letter received from Connell, Connell, and Ray, Mr. Chattaway had been doubly bitter against Rupert—if that was possible; and there could be no manner of doubt that to disclose to him the locality of Rupert would only be to consign Rupert to a prison. Mr. Chattaway was another who was miserable in his home. Suspense, anticipation, are far worse than reality; and the present master of Trevlyn Hold would never realise in his own heart the cruel evils attendant on being turned from the Hold (should that consummation arrive) as he was realising them now. Suspense, dread, incertitude, are hard to bear; and his days were but one prolonged scene of

torture. Miss Diana Trevlyn partook of the general discomfort: for the first time in her life a sense of ill oppressed her. She knew nothing of the secret regarding Rupert; she somewhat scornfully threw away the vague ideas imparted by the letters from Connell and Connell; and yet Miss Diana was conscious of being oppressed with a sense of ill, which weighed her down, and made her life a burden.

The evil had come home at last; the retribution which they too surely invoked when they diverted God's laws of right and justice from their direct course years ago, was working itself out now. Retribution is a thing that *must* come; though tardy, as it had been in this case, it is sure. Look around you, you who have had much of life's experience, who may be drawing into its "sear and yellow leaf." It is impossible but that you must have gathered up in the garner of your mind instances that you have noted in your career. In little things and in great, the working of evil inevitably brings forth its reward. Years, and years, and years may elapse first; so many, that the hour of vengeance seems to have rolled itself away from the glass of time; but we need never hope that, for it cannot be. In your time, ill-doer, or in your children's, it will surely come.

The agony of mind, endured now by the inmates of Trevlyn Hold, seemed enough of punishment for a whole life-time and its misdoings. Should they indeed be turned from it, as these mysterious letters seemed to indicate, that open, tangible punishment would be as nothing to what they were mentally enduring now. And they could not speak of their griefs one to another, and so court some mitigation of them. Mr. Chattaway would not speak of the dread that was tugging at his heartstrings—for it seemed to him that only to speak of the possibility of being driven forth, might bring it nearer; and his unhappy wife dared not so much as breathe the name of Rupert, and the fatal secret she held.

She, Mrs. Chattaway, was puzzled more than all, except Maude, by these letters of Connell and Connell's. Mr. Chattaway could trace their source (at least he strove to do so) to the malicious mind and pen of Rupert; but Mrs. Chattaway knew that Rupert it could not well be. Nevertheless, she had been staggered on the arrival of the second to find it explicitly stated that Rupert Trevlyn had written to them to announce his speedy intention of taking possession of the Hold, "Rupert had written to them!" What was she to think? If it was not Rupert, somebody else must have written to them in his name; but who would be likely to trouble themselves now for the lost Rupert?—regarded as dead by three parts of the world. Had Rupert written? Mrs. Chattaway determined again to ask him, and to set the question so far at rest.

But she did not do this immediately after the letter's arrival, not for two days. She waited the answer to the letter which Mr. Flood wrote up to Connell and Connell, spoken of in the last chapter. As soon as that came, and she found that it afforded no elucidation whatever, then she resolved to question Rupert upon her next stolen visit to him. That same afternoon, as she returned home on foot from Barmester, she contrived to slip unseen into the lodge.

Rupert was sitting up. Mr. King had given it as his opinion that to lie constantly in that bed, as he was doing, was worse for him than anything; and in truth Rupert need not have been entirely confined to it had there been any place where he could sit. There was no space in that room; and he might not move into any other. Old Canham's chamber opposite was worse confined, more stifling, inasmuch as when the builder put in the one pane that lighted it from the roof, he had forgotten to make it to open. Look at Rupert now, as Mrs. Chattaway enters! He has managed to struggle himself into his clothes, which hang upon him like so many bags, and he sits uncomfortably on a small rush-bottomed chair which has its back broken off. Rupert's back looks as if it were broken too; for he is bent nearly double with weakness, and his lips are white, and his cheeks are hollow, and his poor, weak hands tremble with joy as they are feebly raised in greeting to Mrs. Chattaway. Think what it was for him! lying for long hours, for days, in that stifling room, a prey to his fears, sometimes seeing nobody for two days—for it was not every evening that an opportunity could be found to enter the lodge. What with the Chattaways passing and repassing outside the lodge, and Ann Canham's grumbling visitors inside it, I can tell you that an entrance for those, who might not be seen to enter it, was not always within the range of possibility. Look at poor Rupert; as the lightning up of his eye, at the kindling hectic of his cheek!

Mrs. Chattaway contrived to squeeze herself between Rupert and the door, between the wall and the bed, and sat down on the edge of the latter as she took his hands in hers. "I am so glad to see that you have made an effort to get up, Rupert!" she whispered.

"I don't think I shall make it again, Aunt Edith. You have no conception how it has tired me. I was a good half-hour getting into my coat and waistcoat."

"But you will be all the better for it."

"I don't know," said Rupert, in a spiritless tone. "I feel as if there'd never be any 'better' for me again."

She began telling him of what she had been purchasing for him at Barmester—a tongue dressed in jelly, a box of sardines, some potted meat, and such like things that are to be found in the provision shops. They were not precisely the dishes suitable to Rupert's weakly state; but since the accident to Rebecca he had been fain to put up with what chance things could be thus procured. And then Mrs. Chattaway opened gently upon the subject of the letters.

"It seems so strange, Rupert, quite an unexplainable thing, but Mr. Chattaway has had another of those curious letters from that firm in London, Connell and Connell."

"Has he?" answered Rupert, with apathy.

Mrs. Chattaway looked at him with all the fancied penetration she possessed—in point of fact she was just one of those persons who possess none—but she could not detect the faintest sign of previous cognisance. "Was there anything about me in it?" he asked, wearily.

"It was all about you. It said that you had written to Connell and Connell, stating your intention of taking immediate possession of the Hold."

This a little aroused him. "Connell and Connell have been writing that to Mr. Chattaway! Why, what fools they must be!"

"Rupert! You have not written to them, have you?"

He looked at Mrs. Chattaway in surprise: for she had evidently asked the question seriously. "I am not strong enough to play jokes, Aunt Edith. And if I were, I should not be so senseless as to play that joke. What end would it answer?"

"I thought not," she murmured; "I was sure not. Setting everything else aside, Rupert, you are not well enough to write."

"No, I don't think I am. I don't suppose I could get down a side of note-paper if I tried. I could hardly scrawl those lines to George Ryle, some time ago—but then the fever was upon me. No, Aunt Edith: the only letter I have written since I became a prisoner here was the one I wrote to Mr. Daw, the night I first took shelter here, just after the encounter with Mr. Chattaway, and Ann Canham posted it at Barmester the next day. What on earth can possess Connell and Connell?"

"Diana argues that Connell and Connell must be receiving these letters, or they would not write to Mr. Chattaway, in the manner they are doing. For my part, I can't make it out."

"What does Mr. Chattaway say?" asked Rupert, when a fit of coughing was over. "Is he angry?"

"He is worse than angry," she seriously answered; "he is troubled. He thinks that you are writing them."

"No! Why he might know that I shouldn't dare to do it: he might know that I am not well enough to write them."

"Nay, Rupert, you forget that Mr. Chattaway does not know you are ill."

"To be sure; I forgot that. But troubled? I can't believe that, of Mr. Chattaway. How could a poor, weak, friendless chap, such as I, contend for the possession of Trevlyn Hold? Aunt Edith, I'll tell you what it must be. If Connells are not playing this joke themselves, to annoy Mr. Chattaway, somebody must be playing it on them."

Mrs. Chattaway acquiesced in the conclusion: it was the only one to which she could come.

"Oh, Aunt Edith, if he would but forgive me!" sighed Rupert. "When I get well—and I should get well, if I could go back to the Hold to Aunt Diana's nursing, and get this fear out of me—I would work night and day to pay him back the cost of the ricks. If he would but forgive me!"

Ah! none better than Mrs. Chattaway knew how vain was the wish! With the walls fresh placarded—as they had been—with more bills offering their reward for the incendiary Rupert Trevlyn; with the bitter animosity rankling in the heart of Mr. Chattaway, bitter and more bitter since that last letter, she could have told Rupert how worse than vain was any hope of forgiveness. She could have told him, had she chosen, of an unhappy scene of the past night, when she, Edith Chattaway, urged on by the miserable state of existing things and her tribulation for Rupert, had so far for-



gotten prudence as to all but kneel to her husband and beg him to forgive that poor incendiary, and Mr. Chattaway had been excited by it to the very depths of anger; had demanded of his wife whether she were mad or sane, that she should dare to ask it.

"Yes, Rupert," she meekly said, "I wish it also, for your sake. But, my dear, it is just an impossibility."

"If I could be got off here safely and out of the country, I might go to Mr. Daw for a time, and get up my strength there."

"Yes, if you could. But in your weak state discovery would be the result before you were clear from these walls: you cannot take flight of your own accord and run away in the night. Everybody knows you: and the police, we have heard, are keeping their eyes open."

"I'd bribe Dumps, if I had money——"

Rupert's voice dropped. A sort of commotion had arisen suddenly down stairs, and, his fears ever on the alert touching the police and Mr. Chattaway, he put up his finger to enjoin caution, and bent his head to listen. But no strange voice could be distinguished: only those of old Canham and his daughter. A short while, and Ann came up the stairs, looking scared.

"What's the matter?" panted Rupert, who was the first to catch sight of her face.

"I can't think whatever's come to father, sir," she returned. "I was in the back place, and I heard a sort o' cry from him, so I ran in. There he was, a-standing with his hair all on end like one in mortal fright, and afore I could speak he began saying that he see a ghost go past. He's a-staring out o' window and saying of it still. I trust his senses are not a-leaving him!"

To hear of this queer assertion from sober-minded, matter-of-fact old Canham, certainly did impart a suspicion that his senses must have deserted him. Mrs. Chattaway rose from her low seat to descend; not on this score, but that she had already lingered longer with Rupert than was prudent. She found old Canham as Ann had described him, with that peculiarly scared look on the face which some people deem equivalent to "the hair standing on end." He was staring with a fixed expression towards the Hold.

"Has anything happened to alarm you, Mark?"

The gentle question of Mrs. Chattaway recalled him to himself. He turned towards her, leaning heavily on his stick, the expression of his eyes one of vague terror.

"It happened, madam, as I had got out o' my seat and was a-standing to look out o' window, thinking how fine the a'ternoon was, and how bad the land wanted rain, when he come in at the gate with a fine silver-headed stick in his hand, a-turning of his head about from side to side as if (but that have struck me since) he was taking note of the old place again to see what changes there might be in it. I was struck all of a heap when I saw his figure; 'twas just the figure it used to be, only maybe a bit younger, less stout like, but when he moved his head this way and looked full at me, I felt as one turned into stone. It was his face, ma'am, if I ever saw it."

"But whose?" asked Mrs. Chattaway, smiling at his incoherence.

Old Canham glanced round before he spoke; he

glanced at Mrs. Chattaway, with a half-compassionate, half-inquiring glance, as if not liking to speak. "Madam, it was the old squire, my late master."

"It was—who?" demanded Mrs. Chattaway, less gently than usual in her great surprise.

"It was Squire Trevlyn; Madam's father."

Mrs. Chattaway could do nothing but stare. She thought old Mark's senses were decidedly gone.

"There never was a face like his. Miss Maude—that is, Mrs. Ryle now—have got his features exact; but she's not as tall and portly, being a woman. Ah, Madam, you may smile at me, but it was Squire Trevlyn."

"But, Mark, you know it is an impossibility."

"Madam, 'twas him. He must ha' come out of his grave for some purpose, and is a-visiting his own again. I never was a believer in them things afore, or thought as the dead came back to life."

To argue with Mark, even if she had had the time, would have appeared a useless effort to Mrs. Chattaway, so determinately did he speak. But Ann Canham, who had been outside to reconnoitre, came in to say that the coast was clear. Not an instant had to be lost then, and the next moment Mrs. Chattaway was in the avenue, speeding towards Trevlyn Hold.

Ghosts have gone out of fashion, you know; therefore, the enlightened reader will not be likely to endorse old Canham's belief. But I can tell you this much: that when Mrs. Chattaway, turning quickly round the sweeping angle of the avenue, saw, at not a great distance from her, a gentleman standing to talk to some one whom he had encountered, she sprang aside to the trees and laid hold of their trunks; as one in sudden terror, on awaking from a dreadful dream, will seize upon the nearest substance and grasp it, as if it can, and does, afford some protection. Mrs. Chattaway did not believe in "the dead coming back" any more than old Canham had believed in it; but in that moment's startled surprise she did think she saw her father.

She grasped the trunk and gazed out beyond it at that figure standing there, her lips apart, the bright complexion of her face fading to an ashy paleness. Never had she seen so extraordinary a likeness. The tall, fine form, somewhat less full perhaps than of yore, the distinctly-marked features with their firm and haughty expression, the fresh tints of the clear skin, the very manner of his handling that silver-headed stick, spoke in unmistakable terms of Squire Trevlyn.

Not until they parted, the two who were talking, did Mrs. Chattaway observe that the other was Nora Dickson. Nora came down the avenue towards her; the stranger went on with his firm step, and his firmly-grasped walking-stick. Mrs. Chattaway was advancing then.

"Nora, who is that?" she gasped.

"I am trying to collect my wits, if they are not scared away for good," was Nora's response. Madam Chattaway, you might just have flung me down with a feather. I was walking along, thinking of nothing, except my vexation that you were not at home—for Mr. George charged me to bring this note to you, and to deliver it instantly into your own hands, and nobody else's; he said he'd have come himself, but was compelled to be off on business to Layton's Heath—when I met him. I didn't know whether to face him, or to scream, or to

turn and run; one doesn't like to meet the dead, and I declare to you, Madam Chattaway, I believed, in my confused brain, that it was the dead. I believed it was Squire Trevlyn."

"Nora, I never saw two persons so strangely alike," she breathed, mechanically, taking the note from Nora's hand. "Who is he?"

"My brain's at work to discover who he can be," returned Nora, dreamily. "I am trying to put two and two together, and I can't do it; unless the dead shall have come to life—or those whom we have believed dead."

"Nora! you cannot mean my father!" exclaimed Mrs. Chattaway, gazing at her with a strangely perplexed face. "You know that he is dead; that he lies buried in Barbrook churchyard. What did he say to you?"

"Not much. He saw me staring at him, I suppose, and he stopped and asked if I belonged to the Hold. I answered, no, I did not belong to it; I was Miss Dickson, of Trevlyn Farm: and then it was his turn to stare at me. He did stare, at every feature separately. 'I think I should have known you,' he said. 'At least, I do, now that I have the clue. You are not much altered. Should you have known me?' 'I don't know you now,' I answered; 'Unless you are old Squire Trevlyn come out of his grave.' I never saw such a likeness."

"And what did he say?" eagerly asked Mrs. Chattaway.

"Nothing more. He laughed a little at my speech, and went on. Madam Chattaway, will you open the note, please, and see if there's any answer. Mr. George said it was important."

She opened the note, which had lain unheeded in her hand, and read as follows:—

"Do not attempt further visits. Suspicion is abroad. —G. B. R."

She had just attempted one, and paid it. Had it been watched? A rush of fear bounded up within her for Rupert's sake.

"Is there any answer?" asked Nora.

"No, there's no answer," she said, speaking mechanically still, in her confused and perplexed thoughts. "Tell—tell Mr. Ryle that I shall be glad to see him, Nora, when he returns from Layton's Heath."

"How's that stupid cook?" Nora stopped to ask, as they were parting. "A senseless thing, to overturn a kettle of jelly on to her feet! Had it been Nanny, I should have felt tempted to tell her that it served her right for her carelessness."

"She is going on all right," said Mrs. Chattaway. "She is a good, faithful servant, Nora. She had got it hanging on one of her pot-hooks, and the handle slipped as she was going to take it off."

"A swinging handle, I suppose. Slippery things! They are dangerous in careless hands."

This was said partially to the avenue. Mrs. Chattaway was on her way homewards, not unlike one in a dream. She went along, tearing George Ryle's writing into minute bits, and scattering them to the winds. Who was that man before her? What was his name? where did he come from? Why should he bear this strange likeness to her dead father? Ah, why, indeed!

The truth never for one moment penetrated to the mind of Mrs. Chattaway.

He went on: he, the stranger. When he came to the lawn before the house, he stepped on to it and halted. He looked to this side, he looked to that; he gazed up at the house, into every window, just as one loves to look, on returning to a beloved home after an absence of years. He stood with his head thrown back; his right hand stretched out, sideways to its full extent from his body, and the stick it grasped planted firm and upright on the ground. How many times had the old Squire Trevlyn stood in the self-same attitude on that same lawn!

There appeared to be no eyes about; the windows were empty; no one saw him, save Mrs. Chattaway, who hid herself amidst the avenue trees, and furtively watched him. She would not have passed him for the world, and she waited until he should be gone: she was unable to divest her mind of a sensation that was akin to the supernatural as she shrunk from this man who bore so wonderful a resemblance in all ways to her father. He, the stranger, did not detect her behind him, and presently he walked across the lawn, ascended the steps, and tried the door.

But the door was fast. The servants would sometimes slip the bolt of it as a protection against tramps, and they had probably done so to-day. Seizing the bell handle, the visitor rang such a peal that Sam Atkins, Cris Chattaway's groom, who happened to be in the house and near the door, flew with all speed to open it. Sam had never known Squire Trevlyn; but in this stranger now before him, he could not fail to remark a great general resemblance to the Trevlyn family.

"Is James Chattaway at home?"

To hear the master of the Hold inquired for in that unceremonious manner, rather took Sam aback; but he answered that he was at home. He had no need to invite the visitor to walk in, for that he had done of his own accord. "What name, sir?" demanded Sam, preparing to usher the stranger across the hall.

"Squire Trevlyn."

This finished the astonishment of Sam Atkins.

"What name, sir, did you say?"

"Squire Trevlyn. Are you deaf, man? Squire Trevlyn, of Trevlyn Hold."

And the haughty motion of the thrown-back head, the firm clasp of the decisive lips, might have put a spectator all too unpleasantly in mind of the veritable old Squire Trevlyn, had one who had known him been there to see.

## CHAPTER LX.

THE LIVING DEAD CAME HOME TO MR. CHATTAWAY.

NOTHING could well exceed Mr. Chattaway's astonishment at hearing that George Ryle wished to make Maude Trevlyn his wife. And nothing could well exceed his displeasure. Not that Mr. Chattaway had higher views for Maude, or deemed it an undesirable match for her in a pecuniary point of view, as Miss Diana Trevlyn had felt inclined to deem it. Had Maude chosen to marry without any prospect at all, that would not have troubled Mr. Chattaway. But what did trouble Mr. Chattaway was this—that a sister of Rupert Trevlyn should become connected with George Ryle. In Mr.

Chattaway's foolish and utterly groundless prejudices, he had suspected, as you may remember, that George Ryle and Rupert had been ever ready to hatch mischief against him; and he dreaded for his own sake any bond of union that might bring them closer together.

There was something else. By some intuitive perception Mr. Chattaway had detected a liking on his daughter's part for George Ryle: a very ridiculous and misplaced liking of Miss Octave's, considering that she had never been encouraged in it. And this union would not have been unpalatable to Mr. Chattaway. Whatever may have been his ambitious views for his daughter's settlement in life; whatever may have been his dislike to George Ryle, he was willing to forego it all for his own sake. Every consideration was lost sight of in that one which had always reigned paramount with Mr. Chattaway—self-interest. You have not waited until now to learn that James Chattaway was one of the most selfish men on the face of the earth. Some men like, so far as they can, to do their duty to God and to their fellow-creatures; the master of Trevlyn Hold liked to do it only to himself. It had been his motive-spring through life; and what sort of a garner for the Great Day do you suppose he had been laying up for himself? He was soon to experience a little check here, but what was that, in comparison? The ills that our evil conduct entails upon ourselves here, are as nothing to the dread reckoning that we must render up hereafter.

Mr. Chattaway would have leased the Upland Farm to George Ryle with all the pleasure in life, provided he could have leased his daughter with it. Were George Ryle his veritable son-in-law, then he would not fear any plotting machination against himself. Somehow, he did fear George Ryle. He had cherished a latent fear of him ever since the boy had so successfully braved him in quitting the service of Wall and Barnes and establishing his firm footing in his own home, Trevlyn Farm. It was not that Mr. Chattaway feared George as one fears a bad man: no one could fear George Ryle in that way: but Mr. Chattaway feared him as a good one; as a brave, upright, honourable man, who might be tempted to make common cause with the oppressed against the oppressor. It may be also, that Miss Chattaway did not render herself so universally agreeable in her home as she might have done, for her temper, naturally a bad one, did not improve with years; and for this cause Mr. Chattaway perhaps was not sorry that the Hold should be rid of her. Altogether, he contemplated with satisfaction, rather than otherwise, the faint vista presented to his view of the connection of George Ryle with his family. A vista that hitherto had been of the slightest possible aspect, one which Mr. Chattaway had not been sure whether he saw or not; but he could not be quite blind to certain predilections shown by Octave, though no hint of it, no allusion to it had ever been spoken on any side.

And that first day when George Ryle, after speaking to Mr. Chattaway about the lease of the Upland Farm, said a joking word or two to Miss Diana of his marriage that was to supervene upon it, Octave had overheard. You saw her with her scarlet cheeks of excitement looking over her aunt's shoulder; cheeks which seemed to scare George, and caused him to take his leave somewhat

abruptly. But ere he had well quitted the scene, Mr. Chattaway had entered upon it, and he had also seen the glowing face of hope.

Poor Octave Chattaway! The words of George, that his coveted wife was a gentlewoman born and bred, and must live as such, had imparted to her a meaning that George himself never gave them. She caught up the notion that she was the gentlewoman to whom he alluded—but the notion, as you are aware, was an erroneous one.

Miss Diana left the room, and Mr. Chattaway remained in it alone with his daughter. She, Octave, bent over the table, continuing the employment—that of tracing a pattern—from which she had been interrupted by the voice of George. Mr. Chattaway stood with his back to her, gazing out at the window with his hands in his pockets: it was rather a habit of his when in thought.

"He wants the Upland Farm, Octave," Mr. Chattaway presently remarked, without turning round. "He thinks he can get on at it."

Miss Chattaway took her pencil to the end of the line and bent her face lower, to hide the scarlet glowing there. "I should let it him, papa."

"The Upland Farm will take money, both to stock it and carry it on; no slight sum," remarked Mr. Chattaway.

"Yes. Did he say how he should manage to get it?"

"From Apperley. He will have his work cut out if he is to begin farming on borrowed money; as his father had before him. It is only this day, this very day, that he has paid off that debt, contracted so many years ago."

"And no wonder, on the small and poor Trevlyn Farm. The Upland is different. A man would get rich on the one, and starve on the other."

"The Upland is an extensive farm—the land good. But, to take the best farm in the world on borrowed money, would entail up-hill work for him. George Ryle will have to work hard; and so must his wife, should he marry one."

Octave paused for a moment, apparently mastering some intricacies in her pattern. "Not his wife; I do not see that. My Aunt Maude is a case in point; she has never worked on Trevlyn Farm."

"She has had her cares, though," returned Mr. Chattaway. "And she would have had to work but for Nora Dickson."

"The Upland Farm could afford a housekeeper if necessary," was Octave's answer.

Not another word was spoken. Mr. Chattaway's suspicions were confirmed, and he determined when George Ryle again asked for the farm lease, and for Octave, to accord both with rather more graciousness than he was accustomed to accord anything.

Things did not turn out, however, precisely in accordance with his expectations. The best of us get disappointed sometimes, you know. George Ryle pressed very greatly for the farm, but he did not press for Octave. In point of fact, he never mentioned her name, or so much as hinted at any interest he might feel in her; and Mr. Chattaway, rather in a puzzle and very cross, abstained from promising the farm. He



prolonged the question, very much to George's inconvenience, who set it down to caprice.

But the time came for Mr. Chattaway's eyes to be opened, and he awoke to the cross-purposes which had been at work. On the afternoon of the day mentioned in the last chapter, during the stolen visit of Mrs. Chattaway to Rupert, Mr. Chattaway was undecieved. He had been at home all day, busy over accounts and other business in the steward's room; and Miss Diana, mindful of her promise to George Ryle, to speak a word in his favour relative to the Upland Farm, penetrated to that room for the purpose, deeming it a good opportunity. Mr. Chattaway had been so upset since the receipt of the second letter from Connell and Connell, that she had abstained hitherto from mentioning the subject. Mr. Chattaway was seated at his desk, and he looked up with a start as she abruptly entered; the start of a man who lives in some fear.

"Have you decided about the Upland Farm—whether George Ryle's to have it?" she asked, plunging into the subject without circumlocution, as it was the habit of Miss Diana Trevlyn to do.

"No, not precisely. I shall see in a day or two."

"But you promised him an answer long before this."

"Ah," slightly spoke Mr. Chattaway. "It's not convenient always to keep one's promises."

"Why are you holding off?"

"Well, for one thing, I thought of retaining that farm in my own hands, and keeping a bailiff to look after it."

"Then you'll burn your fingers, James Chattaway. Those who manage the Upland Farm should live at the Upland Farm. You can't properly manage both places; that, and Trevlyn Hold; and you live at Trevlyn Hold. I don't see why you should not let it to George Ryle."

Mr. Chattaway sat biting the end of his pen. Miss Diana waited; but he did not speak, and she resumed.

"I believe he will do well on it. One who has done so much with that small place, Trevlyn Farm, and its not naturally good land, will not fail to do well on the Upland. Let him have it, Chattaway."

"You speak as if you were interested in his having it," remarked Mr. Chattaway, in a sort of resentment.

"I am not sure but I am," equably answered Miss Diana. "I see no reason why you should not let him the farm; for there's no doubt that he'll prove a good tenant. He has spoken to me about its involving something more, should he obtain it," she continued, after a pause.

"Ah," said Mr. Chattaway, without surprise. "Well?"

"He wants us to give him Maude."

Mr. Chattaway let fall his pen, and it made a dreadful blot on his account book, as he turned his head sharply on Miss Diana.

"Maude! You mean Octave."

"Pooh!" cried Miss Diana. "Octave has been spending her years looking after a mare's nest; people who do such foolish things must of necessity encounter disappointment. George Ryle has never cared for her, never cast a thought to her."

Mr. Chattaway's face was turning of its disagreeable colour, green; and his lips were drawn back as he

glared on Miss Trevlyn. "He has been always coming here."

"Yes. For Maude—as it turns out. I confess I never thought of it."

"How do you know this?"

"He has asked for Maude, I tell you. His hopes for years have been fixed upon her."

"He shall never have her," said Mr. Chattaway, emphatically. "He shall never have the Upland Farm."

"It was the decision—with regard to Maude—that crossed me in the first moment. I like him, quite well enough to give him Maude, or to give him Octave, had she been the one sought; but I do not consider his position suitable——"

"Suitable! Why, he's a beggar," interrupted Mr. Chattaway, completely losing sight of his own past intentions with regard to his daughter. "George Ryle shall smart for this. Give him Maude, indeed!"

"But if Maude's happiness shall be involved in it, what then?" quietly asked Miss Diana.

"Don't be an idiot," was the retort of Mr. Chattaway.

"I never was one yet," said Miss Diana, equably.

"But I have nearly made up my mind to give him Maude."

"You cannot do it without my consent. She is under my roof and guardianship, and I tell you that she shall never leave it for that of George Ryle."

"You should bring a little reason to your aid before you speak," returned Miss Diana, with that calm assumption of intellectual superiority which so vexed Mr. Chattaway whenever it peeped out. "What are the true facts? Why, that no living being, neither you nor anybody else, can legally prevent Maude from marrying whom she will. You have no power to prevent it. She and Rupert have never had a legally-appointed guardian, remember. But for that letter, written at the instance of their mother when she was dying, and which appears to have been lost in so mysterious a manner, I should have been their guardian," pointedly concluded Miss Diana. "And might have married Maude as I pleased."

Mr. Chattaway made no reply, save that he nervously bit his green lips. If Diana Trevlyn turned against him, all seemed lost. That letter was upon his conscience; then, as he sat; for he it was who had suppressed it.

"And therefore, as in point of fact we have no power whatever vested in us, as Maude might marry whom she chose without consulting us, and as I like George Ryle on his own account, and she likes him better than the whole world, I consider that we had better give a free consent. It will be making a merit of necessity, you see, Chattaway."

Mr. Chattaway saw nothing of the sort; but he dared not too openly defy Miss Trevlyn. "You would marry her to a beggar!" he cried. "To a man who does not possess a shilling! You must have a great regard for her!"

"Maude has none, you know."

"I do know it. And that it is all the more reason why her husband should possess money."

"They will get along, Chattaway, at the Upland Farm."

"I daresay they will—when they get it. I shall not

lease the Upland Farm to a man who has to borrow money to go into it."

"I might be brought to obviate that difficulty," rejoined Miss Diana, in her coldest and hardest manner, as she gazed full at Mr. Chattaway. "Since I learnt that their mother left the children to me, I have felt a sort of proprietary right in them, and shall perhaps hand over to Maude, when she leaves us, sufficient money to stock the Upland Farm." The half at least of what I possess will some time be hers."

Was *this* the result of his having suppressed that dying mother's letter? Be you very sure, Mr. Chattaway, that such dealings can never prosper! So long as there is a just and good God above us, they can but bring their proper recompense.

Mr. Chattaway did not trust himself to reply. He drew a sheet of paper towards him, and dashed off a few lines upon it. It was a peremptory refusal to lease the Upland Farm to George Ryle. Folding it, he placed it in an envelope, directed it, and rang a peal on the room bell.

"What's that?" asked Miss Diana.

"My reply to Ryle. He shall never rent the Upland Farm."

In Mr. Chattaway's impatience, he did not give time for the bell to be answered, but opened the room door and shouted out. It was nobody's business in particular to answer that bell; and Sam Atkins, who was in the kitchen, waiting some orders from Cris, ran forward at sound of Mr. Chattaway's call.

"Take this letter down to Trevlyn Farm instantly," was the command of Mr. Chattaway. "Instantly, do you hear?"

But in the very act of the groom's taking it from Mr. Chattaway's hand, there came that violent ring at the hall door of which you have heard. Sam Atkins, thinking possibly the Hold might be on fire, as the ricks had been, not so long ago, flew away to open it, though it was not his place to do so.

And Mr. Chattaway, disturbed, it may be, by the loud and imperative ring, stood where he was, and looked and listened. He saw the entrance of the stranger, and heard the colloquy; heard the announcement of the name: "Squire Trevlyn, of Trevlyn Hold."

Miss Diana Trevlyn heard it, and came forth, and they stood like two living petrifications, gazing at the apparition. Miss Diana, strong-minded woman that she was, did think for the moment that she saw her father. But her senses came to her, and she walked slowly forward to meet him.

"You must be my brother, Rupert Trevlyn!—risen from the dead."

"I am; but not risen from the dead," he answered, taking the hands she held out. "Which of them are you?—Maude?"

"No; Diana. Oh, Rupert! I thought it was my father."

It was indeed him whom they had for so many years believed to be dead, the runaway, Rupert Trevlyn. He had come home to claim his own; come home in his true character: Squire Trevlyn, of Trevlyn Hold.

Mr. Chattaway, in his worst and wildest dreams, had never bargained for this!

(To be continued.)

## The Religious World.

**THE ARMY CHAPLAINS OF OUR LAND.**—It is but just that our brave men, who give their lives for our country's honour and welfare, should be gratefully taken care of by the Government and the people in every respect. Surely no one thinks that their religious interests ought to be neglected. It is only of late years, however, that strenuous efforts have been made to instruct our soldiers in the truths of the Gospel. For a long time previous to July, 1846, a certain kind of religious training was certainly kept up in our army; but it was little more than a form, at times observed in a most wretched spirit. In 1846 the Rev. G. R. Gleig was appointed Chaplain-General, and has ever since continued to discharge the duties of that office. He was appointed through the special recommendation of the late Duke of Wellington, whose intimacy he enjoyed for many years. Formerly he had served as an officer in Spain and South America, and was twice wounded. Thus well prepared by his practical knowledge of the soldier, he has given to his important department a degree of efficiency which forms a striking contrast to the neglect of former days: and a very cheering improvement in the religious character of our soldiers is the fruit of his energetic efforts. Much still remains, of course, to be done; but almost every year some step is taken in the right direction, and is marked with much liberality of views and feelings.

Besides many non-commissioned chaplains, who, either at home or abroad, temporarily attend to the religious welfare of our regiments, we have now eighty-seven regular chaplains. The duties of a chaplain are much the same as those of any other minister. Many of them have three services at different places on Sunday, and hospital duties. All soldiers are bound to attend some place of worship, unless prevented by some necessary duty, such as mounting, or coming off guard. On Sunday morning the men are drawn up in the barrack square, and subjected to a strict examination, so as to ascertain whether their dress, arms, and accoutrements be in proper condition. They are then marched to church, under the charge of certain officers told off for that special duty, preceded usually, we regret to say, by the regimental band, playing the most lively airs, or sacred music. We hope the day is not far distant when our soldiers will walk quietly to and from church like other citizens. Twenty minutes is taken up by the sermon, and the whole service does not exceed an hour. If the preacher be at all earnest, and faithful, and impressive, the men are very quiet and attentive.

One of the most interesting parts of the chaplain's duty is at the hospitals. Much of the sickness there is due to the immoral habits of the soldiers themselves, and much is there to shock and disgust an inexperienced minister. Scolding will never do, though at times it is tried; a soldier's heart is melted by kindness, but never scolded into virtue. There is always some way, if we only work hard to find it out, of touching the heart of the careless or the most hardened sinner.

Besides these public services, and the visiting of the hospitals, the chaplains devote many hours to the religious instruction of the children in the regimental schools; many of them have Bible classes, which are sometimes well attended, and they often visit the camps.

Another humble, but most effectual agency introduced of late, serves as a medium of communication between the chaplains and the men, the army Scripture readers—most of whom have been non-commissioned officers. It need scarcely be said that they are selected with great care, and appointed after a severe examination, as to religious character and fitness for their important work.

## "HAVE WE ANY 'WORD OF GOD?'"

### V.—ATTEMPTS TO EVADE THE QUESTION.

DEAR JAMES,—There is in this, as in most other controverted questions, an attempt made by some to find out a middle course. And the most common device of this kind is to admit, what can hardly with any decency be denied, that we have a "Word of God," and that this Word is in the Bible; but then to plead that it does not follow that *all* the Bible is God's Word.

Thus, in a recent article in the *Edinburgh Review*, which is generally ascribed to Canon Stanley, we find the following passage:—

What is the popular view about the Bible? It appears to be this: that the Bible not only contains, but actually is, "the Word of God;" that its composition was, if not dictated, yet so far superintended, by Almighty God as to guarantee it against the admixture of any kind of error, and to constitute it, now that miracles and prophecy have ceased, his voice and representative on earth.\*

This, which Canon Stanley calls "the popular view," he then sets himself to oppose and ridicule, as utterly absurd and untenable. His view is clearly just the converse—that the Bible *contains* a Word, or the Word, of God, but is not itself that Word.

Now, this view, which has been for a few years past the watchword or battle-cry of the "religious sceptics," is well adapted to deceive. We have no doubt that it has found admission to the minds of many young men of religious education, who would have been shocked and offended by any open attack on the Bible. It appears to them a well-conceived distinction, which allows them to retain much of their former veneration for the Scriptures, as containing a revelation from God to man; and at the same time meets and absorbs all difficulties of science, arithmetic, &c., by the general answer—"The Bible is not, in every word or every sentence, Divine. There is much that is Divine in it; but there is also much that is human, fallible, and even untrue."

I have said that this "Via Media" scheme attracts and seduces many who would not endure the ribaldries of Voltaire and Thomas Paine. They do not perceive that practically the result is the same: the Bible is deprived of all *authority*.

How would the case stand with respect to any

other document? We call the two main divisions of the Bible, Testaments. Take, then, a will or testament to Doctors' Commons, and apply to have it enrolled. "You swear that this is the last will and testament of John James, deceased?" says the clerk. "No," you reply, "I do not say that it is actually his will and testament; but I say it contains his will and testament." "I don't understand you," the clerk will reply; "if this is not his will, what do you bring it here for? Of what use is it? If you want me to receive anything as a public document of force and authority, you must swear that it really is so. A paper which is not the man's will, but only contains it, mixed up and confounded with other matter, is of no use at all."

An ambassador goes to a foreign court to conduct a difficult negotiation. He produces, on his arrival, a document which at first sight appears to give the views and demands of those whom he represents. But then he explains that it is not really what it seems to be; that there is mixed up with it foreign and often erroneous matter; so that though the mind of his own sovereign is really there, it requires much discrimination to find it out. Will not the parties with whom he is sent to treat deem this a singular proceeding? Will they not say that it was very strange that those who sent the ambassador could not give him clear and positive instructions, respecting which no mistake could be easily made?

You have a son in a far distant country, to whom you wish to convey some important counsels and instructions; and you meet with a friend who is going there, and who promises to take your packet. He gives it to the young man, who exclaims, "Oh, this is a letter from my father, is it?" To which the reply is, "Not exactly so; for it was copied out, and in copying it, the clerk added many things of his own; but still," adds your friend, "the mind and will of your father is there." "But is it mingled with other matter, and confounded with other people's thoughts? How strange! Why could not my father have given me his own mind, in his own words, and without allowing any other person to interfere in the matter?"

You go into a court of law to defend some important right. You produce a document, apparently of great importance. You say, "Here is a paper which contains the substance of an

\* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 240, p. 502.



Act of William and Mary, which decides the whole question." "Contains the substance!" the Court will exclaim. "What do you mean? If that is an Act of Parliament, hand it up. If it be not, but only something which you suppose to 'contain the substance of an Act,' it is of no use whatever."

A will, to be of any force, must actually be *the will itself*, and not something deemed to contain a will.

A dispatch, to receive any attention from a foreign court, must be in the very words of the sovereign, or his minister, who sends it.

A letter to a son, to be valued and obeyed, must really be the father's own, and not an adulterated thing.

A statute, to be of any use in a court of law, must be the very document, in the very words, which received the sanction of the legislature.

And how can a thing which professes to be of higher value and authority than any of these be received with respect and obedience, if it is deemed to be not the thing itself, but an adulterated document: not "the Word of God" in verity and truth, but only something which has a Word of God contained in it?

Authority can only belong to that which is *real*. A law which is not a law, a testament which is not a testament, will be received with just as much respect and attention as the receiver is disposed of his own free will and caprice to yield to it. A command, to be obeyed, must be distinctly given.

A man who believes the Bible to be "the Word of God" searches its pages for instructions, and when he finds them he obeys. To such a one, the Word is, indeed, "a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path." But to one who only believes that somewhere in the Bible there is a Word of God, that book can be of no such use. Cite to him a passage of Scripture, and the question immediately arises, "Is that human or Divine? To this question there can be no infallible answer: consequently there can be no one word in the Bible of which he can positively assert, "Here God speaks to me." The authority of any single passage is nearly the same as the authority possessed by a saying of Locke or of Bacon. Divine words, words which demand obedience, are nowhere to be found; for it is assumed that much of the Bible is merely human and fallible; and no one has pointed out, or can

point out, which are the human portions, and which the Divine.

The attempts of this kind which have been made from time to time show how futile all such endeavours must be. Coleridge, one of the earliest labourers in the field of "religious scepticism," tried to make a distinction of this kind, saying:—

In the Books of Moses, and once or twice in the prophecies of Jeremiah, I find it asserted that not only the words were given, but the recording of the same enjoined by the special command of God, and doubtless executed under the special guidance of the Divine Spirit. As to all such passages, therefore, there can be no dispute. . . . Whatever is referred by the sacred penman to a direct communication from God, I receive with full belief.\*

Yet the moment this rule is applied it fails to satisfy even those who have proposed it. Christ was "God manifest in the flesh," and we have many of his discourses. In one of them he says, "No man can come to me except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him." In another he says of the two classes of men who will be finally judged, "These (the wicked) shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Now these two doctrines, of elective grace and of everlasting punishment, are just those two which the "religious sceptics" most abhor.

Canon Stanley himself, in his recent University sermons, proposed another distinction. He said:—

There can be no one in this place to whom the historical portions of the Old Testament are more precious than they are to me; but I cannot refuse to acknowledge the limitation of the sacred text, which says, that "God spake"—not by the historians, geographers, chronologers—but in a special sense, "by the prophets."

Who were the "geographers" and "chronologers" of the Bible? We cannot surmise. But we know that nearly every writer of the Old Testament is distinctly designated as "a prophet." Moses himself claimed the title, saying (Deut. xviii. 15), "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet, like unto me." And the historian who records his death speaks of him in like terms (Deut. xxxiv. 10), as "a prophet whom the Lord knew face to face." Samuel, one of the greatest of his successors, is similarly described (1 Sam. iii. 20), "All Israel knew, from Dan to Beer-sheba, that Samuel was estab-

\* "Confessions," p. 16, 28.

lished to be a prophet of the Lord." Of David, Peter speaks (Acts ii. 30, 31), that he, "being a prophet, spake of the resurrection of Christ." In like manner Gad is spoken of as a prophet in 2 Sam. xxiv. 11, and Nathan in 1 Kings i. 8, and many others after them. What meaning is there, then, in this superficial and almost infantine distinction, which would confer on a few books in the middle of the Bible that inspiration which rightfully belongs to the whole of it?

All were prophets who were inspired, and all who were inspired were prophets. "All Scripture was given by inspiration of God," and whatever was given by inspiration of God was Divine, and, therefore, originally perfect and free from fault. Slight errors have incrustated and obscured many passages since their first promulgation, by reason of the human fallibility of copyists and translators; but there is no ground for imagining that, on the first appearance of any one of the sacred books, there was the slightest taint of error to be detected in it.

The allegation that some portions of the Bible must be taken to be human and fallible, while other portions are Divine, is generally supported by a reference to a few passages which appear to conflict with each other; a fact being differently stated, perhaps, in the books of Kings and in the books of Chronicles; or a discrepancy appearing between the words of Matthew and those of Luke. Yet these are just the trivial flaws which were sure to arise, except every copyist and every translator had been Divinely preserved from even the slightest error. Even in the case of such a writer as Shakespeare, who wrote some plays in our own language, only two or three hundred years ago, we know that already we have hundreds of "various readings" and contested passages; and when his productions are translated into the French or the German language, by educated men, who well understand the English tongue, the most absurd errors are immediately pointed out. And how much more inevitable has it been, that in copying old Hebrew writings of vast antiquity, and which can only have come down to us by means of copies made from other copies, which were made two thousand years ago from other copies of the original documents, some trifling obscurities or errors must have crept in? And then, these old copies, of the third, or fourth, or fifth degree, in a language which has for two

thousand years ceased to be spoken, have to be translated into a modern compounded tongue, formed of Saxon, French, Latin, and German words, all blended into one language. And when all this has been done, and the language used by Moses in the wilderness more than three thousand years ago is transfused into the English of the days of King James, men of doubtful and disbelieving minds are able to point out a dozen or a score of passages which scarcely agree with each other, and then they leap to the conclusion that some of the book must be human, and some Divine; that there is truth, but mingled with error; and so, finally, that though there is, doubtless, a Word of God in it, it is a mistake to suppose that the whole book is "God's Word." To which we reply, that the true cause for wonder is, that these discrepancies are so few and so trifling. Their insignificance in number and in importance is a notable proof of a providential guardianship; while, had that guardianship been carried to the extent of the entire exclusion of the slightest error, either in copyist or translator, it would have amounted to a prodigious and visible miracle, and so have been inconsistent with the Divine plan for governing the world in this, the modern dispensation.

The hypothesis, too, that in Scripture we have a "Word of God," mingled with mere human writings, fallible and full of errors, like all other human writings, is clearly dishonourable to the Divine Author. Those who advance this hypothesis assume, of necessity, that God resolved to speak to his creature man. Now, what would they themselves say of human beings who acted as they imagine God to have acted? Take the cases we have just described. What would be said of a man who designed to leave a will, but who permitted it to be so adulterated and commingled with other matter, that no legal use could be made of it? Or of a king who transmitted to a foreign court, not a clear and explicit dispatch, expressing his firm determination, but certain wishes and demands, mixed up with newspaper articles, speeches in parliament, and other extraneous matter? Or of a father, who, meaning to write a letter to a son in a far country, allowed it to be interpolated and enlarged by his secretaries, till, finally, it was neither his work nor yet theirs? Would not persons so acting be indignantly stigmatised as weak and foolish people? And shall

we, then, ascribe such conduct as this to "the only wise God;" to him who controls a thousand suns in their orbits, and at the same time knows every sparrow, every insect in the universe, and allots its span of life, and assigns to each its work and its habitation? No, believe me, there is no other rational or tenable view of the case than this, that God designed to speak to man, and *did* speak to him, in a fitting—that is, in a God-like and perfect manner. But those messages, sent, many of them, more than three thousand years ago, have been preserved ever since by the care of God's providence, but not in a miraculous manner. There has been no superhuman exclusion of infirmity or fallibility in translators or copyists; but there has been a wonderful care exercised, a preserving superintendence, to which we owe it, that among hundreds of insignificant errata, there is not one of any real importance; not one which brings a single fact or doctrine into the slightest doubt or uncertainty. This great fact is worthy of our continual notice, and ought to excite our thankfulness; but it is altogether distinct from such a miraculous agency as would have been apparent, had every copyist and translator been absolutely preserved from showing the ordinary effects of human infirmity.—Yours sincerely,

R.

### THE TWO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

A TALE.

"Good morning," said Arthur Hemming to William Abbott. "Where are you going to in such haste?"

"To the Sunday-school," replied the latter.

"So am I; but wherefore your hurry?"

"Hurry! It's striking nine o'clock now, and I ought to be in my class by this time. If I am late, how can I chide the boys for being unpunctual?"

"Well, my good fellow, as you like; but I think you are too particular, and that accounts for your small class," said Hemming.

"I am aware that your class is better attended than mine, though we began on the same day. But I am not discouraged yet, and hope to be able to compare numbers with you at the year's end, or at least to show some increase.

"But what's the use of your over-strictness? I shall be there about ten minutes after the school is opened, and my boys will be anxiously looking for me, as they should. They ought to think it a favour on my part to devote my time to them."

"I wish not to be absent from the prayers, therefore I will answer your question another time. I must run," said his friend.

Arthur Hemming and William Abbott were teachers in one of the large Sunday-schools of the metropolis, and Arthur was certainly the more popular teacher of the two. Indeed, he sought popularity. His class consisted of about twenty lads, and to keep up his number he allowed many licences which William Abbott, from conscientious motives, refused. Arthur was not particular in marking "late attendance;" he allowed very imperfect lessons to pass; appeared not to hear any unkind or rude speeches between the boys: in short, he tried in every way to avoid finding fault. He also interested himself about his lads in the week—formed a cricket club, a singing class, had tea-meetings at his own house, and mixed himself up with their week-day evening pursuits. Mr. Hemming's lads were talked of far beyond the boundary of his own parish, and he was well pleased that it should be so. But, after all, there was something unsatisfactory about the boys: there was an air of importance about them unsuited to their station; and the clergyman, though thankful for Hemming's assistance, was not insensible to the defects of his teaching.

William Abbott, on the other hand, was not popular. He laid down certain rules for the guidance of himself and his class, and no anxiety as to numbers could induce him to relax these rules. Many of his boys would ask the superintendent to allow them to go into Hemming's class, and on being refused, would either stay away entirely, or come very irregularly. Such behaviour gave him great pain, but he determined to persevere in the line of conduct he had chosen. The few over whom he gained an influence were very staunch adherents, and there was a decided tone of high principle about them. A short time after their Sunday morning meeting an opportunity offered, and Arthur Hemming at once recurred to the subject.

"Well, Abbott, I had a fine class on Sunday morning," said Hemming.

"You had, indeed," returned Abbott; "about five-and-twenty."

"How many had you? I was too busy to look at you."

"Twelve."

"A small number for our large school! but, as I said the other morning, you are too strict, Abbott; it will not do—you must give way, if you would succeed."

"Success is certainly desirable," said Abbott, quietly; "but to what success do you allude?—success in numbers, or success in teaching?"

"Is it not the same?—is not my large class the result of my success as a teacher?"

"Am I to speak freely?" replied Abbott; "for I do not wish to vex you."

"You'll not vex me, my dear fellow," returned Hemming. "I pronounce my class a success, but I do not object to hear some of your crotchets."



"Does your Sunday-school class cost you much anxiety—much self-denial?"

"None at all. It's as easy as possible to manage."

"Then it's not a success, as far as regards your teaching, according to my notions."

"Pray explain yourself," said Hemming, somewhat surprised.

"To do any real good with the boys, you must practise and teach self-denial, my friend. I don't for a moment deny your popularity, nor do I deny your success in the number of boys you have gathered round you; but popularity is no certain test of usefulness."

"To what, then, do you attribute my popularity?"

"To the absence of self-denial, and the predominance of self-indulgence. I speak plainly, Arthur."

"Oh, go on!—go on! I see what you're aiming at. You want me to go about with a long face amongst my lads, and drive them all away, as you do."

"Indeed you are mistaken. I should like to be able to join your pleasant manners with what I conceive to be right. But let me explain my last assertion a little more fully. I will just mention three things which involve a certain amount of self-denial, and which, if strictly attended to, would thin your ranks materially. First, you are scarcely ever present at prayers."

"As to that, they get up late at home, and you would not have me go without my breakfast, I suppose?"

"Certainly not; but I think you could get it over in time by a little effort. Some of the teachers have to do so. I've heard them say it's quite a scramble to get to their places by the time the superintendent reads prayers. If you do not inconvenience yourself, the boys will not do so; and it's no uncommon thing when we begin work to see only one or two in your class."

"What is your next objection, pray?"

"About the lessons. The rule is, that a certain portion of Scripture should be learnt before the teacher explains it. I own that it is wearisome to hear the same thing over and over again, but we have no right to alter the rules, even if it cost us some trouble to keep them; but you do alter them, and the boys are glad enough of it, and naturally prefer an easy-going teacher to a strict one."

"Anything else? Let us hear all, now you are about it."

"The remaining point is the tale reading."

"You surely don't object to a religious tale, with a proper moral, being read aloud to the class?"

"You're right—I don't object to it, in its place; but in your case it usurps the time that ought to be given to more serious subjects. Your lads—and they are not very juvenile—seem to think of nothing else. They come late, with unprepared tasks; appear very restless during the Scripture lesson; but the moment

you open the tale they're all attention—eyes fixed and ears strained to catch every word."

"And a good thing to get their attention fixed to a serious tale," interrupted Hemming. "It must leave a good impression."

"A transient one, I fear. The narrative excites them, but the moral is soon forgotten. It would be different with younger boys."

"You read a tale yourself to your class."

"I do, but only in the afternoon, as a reward for diligence and good behaviour in the morning. I never allow it to interfere with the real work of the class, the solid religious teaching for which the school is convened."

"If you can't do what you would, you must do what you can," said Hemming; "all you have brought forward does not make me wish to change my twenty-five for your twelve."

"Perhaps not," returned Abbott; "popularity is a snare to the best."

"You can't deny that the boys are most attached to me."

"I will leave that question to be answered by time; take care you don't offend them. At present you and your class are bound together by no firmer tie than that of self-interest. You like popularity, and they grant it to you. They like to have their own way, and to be made much of; and you satisfy them on these points. But let us change the conversation, and don't be annoyed at anything I have said; you dragged it out of me."

"All right, William," said Hemming, laughing. "You're only a bit jealous. Will you come to the cricket match next Monday?"

"With pleasure," returned Abbott, "if you think my long face won't frighten your boys."

It was a beautiful day for the match, not too warm, and a bright cloudless sky. The subscriptions were good, and the club fixed up a tent in the ground that had been lent for the occasion. Cricket gear, too, was much in vogue; red and blue and pink woollen caps were rushing about in all directions. Hemming was in his element, the head of all the arrangements; several of his friends were amongst the lookers-on. Abbott was there, and entered heartily into the sport, for he loved to see others enjoy themselves. Every one was prepared to pronounce the day a success.

"I wish you'd please to come round into the right-hand corner of the field, sir," said a lad to Hemming. "Two boys in your Sunday class are quarrelling dreadfully."

"What about?" replied Hemming, evidently annoyed.

Up rushed some more boys, the foremost exclaiming, "Please, sir, make haste; George Harris and Tom Freeman are going to fight."

"What can it be about?" added Hemming, as he reluctantly moved on.

"Oh, they've been accusing each other of cheating," rejoined the lad.

"This is too bad of you to disgrace us in this way," cried out Hemming, as he walked up to the combatants; "leave off at once."

Both the lads were in a violent passion about something, and paid no attention to their teacher. Tom Freeman fell sprawling on the grass by a blow from George Harris, and was up again in a moment to return it, when some of the company interfered, and separated them. No one censured Hemming for the boys' foolish quarrel, but it distressed him for the remainder of the day; for it implied that the boys had been badly instructed in Christian duties. "They ought to have left off when I went up," said he to Abbott. The conversation of the previous day darted into Abbott's mind, but he was too generous to allude to it then.

The quarrel caused considerable disunion amongst the lads; each thought he was right; each had his partisans; and each appealed to Hemming to decide in his favour, which he refused to do, on the ground that both were wrong. And both were wrong to fight; but as to the quarrel itself, there was more right on one side than on the other; and Freeman having right on his side, felt an injustice done to him. So, like the man in the fable, Hemming pleased none of the boys in the matter; whereas, if he had patiently sifted the evidence, and fearlessly spoken up for the truth, he would have attached many to him, and a defaulter or two from his class would but have added to its right strength.

About two months later a concert was to take place. Hemming's boys were to give a school-room concert. The tickets were to be threepence, and the profits were to be handed over to the "Sunday-school Fund." This was a great undertaking, and gave Hemming much more trouble than he had anticipated. He was himself very fond of music, and that helped him to go on; but, indeed, if his Sunday class was easily managed, the singing class was not. It required a firm hand to direct twenty or more lads, whose ages varied from twelve to sixteen, to decide what each should sing, and to allow of no appeal from that decision. Hemming more than once felt that his popularity was dearly bought, and of little value, as it gave him no influence. However, he managed pretty well; and after a few not very gentle discussions, they took to their parts, and worked away. The day before the concert several of the ladies of the parish busied themselves with the decorations for the school-room. It looked quite pretty; flags here, wreaths there. Hemming was the superintendent of it all.

"You must be anxious about to-morrow," said one lady to him.

"Not very," he rejoined, "I think it's pretty sure to go off well."

"It's so kind and good of you, Mr. Hemming,"

said another lady, "to take so much trouble about your lads, they must almost adore you."

Mr. Hemming began to doubt this, when a gentle voice cried out, "Mrs. Markham wishes you would be kind enough to fasten up her wreath, it is too high for her to reach."

"Certainly," said Hemming; "and he moved towards her with alacrity. There was some little talk about the exact place for the wreath, and he then ran up the ladder nimbly, to arrange it. The ladder had been placed by one of the boys carelessly against the wall, and it slipped aside with Hemming's weight, and precipitated him to the ground. The rector ran to his assistance.

"Are you hurt, are you hurt?" echoed from all sides.

"Not much, I hope," said Hemming, as he got up; "I think it's only a sprain."

"Only a sprain!" repeated the rector; "my dear fellow, a sprain is a very serious thing. Sit down, never tamper with a sprain."

Hemming was evidently in much pain, and the rector suggested that he should be at once conveyed to his home. When he reached home, the injury was found to be more serious than any one had anticipated. But now who could lead at the concert? There seemed no alternative but to place up a notice on the school-room door that the concert was unavoidably postponed.

At this juncture the rector was shown in. "Hemming," said he, "I've come to relieve your mind about the concert; Mr. Smith, the organist, will lead for you. Jones," he continued, turning to one of the boys, "get the class together, as Mr. Smith says he must run through the pieces once before the concert." Jones wished them good morning, and hastened away, apparently well pleased that a leader was found. A shade of disappointment passed over Arthur Hemming's face as the thought flashed across his mind how easily they could do without him. The concert passed off very well, and Hemming had many callers to give him an account of it, and a few of the lads of his class to express their sympathy at his misfortune; but the sympathy was very transient. Day after day, week after week elapsed, and Hemming could not put his foot to the ground, and his class appeared to have forgotten him and his sufferings. He felt this keenly, and spoke of their ingratitude with much bitterness. He was an invalid for months, and during a long and trying winter he learnt a lesson which, but for his accident, he might never have known. William Abbott devoted much of his spare time to his friend, and they often talked over the Sunday class, and they rarely differed in opinion respecting it now, as Hemming no longer thought Abbott's views crotchety.

"If I recover," said Hemming, at one of these interviews, "I'll form a new class, and I'll adopt a very different course with my scholars."

He did recover, and entered on his work once more with feelings chastened by his affliction; his old energy remained, but the motive of action was a new one. The Sunday-school class was again successful; not so much in numbers as in merit. It was now a good class.

"William," said Arthur Hemming, one summer's evening, as they strolled through the park, "you were the first to point out the difference to me between self and self-denial, and I thank you for the lesson you taught me; and from all that I can hear of my former pupils and of yours, I am obliged to confess that twelve scholars taught, as yours were taught, to be punctual, attentive to rules, obedient, and diligent, was, indeed, far greater success than to have, as I had, a class of twenty-five boys, who paid little regard to established rules; and when I see the attachment which the pupils of your class show to you, I perceive that a faithful discharge of duty is the best mode of securing the respect and esteem of others—I mean the respect that will abide. Your kindness and my illness have, by God's blessing, made me A TEACHER TAUGHT; and the lesson I have learnt is, that 'self-denial' is the best road to success."

### The Early Days of Good Men.

NO. XVII.—DR. DODDRIDGE—(concluded).

It is an additional charm in the character of Doddridge, that he never forgot to blend unaffected courtesy with all his actions. No rough words are to be found in any of his writings, nor a single sentiment inconsistent with the feelings of a Christian gentleman. He was pre-eminently free from all taint of sordidness or vulgarity. Gentle, yet dignified, frank and affable, and ever kind at heart, poor as he was, his bearing indicated sufficiently that he was one of Nature's nobility. A pleasing story is related of him in these early days, how, chancing once to be overtaken by a storm, he took shelter in the house of a person to whom he was a stranger, and, struck with the interesting appearance and attractive manners of the visitor, the young son of the family eagerly offered him the loan of a great coat. The good wife of the household demurred, being doubtful of the prudence of so much generosity to a stray passer-by. "Mother," said the lad, "I am sure he is a gentleman and a scholar."

At the age of twenty, Philip Doddridge began to preach, having previously passed an examination by a committee of ministers, from whom he received ample testimonials of satisfaction. It is very natural that a young minister should attach much importance to his first sermon, and regard it as a grand epoch in his life. Doddridge evidently felt much on the occasion, and referred to it with interest, both at the time and in after years. "I find in his diary," says Mr. Orton, his biographer, "that two persons ascribed their conversion to the blessing of God attending that sermon, with which he appears to have been much affected and encouraged." His text was—"If any man love not

the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha."

As the termination of his academical studies drew near, he had two settlements offered—one at Coventry, over a congregation of 1,200 people; and the other at Kibworth, over his tutor's former flock. He chose the latter, principally on account of his youth, and that he might pursue his studies with the greater advantage. His biographer justly remarks that ministers in general have been too unwilling, even at the commencement of their work, to live or preach in small country places; but Doddridge afterwards reflected with pleasure that he had spent so many years in a country retirement. Probably he owed much of his subsequent usefulness to the wise self-diffidence which made him resolve not to plunge at once into ministerial publicity, but to lay up in retirement large stores, for future times, of extended labour.

He now established himself at a little village called Stretton, about three miles from Kibworth, and thus pleasingly describes his new home in a letter to Mr. Clark:—

I live with a substantial farmer, who is one of the heads of our congregation. The housekeeping is plain, and very good; but what I most delight in is a pleasant garden, orchard, and close. I am treated with a great deal of kindness and respect; but they are so taken up with their business that I am sometimes alone twenty-one hours in the twenty-four—nay, I frequently breakfast, dine, and sup by myself. This is a very disagreeable circumstance, especially to me, who have always been used to good company. It is true I have ample time for my studies, and really upon the whole have business enough, for I am obliged to compose two discourses every week, which, as I am a beginner, cost me a pretty deal of pains.

To his sister he says:—

You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine, and the neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbour, under some tall, shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea if I name the cupola of St. Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space, which we call a wilderness, and which I fancy would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty green sward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish-ponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows, and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun, when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express.

In this rural retirement he found, as he said, many valuable advantages to the most important purposes of devotion and philosophy, and of usefulness, too.

I am now (he writes) with a plain, honest, serious, good-natured people. I heartily love them myself, and I meet with genuine expressions of an undissimulated affection on their side. I hope that God is among us, and I desire to mention it, with a great deal of thankfulness, that I already see some encouraging effects of my poor attempts to serve them. I ordinarily spend twelve hours a-day in my study, and have many good books of which I can avail myself. As to the salary, though it does not certainly amount to £40 a-year, it is a tolerable subsistence for a single man.

The private life of Doddridge in his earlier years has been most fully unveiled in his published correspondence, and there are revealed all the ardent



enthusiasm and vivacity of his spirit, his indiscretions and weaknesses, and the gay blossomings of his affections. Always frank and honourable, he did not shrink from making his excellent mentor, father, and friend the confidant of his foolishness, and poured all, without reserve, into his ear. In his letters and diary, at a subsequent date, he laments his early errors. It is very interesting, in this part of his history, to read the following letter, written after his decease by Mrs. Doddridge, to their mutual friend, Mr. Orton:—

We were neither of us strangers to the natural gaiety of his temper, which sometimes cast a shade over his otherwise excellent good qualities. Mingled, as I fear you will find his early papers, with some things we might wish forgotten, I doubt not you will also find there those seeds of piety which, under the blessing of God, grew up and gradually improved, till they shone out with such bright and distinguishing rays; and amidst his gayest scenes in early life here will be found the foundations for those important and extensive schemes of his future usefulness, many of which, by the Divine favour, he lived to execute, while others were broken off.

It should be added that in the collection of his early letters there are many of high excellence, and some written with exquisite propriety and beauty. Among them is one which contains remarks so valuable to a youth on the threshold of active life, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing a short extract from it.

Let us remember, my dear and prudent friend, that we are to place our point of life, not in an attempt to know or do everything, which will certainly be as unsuccessful as it is extravagant, but in a care to do that well which Providence has assigned us in our peculiar sphere. As I am a minister, I could not answer it to God or my own conscience if I were to spend a great deal of time in studying the depths of the law, or in the more entertaining, though less useful, pursuit of a nice criticism of classical writers. I would not be entirely a stranger to these things, but should I suffer my few sheep in the wilderness to go astray in an ignorance of their Bible, and in a stupid neglect of their eternal salvation, while I was too busy to reclaim them, God would call it but laborious idleness, and I must give up my account with shame.

The thought may be applied, with a little variation, to you. It is in the capacity of a tradesman that you are to serve your family and country, and in them, your God; and therefore it would be imprudence towards yourself, and an injury to the world, to spend so much time in your closet as to neglect your warehouse, and to be so taken up with volumes of philosophy, history, poetry, or divinity, as to forget to look into your ledger. Above all, let it be your constant concern that study may not interfere with devotion, nor engross that valuable time which should be consecrated to the immediate service of your God. God is the Father of our spirits, and it is upon his sacred influence that they depend for an improvement in knowledge as well as in holiness. Now, if we be abandoned by him, our genius will flag, and all our thoughts become languid and confused, and it will be in vain that we seek the assistance of books; whereas, if we entertain a continual regard to him, in the constant exercise of lively devotion, we shall enjoy his assistance and blessing in our studies, and our success will quickly appear both to ourselves and others.

In the year 1725 Doddridge was chosen assistant to Mr. Some, of Market Harborough, but continued to preach at Kibworth and Market Harborough alternately. Shortly after his thoughts were directed to a new kind of employment. His excellent tutor, Mr. Jennings, had seen in the varied talents and indefatigable diligence of his young charge the promise of future excellence, and had secretly cherished the wish, which he privately expressed to some friends, that the scheme of education

which he himself had commenced should be carried on by Doddridge. According to a presentiment which Mr. Jennings had expressed, he was cut off in the midst of his days, and it became necessary that the vacancy occasioned by his death should be supplied. At the request of some friends, a paper was drawn up by Doddridge, on the method of conducting the preparatory studies of young men designed for the ministry, which, coming under the notice of Dr. Watts, that eminent man, in connection with other ministers, urgently advised him to undertake the duties he so fully appreciated, and was judged so well adapted to discharge.

Encouraged by Mr. Some and Dr. Clark, and requested in due form by a meeting of ministers at Lutterworth, and feeling in his own mind a conviction that it was a special vocation to which he was called by Providence—Doddridge resolved to enter on the important enterprise, and accordingly opened an academy at Market Harborough, in 1729, which he continued with ever-increasing success and celebrity until the time of his death.

A pleasing picture of Doddridge, in his tutorial capacity, has been drawn by one of his biographers, who describes his tall and slender form, robed in academical costume, and his large features and good-humoured countenance surrounded by the curls of a flowing wig, while a broad expanse of snow-white collar lay down over his shoulders. At six o'clock in the summer mornings he met his young men to commence the day with devotional exercises. Later, at family worship, they read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, followed by a short exposition, given with ever-ready critical learning by the tutor, who gathered his young charge around him, after breakfast, to enter upon the important business of lecturing on various branches of ethics or divinity, which he illustrated by multitudinous references to learned works and standard authorities.

Civil law, hieroglyphics, mythology, English history, and Nonconformist principles, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, anatomy, and the rudiments of other sciences, together with the antiquities, Jewish and ecclesiastical, we are told all came in for luminous treatment by this man of large intelligence. Also critical lectures, containing the germs of his "Expositor," were delivered weekly; and pastoral theology, and the composition of sermons, had a course devoted to them.

Mr. Orton, one of his pupils, afterwards the memorialist of his beloved instructor, dwells with especial satisfaction on the affectionate earnestness with which Doddridge inculcated upon the youth committed to his charge the absolute necessity of personal piety in order to their happiness, comfort, and usefulness. It was his chief concern to preserve and increase vital religion in their hearts, and in his treatment of them individually there was such kindness and cordial affection that they felt inspired with entire confidence, which induced them, in any difficulty, to seek his advice and assistance.

His entrance on the Northampton pastorate was the beginning of a new epoch in the life of Philip Doddridge. His "early days" may be regarded as over, for he had nearly completed his twenty-seventh year, and we shall now take our leave of him, with the glad recollection that, although his career was cut short when it had just reached the meridian—for he died at the age of fifty

—he was permitted to accomplish some of the noblest purposes of existence.

In his youth, when writing to a friend, he expressed the desire that, if prolonged, his passage through this life might not be like that of "an arrow passing through the air, which leaves no trace or impression behind it;" and He who knew the devout sincerity of his young servant's heart was pleased abundantly to grant him the fulfilment of that early wish, and to honour him with a widespread and enduring influence; for, while much spiritual good resulted from his labours while he was living, they have unquestionably yielded a much larger amount since his death.

### IMPLIED TRUTHS.

#### GENESIS III.

1. We first listen to the tempter's voice, and then obey him, vs. 1-6.—E. F.

2. Satan's design is to make God appear unlovable and unloving, ver. 1, last clause.—E. F.

3. A consciousness of guilt produces shame, ver. 7.—E. F.

4. The providence, the condescension, and the compassion of God are manifested, ver. 21.—E. F.

5. We need not fear the assault of "the Serpent" when we remember that the Master whom we seek to serve has bruised the serpent's head, ver. 15.—E. A. H.

6. God disdains not to use lowly means to accomplish great objects, ver. 7.—A. B. S.

7. Industry is a duty appointed for man: therefore idleness and happiness cannot be united, ver. 23.—A. B. S.

8. An evil spirit at enmity with God seeks to destroy his authority in the world, vs. 1-5.—E. B. A.

9. Degradation, deprivation, trouble, sorrow, and desolation are the penalties of sin, vs. 14-19.—E. B. A.

10. God is presented to our view as a God of Justice, a God of Truth, and a God of Mercy, chap. iii.—E. B. A.

11. The knowledge and the craft of the great adversary are made evident, vs. 4, 5.—W. W. S.

12. The personality of Satan is clearly implied, chap. iii.—H. G.

13. The plurality of the sacred persons in the Godhead, ver. 22.—H. G.

14. The fall of man is proved by an inspired writer, chap. iii.—A. G.

15. Satan knows how to choose the best agents, ver. 1.—J. E.

16. When tempted we are to resist and not to parley, vs. 2, 3.—J. E.

17. The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life, vs. 5, 22.—E.

18. Sinful man shrinks from contact with the all-seeing God, ver. 8.—J. E.

19. Sin is progressive; first a doubt, then dis-

satisfaction, next desire, then determination—last, destruction, chap. iii.—J. E.

20. An angel of light by sin becomes an angel of darkness.—T. H.

21. The effects of sin never cease, vs. 18, 19.

22. The man who yields to temptation soon becomes a tempter.—E.

23. In the Christian Allegory, the city was betrayed by Parley, the Porter.—E.

24. Vices grow in clusters; he who was cruel was also a deceiver, a scoffer, a liar, and a murderer.—E.

25. If we question the dealings of God towards us, we repeat the sin of Satan in Eden.—E.

26. Satan teaches first to doubt, then to deny.—E.

27. Discontent with present blessings is one of the devil's lessons.—E.

28. No external privileges can confer security or happiness.—E.

29. Contentment would have saved Eve from sin.—E.

30. The hope which Satan instils is not equal to the fear which the Spirit of God imparts.—E.

31. Satan may persuade, but he cannot compel. He has no power over us until, by our own act, we invest him with the power.—E.

32. Though Satan is the tempter, still, men are the sinners.—E.

33. In the evening of time, God will come down to the earth, and call men to their account, ver. 8.—E.

34. The devil's servants must share in the devil's punishments, ver. 15.—E.

35. Labour is part of a man's sentence which idleness daringly defies, ver. 19.—E.

36. At the commencement of the world's history there was a paradise, uniting heaven to earth; at the close of the world's history there shall be a paradise, uniting earth to heaven.—E.

37. The Scripture begins with a Paradise lost and ends with a Paradise regained.—E.

38. The first lesson to be learned was obedience, and the last duty to be practised is also obedience.—E.

39. In the case of our first parents when sinning, spiritual death occurred immediately, then temporal death, though after many years; and eternal death would have followed, but was averted by the Messiah's victory.—E.

40. Adam's offence was not trifling, because it implied unbelief, pride, ambition, unholy desires, ingratitude, discontent, apostasy, and rebellion; and, moreover, it was committed by a holy person, a person in friendship with God: it was against God's commands, it was after warning, it was on slight temptation, for a trifling matter, for that which was not needful, and it was a sacrilegious robbery committed in Paradise.—E.

Similar inferences are requested for the seventh chapter of Genesis.

## Readings for Spare Moments.

### TO EMPLOY IS BETTER THAN TO RELIEVE.

A CERTAIN benevolent Quaker was asked by a poor man for money, as charity, or for work. The Quaker observed, "Friend, I do not know what I can give thee to do. Let me see; thou mayest take my wood that is in the yard up-stairs, and I will give thee half-a-crown." This the poor man was glad to do, and the job lasted him till about noon, when he came and told him the work was done, and asked if he had any more to do. "Why, friend, let me consider," said the industrious Quaker. "Oh, thou mayest take the wood down again, and I will give thee another half-crown"—a mode of remuneration to which the poor man gratefully assented. The worthy Quaker was unwilling to relieve a man as an idle pauper, but most willing to reward him liberally as an industrious labourer.

### THE PEACHES.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A COUNTRYMAN returning from the town, brought five peaches back with him, the finest that were ever seen. His children, however, now saw this fruit for the first time, and wondered at its beauty, its pink colour, and delicate bloom. Their father then divided the peaches amongst them, giving one to their mother.

In the evening, when they were going to bed, the father inquired, "Well, and how did you like your peaches?"

"Oh, very much," exclaimed the eldest. "It is a beautiful fruit; acid and sweetness so delightfully mingled. I have carefully put the stone away, and intend to grow a tree from it."

"Bravo," said the father, "that is what I call acting prudently, with an eye to the future, as becomes a countryman."

"I ate mine at once," cried the youngest, "and mother gave me half of hers. Oh, how sweet it was! it melted in one's mouth. I threw the hard stone away."

"Well," said the father, "you have certainly not acted prudently, but it was nevertheless natural and child-like. There is time enough yet for prudence."

Then the second son began. "I picked up the stone which brother threw away, broke it, and ate the kernel, which was sweet as a nut. But I sold my peach, and got so much money for it as to be able to buy twelve when I go to the town."

But his father shook his head, saying, "That is prudent, true; but it is not natural and child-like. Heaven forbid that you should become avaricious."

"And you, Edmund?" asked his father. Frankly Edmund replied: "I gave my peach to our neighbour's sick son, George, who is ill with the fever. He would not take it at first, so I laid it on his bed and ran off."

"Well," said the father, "who has made the best use of his peach?" And all three cried, "Edmund!" But Edmund was silent, and his mother embraced him with a tear, and his father gave him his blessing.

### DESTROY IT NOT.—A TRUE NARRATIVE.

"Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it."—*Isa. lxx. 8.*

SOME little time ago a friend of mine was conversing with a pious woman at one of the railway stations. She informed him of the following remarkable occurrence. She had an unconverted husband and son, and they were both infidels. They used every possible means to induce her to hear lectures on infidelity, and they ultimately succeeded in their efforts. But her conscience gave her no rest. In this state she became so very unhappy that she formed a rash resolution of self-destruction. In this distress of mind, one evening she made her way to Blackfriars Bridge,

and rushing down the steps, she walked into the water, but still feeling as though some unseen hand was holding her back; when words came forcibly to her mind, as though it had been a voice from heaven, "*Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it.*" She came out of the water, and, kneeling down, lifted up her heart to God, and asked for Divine strength to aid her in this time of need. On her way home she entered a place of worship, and, surprising to say, the minister's text was, "*Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it.*" At the close of the service, she mentioned the circumstance to the minister, who spoke comforting words to her, and advised her to return home. When she got there, she was received with unusual kindness. Some time after she mentioned the whole affair to her husband and son, and it affected them both so deeply that it led them to seek salvation simply through Christ, and ended in their renunciation of infidelity as the disciples of Christ. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. "*Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it.*"

### THE UNKIND SON REBUKED.

THERE was once a man who had an only son, to whom he was very kind, and gave everything that he had.

When his son grew up, and dwelt in his own house, he was very unkind to his poor old father, whom he refused to support, and turned out of doors. The old man said to his grandson, "Go and fetch the covering from my bed, that I may go and sit by the wayside and beg." The child burst into tears, and ran for the covering. He met his father, to whom he said, "I am going to fetch the rug from my grandfather's bed, that he may wrap it round him, and go a-begging!" The child went for the rug, and brought it to his father, and said to him, "Father, cut it in two; the half of it will be large enough for grandfather, and perhaps you may want the other half when I grow a man, and turn you out of doors." The words of the child struck him so forcibly that he immediately sought his father, and entreated forgiveness, and was ever after kind and attentive to the aged man. Thus a poor old man was, through a child's words, permitted to die in peace.

### THE DEAD SEA.—THE SCEPTIC CONVINCED.

"We entered on the Dead Sea," says Lieutenant Lynch, "with conflicting opinions. One of the party was sceptical, and another, I think, a profane unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation of these strange waters, if I am not mistaken, we were unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain."

### EVERY DAY SUNDAY.

By different nations every day of the week is set apart for public worship, viz.—

The Christians	set apart Sunday.
The Grecians	" Monday.
The Persians	" Tuesday.
The Assyrians	" Wednesday.
The Egyptians	" Thursday.
The Turks	" Friday.
The Jews	" Saturday.

### THE ATONEMENT.

THE late Thomas, Earl of Kinnoul, a short time before his death, in a long and serious conversation with the Rev. Dr. Kemp, of Edinburgh, thus expressed himself: "I have always considered the Atonement the characteristic of the Gospel; as a system of religion, strip the Gospel of the doctrine of the Atonement, and you reduce it to a scheme of morality, excellent, indeed, very excellent, and such as the world never saw; but to man, in the present state of his faculties, absolutely impracticable."



## Youths' Department.

### A LESSON FOR LIFE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.—A TALE FOR YOUNG MEN.

EVERYBODY agreed about Robert L'Estrange that he wanted some sharp lesson to do him good. Even his partial mother used to say this. Robert was very clever, very amiable, very amusing; but he had a great indisposition to work, and a very great disposition for pleasant vices. Robert had established a character at school as clever, lazy, and good for nothing. This character he had successfully maintained after he left school. He had read, or professed to read, for the Woolwich examination, but he failed in that. He would have a little land of his own, so he went and lived with a farmer to learn agriculture, but this life was too dull. He was then articulated to a solicitor, but he by-and-by wrote to his mother to say that such a profession was abhorrent to his finer feelings. As this last failure entailed the loss of a heavy sum, paid as a premium, his mother began to be seriously disturbed in mind. Moreover, the young man was fast developing some decided tastes of an objectionable character—cigars, billiards, horseflesh. Mrs. L'Estrange was proud of her manly son, who was always willing to drive her out, and would read her favourite poets to her by the hour. She joyfully felt that her son was a loving son after all; but then she sorrowfully felt, as a woman blessed with a clear insight, that an education unapplied, talent unemployed, fine moral qualities running to seed, promised a useless, wasted, unhappy life. Besides, the expensiveness of her eldest son was more than she could afford in justice to her other children; and she sadly repeated to herself the time-honoured remark, that her son wanted some sharp lesson to do him good.

Robert thought he would like to travel. He had never been abroad, and his fine imagination depicted various scenes of pleasant adventure. He told his mother that it would do him a great deal of good to go on the Continent, and "pick up" the languages. This is a great mistake, "picking up" a language. Languages do not grow in the fields like mushrooms, to be had for the picking up. For the most part it is a very prosaic matter of grammar and dictionary. The widow had some suspicion of this; but she was disposed to think that travel really might prove advantageous to her boy. A purse of sixty pounds was made up. With that he was to travel for three months; then they might arrange further. It so happened that young Jones's father was going to give his son a trip to the Continent. L'Estrange and Jones would travel together; that would be very pleasant; it would lessen the expense, and they would keep each other in order.

It was with a new sense of freedom that L'Estrange found himself on the Channel. Sixty pounds produced an exhilarating effect. Since the legal failure, money had been rather scarce with Mr. L'Estrange. He, of course, felt unhappy until he had got rid of a little of it. Going to the best hotels, drinking the best wines, travelling first class, going about strange cities with a carriage and guide, soon convinced the young gentlemen that their funds were not illimitable. Honest Jones was in a state of great dismay. He had a

father, a stern man, who used to say of himself that he could see through a ladder, and would stand no nonsense. It was agreed that they should live after a humbler fashion. They converted their mode of travelling into a walking tour through Rhineland. From the heights they saw the noble river, adorned with a beauty of which those who travel in steamboats can form no conception. At the wayside inns they drank the light wines of the country, at one-sixth of the hotel prices. They were really living more cheaply than they had ever done. All might have been well, save for some unfortunate circumstances.

The travellers had left the banks of the Rhine, and had been roaming about the country side. One day they reached the wooded height of the Nassau hills; they looked down from the summit on a most enchanting valley. A bright, silvery river ran through it; gay groups were promenading the banks; the sounds of clashing music echoed to the uplands; palace-like buildings magnificently arose.

"That must be Ems," said L'Estrange, as he produced his *Murray*.

"Ems it is," said Jones, as he referred to his *Bradshaw*.

They began to descend the hill. Shady paths, cut through the thickets, conducted them by a gradual descent to the little town. They went to the table d'hôte of one of the best hotels. They were dusty and travel-stained, but the landlord did not care for that. The Continental landlord, though he has been sorely puzzled by the strange animal—the English pedestrian—at last understands him, and rather likes him. In fact he eats and drinks rather more than the rest of mankind. Ems was so pleasant that the travellers agreed that they had earned a right to repose themselves there for a time. Mr. L'Estrange again began to cultivate his taste for elegant expense. In a short time the landlord's bill deprived them of the fruits of their recent frugality.

Mr. L'Estrange used to go and watch the gambling-tables. The gambling-tables are the disgrace and misfortune of German watering-places. I am happy to learn that some of them are soon to be abolished. Visitors do themselves far more harm by the gambling than they gain good by the mineral waters. Now L'Estrange, though a betting man, had never positively gambled. His mother held the practice in the utmost horror. He was not at all certain how Jones might take it. However, he thought he would lay down a single gold piece; the loss would not be much; and if he happened to gain, why, it would be very convenient in the present state of his finances. It is much easier to set a stone rolling than to stop it. Mr. L'Estrange forgot that he had been employing some of his best years in injuring his moral sense and destroying his moral courage. He had aroused a new passion which transfixed him with the power of a basilisk—a power he was quite unable to resist. He won, and then he wished to win more; he lost, and then he wished to recover his losses. The alternations of fortune continued for three days. At the end of that time, L'Estrange was without a coin; worse still, he had spent some of the coin belonging to Jones.

He wrote to his mother, asking her for twenty-five pounds. In the meantime he remained in a sort of honourable captivity in the hotel. The

money came. It was accompanied by a letter which caused him some shame. His mother was sorry that sixty pounds had lasted but six weeks, his bills had amounted to a larger sum than she had expected. She sent him the money, but his sister must finish her education at school six months earlier than had been intended. The friends departed from Ems. By-and-by they reached another fashionable watering-place, still larger, still more magnificent, still more prodigal in gambling. It will scarcely be credited that this infatuated young man began to gamble again.

Now, did he not deserve a sharp lesson? His mother's last letter ought to have been a sharp lesson to him, but this had failed. No ordinary means will save this young prodigal. Happily for him, he is about to receive a lesson for life. Such are sometimes sharp enough; but I am convinced that when we look back upon our past blessings, such lessons will, in the end, be accounted among the most valuable that we have received.

One day he had been at the gambling-table, and Jones had been by his side watching him. Jones was a young fellow of no strongly pronounced character, irresolute, and looking upon his friend as a clever, daring fellow, with a sort of admiring despair. L'Estrange had borrowed the purse of Jones, not without exciting an instinctive horror in his friend's mind. His friend's purse was by his side, and once and again he resorted to it. That day he prospered. A little heap of gold found its way to his pockets. Still, to keep for a time his gains separate, he continued his deductions on the purse of Jones. The hapless Jones did not altogether like this, and watching an opportunity when his friend was entranced by the excitement of the game, took up his purse, and quietly walked away. Still abstracted by the pursuit, still prospering, L'Estrange again mechanically took up the purse that lay beside him. Alas! it was no more the same purse. The action was noticed. The owner, a fierce, unreasoning Frenchman, observed it; one of the door-keepers—a gentleman in faultless evening costume, with a white wand—also noticed it. An outcry was raised that an Englishman was committing robbery. I am afraid that an Englishman in a foreign assembly like that would obtain only scant justice. The angry, vindictive, *mob feeling* was aroused against him. He had not "picked up" the language sufficiently to make his explanation clear; he could only gesticulate after the absent Jones. That gentleman was not forthcoming, and the hapless Englishman was locked up.

Great was the consternation of Jones when at last he discovered tidings of his missing friend. He had fondly believed that the person of an Englishman was sacred on foreign shores, and he promptly threatened the authorities with a European war in case his friend was not immediately released. The landlord, to whom he made an earnest appeal, was at first disposed to look upon him as the accomplice of a swindler, and demanded payment of his bill. This being settled, the landlord's only idea was to derive unmingled enjoyment from the dilemma. Jones appealed to the consul; but the consul told him that the law must take its course. He advised him to telegraph to friends in England. Jones mentioned this to L'Estrange; and also suggested, in a feeble way, that he should

summon the clergyman of his parish as a witness to the respectability of the family. But L'Estrange would not hear a word of it: shame and remorse had awoke during that sleepless night in his cell. Not for the world should his mother know that he had so infamously broken his promise; not for the world should it be known at home that he had been dragged a prisoner through the common streets. If he could have guessed the result, he would have acted differently. Perhaps, however, it was all for the best. He would tell his clear, unvarnished tale; and his clear, unvarnished tale would sufficiently clear him.

This, however, was not the case. There was no evidence in favour of his very ingenious defence, and Jones had an unfortunate manner which rather did prejudice to his friend's case. Mr. Robert L'Estrange, the local exquisite, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

One person in court, however, who heard the defence, was instinctively satisfied of its truthfulness. This person was one on whom it was most desirable that such an impression should be made. It was the governor of the prison to which L'Estrange was committed. He mentally resolved that he would do everything to alleviate the condition of the captive.

"Jones," said L'Estrange to his broken-hearted friend, who came to visit him in his new abode, more spacious than convenient, "you must make me a solemn promise."

The true-hearted Jones sobbed that he would do everything.

"You must not mention a word of this in England. My own bad conduct has brought this about, and it is not right that my mother should suffer any further on my account. A twelvemonth seems a long time, but it is not so long in reality. It will soon be past. Will you tell my mother that I am going to reside abroad for a time, and that I can do so very cheaply?" he added, rather grimly. "While you are here you must post my letters for me at different places, and bring me the answers; and, before you go away, you must arrange with some one else to do so."

Jones promised that he would, and was as good as his word. For the next six weeks he visited his friend constantly, not moving far from the neighbourhood. Happily, L'Estrange was visited with no punishment like the English system of hard labour. Jones could bring him books, newspapers, and even delicacies. On his mind his friend's fate had made a most salutary impression. It had materially deepened his impression for good. It was, however, with a heavy heart that he took his departure for England, scarcely knowing how to bear the weight of his crushing secret.

I do not dwell on the paroxysms of grief, rage, and humiliation which Mr. L'Estrange underwent. The bare cell, the coarse fare, the degrading position, weighed on the mind of the sensitive and luxurious young man with exceeding bitterness. These violent storms exhausted themselves, and subsided. And then came time for reflection, and through reflection a heartfelt repentance, and beyond the repentance the glimmering of a settled purpose.

The prison was an old romantic castle. The ivy was wreathed around the turret; the vine spread over the sloped embankment. Far away were

glimpses of the level waters of the Rhine. The prisoner watched them burnished with the gleam of sunset, and then came the fearful home fever, the memory of his mother's tenderness, grief for the grief he had caused her, and the trust that she would escape the knowledge of this crowning sorrow.

One day the governor entered his apartment. With grave politeness he expressed his regret for the position of his prisoner. He had pleasure in assuring him that, though he had been thoughtless, he felt persuaded that he had not been guilty. There was a gush of happy tears to the prisoner's eyes—the first healing balm to this terrible wound. The governor added that, under the circumstances, he intended to show him every indulgence consistent with his duty, and that, fortunately, a large discretion was allowed him. They would be gentleman and gentleman, as well as prisoner and governor. Lastly, the kind officer suggested that he might profitably pass some time in learning the German language. He and his family would be happy to assist him, and if he liked, he might in his turn help them with their English.

Henceforth things went much pleasanter with L'Estrange. Sometimes, when he had been taking his customary exercise in the courtyard, he would find, on returning, a basket of grapes, or some flowers, in his room. His walks also were extended to the governor's garden. He applied himself assiduously to the study of German, and made great progress. He read carefully, and roused his dormant faculties to sustained attention and independent thought. He became simple in his tastes, methodical in his habits, sincerely regretful of his errors, and firmly resolved to lead a new life in England.

The twelvemonth expired. The kind governor entertained his late prisoner as a guest at his own table; then he went away to England. His mother had long complained of her son's letters, that they were few and brief—gave her very little news about himself, and entered into few details of the country he had traversed. She thought that latterly he had become quite economical, and had made his money go a long way; while, as she kissed him again and again, she declared that a roving life did not suit her boy, and that he must now remain stationary for a long time. It soon became manifest that a great change had passed over the young man. He had lost all taste for his former frivolities. He read hard, and lived exactly as his mother could wish. Not long after the time when he was called to the bar he began to do a prosperous business.

One or two curious facts were noticed in connection with the Continental experiences of Mr. L'Estrange. It was once remarked that, for a clever man, he had really very little to say about his travels—he could amuse his friends with very few details. He could never be brought to express any particular admiration for castles on the Rhine. The clergyman was full of admiration of the excellence and correctness of his German, and said it was creditably derived rather from literature than conversation. Still the clergyman doubted if he had made his best of a year of travel; he had not seen so much as he ought. The secret was well kept; the good mother never learned it. The lips of Jones were hermetically sealed. When

L'Estrange married—he married Miss Jones—he certainly did reveal his secret; and I think the full sympathy he received quite healed the remains of the sore. He proved a kind, indulgent father; but there was one thing which he imperiously forbade in his house, and which his friends thought he regarded with extreme and unnecessary austerity—all games of chance.

## SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

### CHAPTER LXI.

DOUBTS CLEARED AT LAST.

MANY a painting has been handed down to posterity whose features bore not a tithe of the interest that was presented at that moment in the old hall of the Trevlyns. The fine figure of the stranger, standing with the air of a chieftain, of a master, of one who is conscious of his own power of right; the keen gaze of Miss Diana, regarding him with puzzled equanimity; the gradual backing of the servant, as one scared, who will not leave the scene, and yet scarcely dared stay in it; and the slow horror of conviction that was rising to the face of Mr. Chattaway. And there, behind all, stealing into the hall by a side-door, came the timid steps, the pale, questioning looks of Mrs. Chattaway, not certain yet whether the intruder was an earthly or a ghostly visitor.

Mr. Chattaway was the first to recover himself. He looked at the stranger with a face that strove to be a haughty one: he would have given the whole world to possess the calm equanimity of the Trevlyns, the unchanged countenance of Miss Diana; but his leaden face wore its worst and greenest tinge, and his lips had a quiver in them as he spoke—and he was conscious of it. "Whom do you say you are? Squire Trevlyn? He has been in his grave long ago. We do not tolerate impostors here."

"I hope you do not," was the reply of the stranger, turning his face full on the speaker. "I will not in future, I can tell you that. True, James Chattaway: one Squire Trevlyn is in his grave; but he lives again in me. I am Rupert Trevlyn, and the squire of Trevlyn Hold."

Yes, it was Rupert Trevlyn. The young Rupert Trevlyn of the old days; the runaway heir. He whom they had so long mourned as dead (though perhaps there had not been much of mourning in it) never had been dead, and had now come home, after all these years, to claim his own.

Mr. Chattaway backed against the wall, and stood there staring with his livid face. To contend was impossible; to affect to believe that it was not Rupert Trevlyn and the true heir, the next in legal succession to his father the old squire, would have been utter child's play. The well-remembered features of Rupert, the heir, grew upon his memory one by one; putting aside that speaking likeness to the squire, to the Trevlyns generally, Mr. Chattaway, now that the first moments of surprise were over, would have known him



for himself. He needed not the acknowledgment of Miss Diana, the sudden recognition of his wife, who darted forward, uttering her brother's name, and fell sobbing in his arms, to convince him that it was indeed Rupert Trevlyn, the indisputable master from henceforth of Trevlyn Hold.

He leaned against the wall, and took in all the despair of his position. The latent fear, nay, the conviction, so long seated in his heart, that he would some time lose Trevlyn Hold, had never pointed to *this*. Mr. Chattaway, in some not-to-be-driven-away corner of his mind, had looked vaguely forward to law-suits and contentions between him and its claimant, poor Rupert, son of Joe. He had surmised that the law-suits might last for years, he meanwhile keeping possession, perhaps up to the end. He had never looked to have it suddenly wrested from him by indisputable and lawful right; he had never believed that he himself was the usurper, that a nearer heir, and a direct one, the squire's son, was in existence. Poor Rupert, whom he had plotted against, had never yet been its heir; Joe Trevlyn, the dead, had never been its heir. Rupert, the elder son, had been all along in existence: he had now come, not as a claimant, not as the heir, but as the master; and he, Chattaway, could not gainsay it.

There is an old adage to the effect that misfortune never comes from the quarter in which it is looked for. Most certainly Mr. Chattaway had never looked for it from this. He had dreaded, as you know, poor Rupert; he had cast impossible doubts on the will of Squire Trevlyn; he was not sure, but a vague thought had been sometimes upon him that, some time or other, public feeling would so rise against him as to force him to abdicate in favour of Rupert; but never, in his wildest imaginings, had he cast a thought to the possibility of the direct owner, Rupert Trevlyn, being alive. He had believed him as certainly dead and gone as the old squire whom he had seen nailed down in his coffin.

And this was the explanation of the letters from Connell, Connell, and Ray, which had so annoyed Mr. Chattaway and puzzled his wife. "Rupert Trevlyn was about to take up his own again—the squire of Trevlyn Hold." True; but it was this Rupert Trevlyn, not that. It may be that the harsh feeling of Mr. Chattaway towards poor Rupert, the dependent, was somewhat softened by the thought of how innocuous he had been to work him any harm in his possessions—as innocuous as he himself now was to work harm to the returned fugitive, the legal squire henceforth of Trevlyn Hold.

The explanation he might have entered into, that returned man, is of little moment to us; the bare fact is sufficient—that he had come, in life. It was an explanation he gave but partially to those around, descending to no details. It was true that he had been shipwrecked at the time of his supposed death, and he knew that an account of his death had been sent home; why he had suffered it to remain uncontradicted he did not explain; and they could only surmise that the crime in which he had been a suspected sharer tied his tongue. However innocent he knew himself to be, while others at home believed him guilty he was not safe, and he had never known until recently that his reputation had been cleared. So much he did say. He had been half over

the world, he said, but had lived chiefly in South America, where he had made a handsome fortune.

"And whose children are these?" he asked, as he passed into the drawing-room, where the sea of wondering faces was turned upon him. "You should be James Chattaway's daughter," he cried, singling out Octave, "for you have the face of your father over again."

"I am Miss Chattaway," she repellantly said, drawing from him with a scornful gesture. "Papa," she whispered, going up to the shrieking, cowed figure, which had followed in the wake of the rest, "who is that man?"

"Hush, Octavia! He has come to turn us from our home."

Octave gazed as one suddenly blinded. She saw the strange likeness to the Trevlyns, and it flashed into her mind that it must be the Uncle Rupert, risen from the supposed dead, of whom she had heard so much. She saw him notice her two sisters; she saw him turn to Maude, lift her face with his hand, and gaze on it.

"You should be a Trevlyn. A softer and fairer face than Joe's, but the same outlines. What is your name, my dear?"

"Maude Trevlyn, sir."

"Aye. Joe's child. Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"One brother, sir."

Squire Trevlyn—we must give him his title henceforth—looked round the room, as if in search of the brother. "Where is he?"

Maude shivered; but he waited for an answer, and she gave it. "He is not here, sir."

"And now, tell me a little of by-gones," he cried, wheeling round on his sister Diana. "Who is the reigning master of Trevlyn Hold?"

She indicated Mr. Chattaway with her finger. "He is."

"He! Who succeeded my father?—in my place?"

"He did, Mr. Chattaway."

"Then where was Joe?"

"Joe was dead. He had died a few months previously."

"Leaving—how many children did you say? Two?"

"Two. Maude and Rupert."

"The latter still an infant, I presume, at the time of my father's death?"

"Quite an infant."

"Nevertheless, he was the squire of Trevlyn Hold, failing me. Why did he not succeed?"

There came no answer. He looked at them all in succession: but even Miss Diana Trevlyn's undisturbable equanimity was shaken for the moment. It was Mr. Chattaway who plucked up courage to reply, and he put on as bold a front as he could.

"Squire Trevlyn judged it well to will the estate to me. What would a child in long petticoats do, reigning at Trevlyn Hold?"

"He might have reigned by deputy. Where is Rupert? I must see him!"

But had they been keen observers they might have detected that Squire Trevlyn put the questions not altogether with the tone of a man who seeks information through ignorance. In point of fact he was as wise as

they were as to the principal events which had followed on the squire's death. He had remained in London two or three weeks since landing; had gathered all the information that could be afforded him by Connell and Connell, and had himself dictated the letters which had so upset Mr. Chattaway; more than that, he had, this very morning, halted at Barmester, on his way to Trevlyn Hold, had seen Mr. Peterby, and gleaned details. One thing Mr. Peterby had not been able to tell him, whether the unfortunate Rupert was dead or alive.

"Where is Maude?" he suddenly asked.

Maude stepped forward, somewhat surprised.

"Not you, child. One who must be thirty good years older than you. My sister, Maude Trevlyn."

"She married Thomas Ryle of the farm, Rupert," answered Miss Diana, who had rapidly determined to be the best of friends with her brother. "It was not a proper match for her, and she entered upon it without our consent; nay, in defiance of us all. She lives there still: and—and—here—she—is."

For once in her life Miss Diana was startled into betraying surprise. There, coming in at the door, was her sister Maude, Mrs. Ryle; and she had not been in Trevlyn Hold for years and years.

Nora, keen-witted Nora, had fathomed the mystery as she walked home. That one so strangely resembling old Squire Trevlyn must be very closely connected with him, she doubted not, and she worked out the problem; it must be Rupert Trevlyn, come (may it not be said?) to life again. Before she entered, his features had been traced on her memory, and she hastened to acquaint Mrs. Ryle.

That lady lost no time in speeding to the Hold. George, who had been suddenly detained from his proposed expedition to Layton's Heath, came with her. There was no agitation on her face; it was a true Trevlyn's in its calm impassibility, but she greeted him with words of welcome.

"I have not been in this house, Rupert, my brother, since its master died; I would not enter it while a usurper reigned in it. Thank heaven, you are come! It will end the heart-burnings."

"Heart-burnings? of what nature are they? But who are you?" he broke off, looking at George. "And then he raised his hand to lay it on his shoulder, and gazed into his face. "Unless I am mistaken, you are your father's son."

George laughed at the quaintness. "My father's son, I believe, sir, and people tell me I am like him; but yet more like my mother. I am George Berkeley Ryle."

"Is he here?—with you? I and Tom Ryle were good friends once."

"Here!" uttered George, with emotion that he could not wholly suppress. "He has been dead for many years. He was killed."

Squire Trevlyn lifted his hands. "It will all come out to me bit by bit, I suppose; one record of the past, one calamity after another. Maude"—turning to his sister—"I was inquiring of the past. If the Trevlyns have held a name for nothing else in the county, they have held one for justice; and I want to know how it was that my father—my father and yours—willed away

his estate from poor Joe's boy. Good heavens, Maude," he abruptly broke off, as he caught sight of her face in the red light of the declining sun. "How wonderfully you have grown like my father! More so even than I have!"

It was so. As Mrs. Ryle stood there, haughty, self-possessed, they might have deemed it the old squire over again. "You want to know why my father willed away his estate from Joe's son? Ask Chattaway; ask Diana Trevlyn;" with a sweep of the hand to both. "Ask them to tell you who kept it from him that a son was born to Joe. They did; the squire made his will, went to his grave, never knowing that young Rupert was born. Ask them to tell you how it was that, when in accordance with this ignorance the will was made, my father constituted his second daughter's husband his heir, instead of my husband; mine, his eldest child's. Ask it them, Rupert."

"Heart-burnings? Yes, I can understand that there have been heart-burnings," murmured Squire Trevlyn.

"Ask him—Chattaway—about the two thousand pounds debt to Mr. Ryle," she continued, never flinching from her stern gaze, never raising her voice above its calm tone of low, concentrated indignation. "You have just said that you and Tom Ryle were friends, Rupert. Yes, you were friends; and had you reigned after my father, he, my husband, would not have been hunted to his death."

"Maude! What are you saying?"

"The truth. Wherever that man Chattaway could lay his hand of oppression, he has laid it. He pursued my husband incessantly during his life; it was through that pursuit, inadvertently I admit, that he met his death. The debt of two thousand pounds which had been lent to Mr. Ryle, he, my father, cancelled on his death-bed; he made my husband a present of it; he would have handed him the bond then, but that it was in Chattaway's possession, and he said he would send it to him. It never was sent, Rupert; and the first use Chattaway made of his new power when he came into the Hold, was to threaten to sue my husband upon the bond. The squire had given my husband his word to renew the lease on the same terms, and you know that his word was never gone from. The second thing Chattaway did was to raise the rent. It has been up-hill work with us."

"I'll right it now, Maude," he cried, with all the generous impulse of the Trevlyns. "I'll right that, and all else."

"We have righted it for ourselves," she answered, proudly. "By dint of perseverance, and hard work, not on my part, but on his"—pointing to George—"we have paid it off. Not many days ago, the last instalment of the debt and interest was handed to Chattaway. May it do him good! I should not like to fatten upon unjust gains."

"But where is Rupert?" repeated Squire Trevlyn. "I must see Rupert."

Ah, there was no help for it, and the whole tale was poured into his ear. Between Mrs. Ryle's revelations on the one side, and Mr. Chattaway's on the other, it was all poured into the indignant but perhaps not surprised

ear of the new master of Trevlyn. The unkindness and oppression dealt out to Rupert through his unhappy life, and its terrible ending of the burning of the rick, of the strange disappearance of Rupert. He gave no token that he had heard it all before. Mrs. Ryle spared nothing: she told him of the suspicion so freely dealt out by the neighbourhood to Chattaway, of having made away with Rupert; even then the listener returned no sign that he knew of the suspicion as well as they did.

"Maude," he said, "where is Rupert? Diana, you answer me—where is Rupert?"

They were unable to answer. They could only say that he was absent, and they knew not how or where.

It may be that Squire Trevlyn feared the suspicion might be too true a one; for he turned suddenly on James Chattaway, his eye flashing with a severe light.

"Tell me where the boy is."

"I don't know where is," said Mr. Chattaway.

"He may be dead!"

"He may—for all I can tell to the contrary."

Squire Trevlyn paused. "Rupert Trevlyn is my heir," he slowly said, "and I will have him found. James Chattaway, I insist on your producing Rupert."

"Nobody can insist upon an impossibility."

"Then listen. You don't know much of me, but you knew my father; and you may remember that when he *willed* a thing, he did it: that same spirit is mine. Now, I register a vow that if you do not produce Rupert Trevlyn, or tell me where I may find him, dead or alive, I will publicly charge you with the murder."

"I have as much cause to charge you with it, as you have to charge me," returned Mr. Chattaway, his anger rising. "You have heard them tell you of my encounter with him on the evening following the examination before the magistrates: I declare on my sacred word of honour—"

"*Your* word of honour!" scornfully apostrophised Mrs. Ryle.

"That I have never seen Rupert Trevlyn since the moment when I left him on the ground," he continued, turning his dark looks on Mrs. Ryle, but never pausing. "I have sought in vain for him since; the police have sought; and he is not to be found."

"Very well," said the squire; "I have given you the alternative."

Mr. Chattaway opened his mouth to reply; but, to the surprise of all who knew him, suddenly closed it again, and quitted the room. To describe the perplexity that the man was in would be impossible. Apart from the general perplexity brought to him by this awful arrival of a master for Trevlyn Hold, there was the minor perplexity of what should be his own conduct. Should it be abject submission? or war to the knife? Mr. Chattaway's temper would have inclined him decidedly to the latter course; but he feared it might be bad policy for his self-interest; and self-interest had always been paramount with James Chattaway. Should he dispute for Trevlyn Hold with this new-comer? or should he submissively yield? He stood outside the house, where he had wandered, and cast his eyes on the fine old place, on the fair domain stretching out around. Right in face of him was the rick-yard, which had given rise to

so much of discomfort, of trouble, and of ill-feeling. Oh, if he could but dispute it successfully, and retain possession of it! But there lay a conviction in his heart that even to attempt such would be the height of folly. That he, thus returned, was really the true Rupert Trevlyn, who had decamped in his youth, now grown into a middle-aged man, was apparent as the sun at noonday. It was clearly apparent to him, Mr. Chattaway; it would be apparent to the world. The returned wanderer had remarked that his identity would be established by indisputable proof; but Mr. Chattaway felt that there was no proof necessary to establish it. What, then, would be the use of his holding out? And yet!—to quit this fine possession, to sink down into poverty and obscurity in the face and eyes of the local world—that world which had been ready enough, as it was, to cast its slighting contempt on the master of Trevlyn Hold—would be as the very bitterest fate that ever fell upon man. In that cruel moment, when it was pressing upon his imagination with fearfully vivid colours, it seemed that death would be as a boon in comparison.

While he was thus standing, torn with contending emotions, Cris ran up in excitement from the direction of the stables. He had been leaving his horse there on his return from Blackstone, and some vague and confused version of the affair had been told to him. "What's this, father?" he asked, in demonstrative anger. "They are saying that Rupert Trevlyn has come boldly back, and is laying claim to the Hold. Have you given him into custody?"

Mr. Chattaway raised his dull eyes. The question but added to his misery. "Yes, Rupert Trevlyn has come back," he said; "but—"

"Is he in custody?" impatiently interrupted Cris. "Are the police here?"

"It is another Rupert Trevlyn, Cris; not that one."

Something in his father's manner, more than the words, struck unpleasantly on the senses of Cris Chattaway, subduing him considerably. "Another Rupert Trevlyn!" he repeated, in a hesitating tone. "What are you saying?"

"The Rupert Trevlyn of old; the squire's runaway son; the heir," said Mr. Chattaway, as if it were a comfort to tell out all the bitter truth. "He has come back to claim his own, Cris—Trevlyn Hold."

And Mr. Cris fell against the wall side by side with his father, and stared in dismayed consternation. "Come back to claim his own!" he mechanically repeated. "Come back to claim Trevlyn Hold!"

#### CHAPTER LXII.

##### A VISIT TO RUPERT.

AND what were the emotions of Mrs. Chattaway? They were of a mixed nature. In spite of the little comfort which the possession of the Hold had brought to herself individually; of the feeling of usurpation, of *wrong*, which had ever rested unpleasantly upon her, she had been superior to frail human nature had not a sense of dismay struck upon her at its being thus suddenly wrested from them. She knew not what her husband's means might be; whether he had anything or nothing, by saving or otherwise, that he could call his own, apart



from the revenues of the Hold: but she did know enough to be sure that it could not be a tithe enough to keep them; and where were they to go with their helpless daughters? That these unpleasant considerations floated through her mind in a confused, vague vision was true; but far above them a rush of thought, of care, closer to the present hour. Her brother had said—and there was a determination not to be mistaken in his tone—that unless Mr. Chattaway produced Rupert Trevlyn, he should publicly charge him with the murder. Nothing but the strongest control exercised upon herself could have restrained Mrs. Chattaway from starting forward and avowing all, when she heard this. Mr. Chattaway was a man not held in the world's favour, but he was her husband; and in her eyes his faults and failings had ever appeared in a venial light. She would have given much to stand out and say, "You are accusing my husband wrongfully; Rupert is alive, and I am concealing him."

But she did not dare to do this. That very husband would have replied, "Then I order Rupert into custody—how dared you conceal him?" She took an opportunity of whispering a question to George Ryle of the meaning of the warning he had despatched to her by Nora. George himself could not explain it. He had met Bowen accidentally, and the officer had told him in confidence that they had received a mysterious hint, that Rupert Trevlyn was not far off—hence George's warning to Mrs. Chattaway. It was to turn out that the other Rupert Trevlyn had been spoken of: but neither Bowen nor George knew this.

George Ryle, sound of judgment, clear of perception, rapidly drew his own conclusion from this return of Squire Trevlyn—that it would be the preservation of Rupert; that it was the very best thing that could have happened for him. It may be said, the only thing. The tether had been lengthened out to its extreme end, and to keep him much longer where he was, in concealment, would be an impossibility: or, if they so kept him, it would be his death. George Ryle saw that a powerful protector for Rupert might arise in Squire Trevlyn.

"He must be told the truth," he whispered to Mrs. Chattaway.

"Yes, perhaps it may be better," she answered. "But I dare not tell him. Will you undertake it, feeling your ground as you go on?"

He nodded, and began to wonder what excuse he could invent for seeking a private conference with the newly-returned squire. But whilst he plotted and planned, Maude rendered it unnecessary.

By a tacit idea of the fitness of things, the state-rooms at the Hold, generally kept for visitors, were assigned by Miss Diana to her brother. He was shown to them, and was in the act of gazing from the window at the well-remembered features of the old domain, when there stole in upon him one, white and tearless, but with a terrified, imploring despair in her countenance, if he ever saw despair.

"Maude, my child, what is it? I like your face, my dear, and I must have you henceforth for my very own child."

"Not me, Uncle Rupert; never mind me," she said, the kind, loving tone telling upon her breaking heart and

bringing forth a gush of tears. "If you will but love my brother Rupert!—if you will but get Mr. Chattaway to pardon him!"

"But he may be dead, child."

"Uncle Rupert, if he were not dead—if you found him now—to-day," she reiterated, gazing up through her blinding tears—"would you deliver him up to justice? Oh, Uncle Rupert, don't blame him; don't visit it upon him! It was the Trevlyn temper, and Mr. Chattaway should not have provoked it by beating him."

"I blame him? I deliver a Trevlyn up to justice!" echoed Squire Trevlyn, with a threatening touch of the Trevlyn temper at that very moment. "What are you saying, child? If Rupert is in life, he shall have his wrongs righted from henceforth. Rubbish to the cost of a burnt rick! the ricks were mine, in point of fact, not Chattaway's. Rupert Trevlyn is my heir, and shall be recognised and received as such."

She sunk down before him and laid her head upon his knees, crying softly with the relief his words brought. Squire Trevlyn placed his hand on her pretty hair, caressingly. "Don't grieve so, child; he may not be dead, I'll find him if he is to be found. I'll look up the police: they shall know they have got a Squire Trevlyn amongst them again."

"Uncle Rupert"—and she locked her trembling fingers nervously within his as she spoke and lifted her wet eyes to his face—"I can tell you where Rupert is. He is very near to us, lying in concealment, lying ill almost dying. We have not dared to tell of it, and the secret is nearly killing us."

He listened in amazement; he questioned her until he gathered the comprehensive facts, not yet the details.

"Who has known of this, do you say?"

"My Aunt Edith, and I, and the doctor; and—and—George Ryle."

The very conscious reticence (if it may be so said) with which the last name was brought out, the sudden blush on the down-cast cheeks, whispered a tale to Squire Trevlyn.

"Halloa, Miss Maude! I read a secret. That will not do, you know. I cannot spare you from the Hold for all the George Ryles in the world. You must be its mistress."

"My Aunt Diana will be that," murmured Maude with a hidden face.

"That she never shall while I am its master," was the rejoinder, spoken with emphatic earnestness. "If Diana could look quietly on and see her father deceived, or help to deceive him; see Chattaway usurp the Hold to the exclusion of Joe's son, and join in the usurpation, she has forfeited all claim in courtesy to it: she shall neither reign in it nor reside in it. No, my little Maude, you must live with me, the mistress of Trevlyn Hold."

Maude's tears were flowing in silence. She kept her head down.

"What is George Ryle to you?" somewhat sternly asked Squire Trevlyn. "Do you love him?"

"I had no one else to love: they were not kind to me, except my Aunt Edith," was her murmured answer.

He sat, playing with her hair as it lay on his knee, his head bent in thought. "Is he a good man, Maude? Upright—honourable—just?"

"That; and more," she softly whispered.  
 "And I suppose you love him! Would it quite break your heart now were I to issue my edict that you could never have him; to say you must turn him over to Octave Chattaway?"

It was but a word said at random. Maude took it differently, and she lifted for a moment her glowing face. "But he does not like Octave; it is Octave who likes—"

She had spoken all in impulse, and now that recollection came to her she faltered and stopped. Squire Trevlyn, undignified as it was, broke into a sudden whistle, and whistled through a full line of a song.

"I see, young lady. And so Mr. George has had the taste to like somebody better than Octave. Well, perhaps I should, in his place."

"But about Rupert?" she pleaded.

"Ah, about Rupert. I must go at once and see him. Mark Canham stared at me as I came through the gate just now, as one scared out of his wits. He must have been puzzled by the likeness."

Squire Trevlyn went down to the hall, and was putting on his hat when they came flocking around, asking whether he was going out, offering to accompany him, Diana requesting him to wait while she put her bonnet on. But he waived them off: he would prefer to stroll out alone, he said; he might look in and get a talk with some of his father's old dependants—if any of them were left.

George Ryle was standing outside, deliberating upon how he should convey the communication, little thinking that it was already conveyed. Squire Trevlyn came up and passed his arm within his.

"I am going to the lodge," he remarked. "You may know why, and whom I want to see."

"You have heard, then!" exclaimed George.

"Yes. From Maude. By the by, Mr. George, what secret understanding is there between you and that young lady?"

George looked surprised: but he was not one to lose his equanimity. "It is no longer a secret, sir. I have confided it to Miss Diana. If Mr. Chattaway will grant me the lease of a farm that I am wishing for, I shall speak to him."

"Mr. Chattaway! The farms don't belong to him now, but to me."

George laughed. "Yes, I forgot. I must come to you for it, sir: I want to take the Upland."

"And you'd like to take Maude with it?"

"I must take her with it."

"Softly, sir. Maude belongs to me just as the farms do: and I can tell you for your consolation, and you must make the best of it, that I cannot spare her from the Hold. There; that's enough. I am not come home to have my will disputed: I am a true Trevlyn."

A somewhat uncomfortable silence ensued, and lasted until they reached the lodge. George entered it without ceremony. Old Mark, who was sitting before the hearth apparently in deep thought, turned his head, saw who was coming in, rose as quickly as his rheumatism allowed him, and stared as if he saw an apparition.

"Do you know me, Mark?"

"To my dazed eyes it looks like the squire," was Mark's answer, slowly shaking his head after the manner of one thunderstruck. "But I know that it cannot be. I stood at these gates as he was carried out to his last home in the churchyard at Barbrook. The squire were older, too."

"The squire left a son, Mark."

"No!" burst forth the old man after a pause, as the light flashed upon him. "Sir—sir! You can surely never be the young heir, Mr. Rupert, that we have all mourned for as dead?"

"Do you remember the young heir's features, Mark?"

"Ay, I have never forgot 'em, sir."

"Then look at mine."

There was doubt no longer; and Mark Canham, in his enthusiastic joy, attempted to kneel, forgetting his rheumatism. He brought himself up with a groan.

"I be fit for nothing now but to nurse my rheumatism, sir. And you be the true Rupert Trevlyn! You'll be the squire from henceforth? Oh, sir, say it!"

"I am the squire, Mark," was the quiet answer.

"But I came here to see another Rupert Trevlyn—he who will be the squire after me."

Old Mark shook his head. He glanced to the staircase as he spoke, and dropped his voice to a whisper, as if fearing that it might penetrate aloft to one who was lying there.

"If he don't get better soon, sir, he'll never live to be the squire. He's very ill. Circumstances have been again him; it can't be denied; but maybe it was in his constitution from the first to go off as his father, poor Mr. Joe, went off."

"Nonsense," said the squire. "We'll get him well all one way."

"And what of Chattaway?" asked old Canham. "He'll never forgo his vengeance, sir. I have been in mortal fear ever since Master Rupert have been lying here. The fear had some't o' selfishness in it also, maybe," he added, ingenuously; "for Chattaway, he'd turn me right off without a minute's warning, happen he come to know of it. He have never liked my being at the lodge at all, sir; he'd ha' sent me away times and again but for Miss Diana."

"Ah," said the squire. "Well, it does not rest with him now. What has he allowed you, Mark?"

"Half-a-crown a week, sir."

"Half-a-crown a week!" repeated Squire Trevlyn, his mouth curling with displeasure. "How have you lived?"

"It haven't been but a poor live at best, sir," was the simple answer. "Ann, she works hard, at home or out, but she don't earn much. Her eyes be bad, sir; happen you may call to mind as they was always weak and ailing. The squire he fixed my pay here at five shillings a week, and Chattaway changed it when he come into power. Miss Diana's good to us; but for her and the bit o' money Ann can earn, I don't see as we could a' got along at all."

"Would you like the half-crown changed back again to five shillings, Mark?"

"I should think it was fortin come to me right off, sir."

"Then you may reckon that it is come from this day."

He moved to the staircase as he spoke, leaving the old man in an ecstasy of delight. Ann Canham, who had shrunk away into hiding, came forward now. Her father turned to her triumphantly.

"Didn't I tell ye it was the squire? And you to go on at me saying I was gone clean of my wits to think it! I knowed it was no other."

"But you said it was the dead squire, father," was poor Ann's meek response.

"It's all the same," cried old Canham. "There'll be a Trevlyn at the Hold again; and our five shillings a week to come back to us. Bless the Trevlyns! they was always open-handed."

"Father, what a dreadful come down for Chattaway! What will he do? He'll have to turn out."

"Serve him right!" shouted Mark. "How many homes have he made empty in his time! Ann, girl, I have kep' my eyes a bit open through life, in spite of having the limbs cramped with rheumatiz, and I never failed to notice one thing—that them who are fond o' making others' homes desolate, generally finds their own desolate afore they die. Law me! Folks talk o' venging themselves again the oppressor! let 'em leave their cause in God's hands. He won't forget. Chattaway 'll get a taste now of what he have been so fond o' dealing out to others—hardship. I hope the bells 'll ring the day he turns out o' the Hold!"

"But Madam will have to turn out with him!" meekly suggested Ann Canham.

It took Mark aback. He liked Madam as much as he disliked her husband. "Happen something 'll be thought of for Madam," said he. "Maybe the new squire 'll keep her with him at the Hold."

George Ryle had gone on upstairs, and prepared the wondering Rupert for the appearance of his uncle. As the latter entered, his tall head bowing, his portly form making the stairs creak, he halted in dismay. Nay, in a variety of feelings; but dismay was perhaps the most prominent. In the fair face bent towards him from the bed, the large blue eyes, the bright, falling hair, he believed for the moment he saw the beloved brother Joe of his youth. But in the hollow cheeks, with their crimson hectic, the drawn face, the parched and fevered lips, the ghastly hands, the attenuated frame, he read too surely the marks of the disease which had taken off that brother, the death Mark Canham had hinted at as being dreaded; and a conviction seated itself in the squire's mind that he must look elsewhere for the heir to Trevlyn.

"My poor boy! Joe's boy! It is this place that is killing you!"

"No, Uncle Rupert, it is not all that. It is the fear."

Squire Trevlyn could not breathe. He looked up to the one pane, and pushed it open with his stick. The cold air came in, and he seemed relieved, drawing a long breath. But the same current that was grateful to him found its way to the lungs of Rupert, and he began to cough violently. "It is the draught," panted the poor invalid.

George Ryle closed the pane again, and the squire

bent over the bed. "We must have you to the Hold at once, Rupert."

The hectic faded on Rupert's face. "It is not possible," he answered. "Mr. Chattaway would denounce me."

"Denounce you!" hotly repeated Squire Trevlyn. "Denounce my nephew and my brother Joe's son! He had better let me see him attempt it."

In the hasty impulse, characteristic of the Trevlyns the squire turned to descend the stairs. He was going to have Rupert brought home at once. George Ryle followed him and arrested him in the avenue.

"Pardon me, Squire Trevlyn. You must first of all make sure of Chattaway—that he will be harmless. I am not clear also but you must make sure of the police."

"What do you mean?"

"The police have the matter in hand. Can they relinquish it, even for you?"

They stood gazing at each other in doubt and discomfort. It was an unpleasant phase of the affair; and one which had certainly not until that moment presented itself to the view of Squire Trevlyn.

(To be continued.)

#### PRAYER.

PRAYER was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give.  
Long as they live should Christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.

The Christian's heart his prayer indites;  
He speaks as prompted from within;  
The Spirit his petition writes,  
And Christ receives and gives it in.

And wilt thou in dead silence lie,  
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?  
My soul—thou hast a friend on high;  
Arise, and try thy interest there.

Depend on Him; thou canst not fail;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known;  
Fear not; His merits must prevail;  
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

#### Literary Notices.

*The Gospel in Madagascar; or, a Brief Account of the English Mission in that Island.* Second Edition, with a Preface and an additional Chapter by the LORD BISHOP OF MAURITIUS. With a Map of the Island. Pp. 264. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet-street. THIS book, in addition to its intrinsic merit, possesses the charm of being well timed—for no work could be more suitable—at a period when the attention of the religious world is directed to the progress of the Gospel in an island that may be justly designated the Great Britain of Africa. This little work presents to the reader a political and religious history of the island, and depicts in chaste but energetic language the sufferings of those Malagase who had embraced the doctrines of the Gospel. We cannot peruse this interesting volume without being impressed with the conviction that the faithful labourer in the cause of Christian Missions will finally triumph, and that the seed sown will, in due time, bring forth happy results. Another thought is also forced upon us: What do we



Christian men do, and bear, and forego for the sake of the Gospel, when contrasted with the exertions, the self-denial, and the willing sacrifices made by the converts of Madagascar?

In the days of the infant Church, when men fled for their lives, we are told that they resorted to various ingenious stratagems to ascertain the sentiments of the persons from whom they sought protection; this would frequently be by some secret sign, or by exhibiting the model of a fish; as the Greek word denoting a fish contained the initials of the name, the title, and the office of the Christian's Friend—Jesus Christ, the Saviour, the Son of God; but the converted Malagase ingeniously employed the Scriptures for this purpose, and when the fugitive desired to make known his creed in order that he might procure shelter and food when trembling for his life, he would cautiously point to the 15th verse of the 38th chapter of Jeremiah: "If I declare it unto thee, wilt thou not surely put me to death?" and a friend would answer, by pointing to the 16th verse, "As the Lord liveth, I will not put thee to death, neither will I give thee into the hands of the men that seek thy life."

*The Kingdom and the People; or, the Parables of our Lord Jesus Christ Explained and Illustrated.* With a Preface by the Rev. EDWARD GARBETT, M.A., Incumbent of St. Bartholomew's, Gray's Inn Road, London: Seeley and Co., Fleet Street.

THESE reflections and comments are written in a style calculated to gain attention. The remarks are blended with various historical facts that tend to illustrate the subject, and to impress it both upon the mind and the memory, and striking events from missionary life are happily brought forth as exhibiting the Christian graces which these expositions seek to inculcate. The case of the German boy is a beautiful example of the power of the Word of life:—

A little German boy of eight years old was only able, on one Monday morning, to repeat the text of the Sunday's sermon, and could remember nothing else. His master was displeased with him on that account, and this so grieved him, that he never afterwards forgot the verse. Years after this, when he was living in London, and working in a distillery for very low wages, when bread was enormously dear, and he was, therefore, in great distress, these words came into his mind: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." And this little seed of God's Word not only gave him comfort at the time, but soon brought about his conversion. Very shortly after he had thus tasted that the Lord was gracious, and felt the power and life of the seed, he began greatly to wish that he might be able to go out to the perishing heathen, and become himself a sower among them. It was not long before he had his wish, and was sent out as a schoolmaster by the Church Missionary Society to Sierra Leone. There he humbly began his work among the poor degraded Africans, and chiefly among the liberated slaves. Very soon his simple addresses were so blessed, and such a wonderful power accompanied his words, that by the desire of those who sent him out he was at once ordained, and became a regular minister of the Word. His whole missionary course lasted less than seven years, yet during that time the foundation of a most flourishing native Church was laid, which has stood the test of many discouragements, and continues to this day. Early in his ministry conversions were very numerous, so

that his whole time was often occupied from morning to night in talking to those who came to him to ask "what they must do to be saved." A thousand children were educated in the schools; a congregation of fifteen hundred people would assemble together for worship; and four hundred of these poor heathen were admitted to the table of the Lord. Surely this is like the mustard-tree springing from the tiny seed. Little did that schoolmaster think when he reproved William Johnson for only remembering the text on that Monday morning, how great a work it would produce; and as little do we know, when we let fall even the smallest of these seeds of God's Word among the youngest or most ignorant, what blessed fruit may hereafter be our reward.

*History against Colenso; or, an Examination of the Witnesses.* By a BARRISTER. Part the Second. [W. Curry and Co., Dublin.] The author, in his work, brings forth a variety of ancient writers, and shows that their testimony confirms the account given by Moses, and that these writers are to be regarded as witnesses for the truth of the Mosaic narrative. Among the writers quoted in this second part we find Diodorus Siculus, Hecateses of Abdera, Trogius Pompeius, Strabo, Berosus, Juvenal, Tacitus, Pliny the Elder, Longinus, Nicalaus of Damascus, Manetho of Egypt, and Josephus; to which is added the moral and religious condition of the ancient Pagan world. When quotations or allusions to an author's sentiments are given, the original passages are very properly referred to as the authorities. Although only a pamphlet of a hundred pages, it would have been enhanced in usefulness if a well-arranged table of contents had been added. This would have given a general view of the subject, would have refreshed the memory, and saved the time of men who want information on particular points, and cannot afford to read twenty or thirty pages for the information which possibly half a page may convey.

*Report of Proceedings at an International Congress held at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of August, 1862, to "Discuss the general subject of Cruelty to Animals, and especially VIVISECTION, and other operations upon Living Animals for the purpose of Instruction in Surgery."* Ordered by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 12, Pall Mall, London. To be printed. A very parliamentary-looking document, but far more readable than any parliamentary papers that ever fell under our notice.

*The Golden Ladder.* Stories illustrative of the Eight Beatitudes. By the Authors of "The Wide, Wide, World." The Ninth Thousand, with Coloured Engravings. Pp. 480. London: Nisbet, Berners-street. THIS book is well got up, and forms a pretty volume; and when we take into consideration the lively manner in which fifty or sixty topics are discussed, and the renown of the authors, we wonder not to hear that the book has been in great request. Had we space, we might quote largely; but as this pleasure is denied us, we must recommend our little friends to read for themselves "The Rose in the Desert," "The Little Black Hen," "Drops of Oil," "Martha's Hymn," and "The Prince in Disguise," and they will find sacred lessons explained in an interesting manner.

## "HAVE WE ANY 'WORD OF GOD?'"

### VI.—CONCLUSION—GENERAL RESULTS.

DEAR JAMES,—At the close of our subject, let us pause for a moment, and review, as briefly as we can, the ground over which we have been passing.

We began by noticing the fact that the Church of England, in harmony with all the other churches of the Reformation, declares her belief in the Divine authorship of the Scriptures; asserting, in every variety of phraseology, that they are "the Word of God."

We then turned to the book itself, and found the same momentous truth declared in every part of the volume. To cite only a single instance: we find David, in one of his psalms, extolling something which he terms "the law," "the testimony," "the statutes," "the commandment of the Lord," and which he says converts the soul, makes wise the simple, rejoices the heart, and enlightens the eyes. It is impossible to understand this language as describing anything less than a known, existing document; and of this document God himself is asserted to be the author. But the same fact is declared in a multitude of places, beginning with the books of Moses at the commencement, and going on to those of Paul and John at the close of the sacred volume.

A book of which God himself is the author can scarcely be like other books. Indeed, if we found such a book resembling others, we should be forced to doubt its Divine origin. We examined, therefore, next, the internal structure, the contents, and the general character of the Bible, in order to see if it differed in any important particulars from the most valued human productions. And we soon saw the difference to be, indeed, immense. There is no other book in existence which gives any credible account of the creation of the world, or of the human race. There is no other book which even attempts to explain to us when the Sabbath was instituted, or why—how such an idea as that of killing a lamb, in order to propitiate a displeased Deity, ever came to take possession of men's minds—when and why circumcision was ordained, or how a belief in a universal deluge became established among nations in all the four corners of the earth. A clear and positive prophecy of a future event is a thing elsewhere unknown; but in the Bible we found many prophecies; one of which, the dispersion and perpetua-

tion of the Jews, in all ages and in all countries, was unquestionably pronounced by Moses nearly 3,500 years ago, and is now fulfilled and fulfilling in the sight of all the earth.

It is, then, manifest, and scarcely to be denied by any rational person, that this book stands quite alone, is like no other known writing; and that the points of difference are just those which would properly distinguish a work of God from a work of man. A book which can tell us in a credible manner how this world came into existence, and how the human race was first placed upon it, must be intrinsically the work of God, and the human writers employed in its production must have been merely his penmen. So, also, when we find Moses, more than 3,000 years ago, describing, most exactly, the condition of the Jews after the fall of Rome and all through the middle ages; and Isaiah, in Hezekiah's days, predicting the coming of Cyrus, and the advent and sufferings of Christ, we know that we must be listening to the voice of God, and that his prophets are merely uttering the words which he put into their mouths.

The Church of England, then, and the churches of the Reformation everywhere, had good grounds for believing that in the Bible they listened to the very "Word of God."

We next took notice of an evasion, by which the edge of this "sword of the Spirit" is attempted to be turned in our days—by admitting "the Word of God" to exist in the Bible, but asserting that it is mixed and commingled with many other words, which are human, fallible, and often actually untrue. I showed that this hypothesis inevitably deprives Scripture of all authority; inasmuch as no human being has any power or faculty to determine which parts of the Bible are human and which Divine; and, consequently, there could not be a single verse in the Bible of which any man could assert with certainty, "Here we have the Word of God." I remarked, also, that this supposition was dishonourable to God, in that it ascribes to him a degree of weakness, and inefficiency, and failure which we should pity and condemn, if we found it in one of our fellow-creatures.

Coming back, then, once more, to the all-important question, "What is the Bible?" we are entitled to demand from its opponents, and from all who deny its Divine authority, some reasonable hypothesis, or account of its formation and real character.

Will they seriously contend that it is "like any other book?" or that, if we bind up, for instance, the Greek historians, poets, and tragedians in a volume, we shall have another Bible?

No man in his senses will venture on such an assertion. Let us appeal to the test of well-known fact, and of a large and still increasing experience.

A society was formed in England, rather more than fifty years ago, for the purpose of translating, printing, and circulating the Bible in all the languages of the earth. This was not a device of priests of any class; it arose chiefly among laymen; it has been conducted principally by laymen; and its funds have been contributed in the proportion of at least nineteen-twentieths by laymen. This society, in a little more than fifty years, has caused the Scriptures to be translated and printed in 146 languages, in which they were before unknown; and, at an expense of upwards of five millions of money, it has circulated above forty-three millions of copies of the Holy Scriptures.

Now, I will not compare this with the circulation of any other book, for there is nothing which can be compared with it. The interest felt in the Bible is altogether unlike that felt in any other book. The believers in the Koran, or in the Hindoo Shasters, show no such desire to impart those books to other nations. If we ask the reason of this apathy, we find it without difficulty in the intrinsic difference which exists between the Bible and all other books. A Christian believes the Word of God to be "quick and powerful," "converting the soul," "making wise the simple," "rejoicing the heart," and "enlightening the eyes." He believes that it is able, when wielded by the Holy Spirit, to "make men wise unto salvation." Hence he deems it to be his first duty to communicate this treasure to his fellow-creatures. The Mahometan or the Hindoo takes no similar step with reference to his religious books, because he does not, in fact, attribute any such efficacy to them.

Nor could he rationally do so. The circulation of the Scriptures, and the preaching of the message which they contain, has proved, in numberless instances, "mighty to the pulling down of strongholds." The mere circulation of such books as the Koran or the Shasters, never did, and never will. The one is "the sword of the Spirit;" but all the others are "lying

vanities." Practical men—men of sense and prudence—give largely in England to circulate the Bible, because they know by experience that important results may be expected to follow. Immense results have followed, and are following now. But nobody thinks of printing and distributing the works of Plato or Aristotle, or the Koran of Mahomet, or the Shasters of the Hindoos among the people, because no man seriously believes that any good would thereby be produced. Even among ourselves, the learned and benevolent sceptic will not give of his means to circulate the works of Plato or of Cicero, simply because he has not the least expectation that any one would be made wiser or better by reading them. But we can point to thousands of once ignorant and brutalised heathen—in New Zealand, in Africa, in Hindostan, and in the isles of the Pacific—who have been "brought out of darkness into light"—changed from savages into Christian men—simply by the Gospel message, conveyed to them in God's Word, and applied to their hearts by the Holy Spirit. Here it is, more especially, that we perceive, beyond the possibility of mistake, that the Bible *stands alone*; that it is like no other book in the whole world.

Again, therefore, we turn to those who reject the idea that the Bible is "the Word of God," and ask of them an intelligible and tenable hypothesis; a rational reply to the question, What is the Bible?

It is not like the writings of the loftiest philosophers of Greece or Rome. It is intrinsically far above them in purity, in majesty, and in real power. Yet whence did it emanate? The Greeks and Romans were men of learning, refinement, and advanced civilisation. The Hebrews were a despised nation, having no other literature than this one book. And how came it to be one book? Some of its portions were written 1,000, 1,500, or even 2,000 years before other portions, and yet the oldest portions are not the meanest or the rudest. No one in Britain thinks of binding up Gildas or Bede with Bacon or Samuel Johnson. How came Job and Moses to be so united to Isaiah and Daniel that no power of men or devils can ever separate them?

Again, therefore, I say, that those who deny the Bible to be the Word of God are bound, in some way, to account for its existence, its cha-



acter, and its power. They are bound to tell us how it came into being; how the first five books came to be ascribed to Moses if they were never written by him; and how a whole nation was made to believe that it had been miraculously brought out of Egypt, carried through the wilderness, and enabled to conquer and expel seven other nations, if nothing of the sort ever took place.

Chiefly, however, let this class of sceptics endeavour to make their favourite hypothesis less totally absurd than it now appears. In all their recent attacks upon the Bible they separate themselves from the infidels of the last century, by conceding that "the Bible contains the Word of God." They consent, therefore, to the fact, that it has pleased God to speak to man, and that his voice is to be heard in the Bible. But then they immediately go on to allege that, mixed up with this Divine Revelation, there are divers fabulous stories, absolute frauds, pretended prophecies, and, in fact, a whole volume of falsehoods. Thus, Mr. Goodwin describes the first chapter of Genesis as "the speculation of some early Copernicus or Newton, who devised a scheme of the earth's formation, as nearly as he might in accordance with his own observations of Nature, and with such views of things as it was possible for an unassisted thinker in those days to take."\* But Mr. Goodwin passes lightly over the fact, that this "unassisted thinker" does not propose his "speculation" as such, but broadly asserts, a dozen times and more, that "God said," and "God did," what Mr. Goodwin thinks was never said or done. Thus, according to Mr. Goodwin, the Bible opens with a whole page of fiction, gravely palmed off as truth and fact; and yet Mr. Goodwin himself will persist in regarding the Bible as containing the Word of God.

So, too, Bishop Colenso gravely argues that the Pentateuch was written by Samuel, and is "not historic"—i.e., "not true." Now, as it is beyond all question that the Jews were made to believe, and did entirely believe for centuries after, and down to the present day, that these books were written by Moses, it is clear that the bishop holds that Samuel succeeded in a prodigious fraud. And yet, together with this imposition and falsehood, he, too, mixes up a "Word of God," which he deems to be con-

tained in this fabricated document. And thus is it throughout. Scarcely a book is there in the Bible which is not charged by these sceptics with falsehood and fraud; and yet, along with all these fabrications and forgeries, we are to suppose that we hear the voice of the Holy Spirit of God! Is such an hypothesis as this either reasonable or reverent? Admitting that God had resolved to speak to men, was there the slightest difficulty in his using as his messengers some honest, truth-loving men? Was it from any supposed necessity, or from a preference for fiction and imposture, that God is represented as choosing for his agents men who were addicted to falsehood and double-dealing?

No; this hypothesis will not bear a moment's examination. If we believe in a Divine Revelation at all, and think that we have it in the Bible, we ought to entertain just and worthy thoughts of what we term the Word of God, and not imagine its author to be "such a one as ourselves," or, rather, something lower.

"Account for the Bible, then," I would say to any one who denies it to be the very Word of God. Account—

First of all, for its existence. How came these thirty-nine Hebrew books, and twenty-seven Greek ones, written, many of them, thousands of years apart, to adhere together in the way they do? How came all the Jewish authorities, through thousands of years, to agree so entirely as to which are the Divine books, as that no second opinion exists among them; while the Christian churches, whether Roman, Greek, or Protestant, are equally clear as to the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles? Looking at the endless sects into which both the Jewish and Christian churches have always been divided, is this absolute and entire unanimity anything short of a superhuman fact? But—

Secondly, account for its power. This single volume for eighteen centuries has decided the fate of the world. Wherever it was heard and obeyed, there peace and happiness were found to dwell; there light, and life, and onward progress soon became perceptible. The "dark ages" commenced by a hiding and obscuring of this Divine light. The Reformation had for its object, and

\* The Apocrypha, as it is called, breaks not this unanimity; it is a mere attempt on the part of the mediæval Church to foist certain books into the Hebrew canon, which books the Jews justly maintain to be uncanonical.

for its reward, the bringing this light out of its hiding-place—the giving the Bible anew to the nations of Europe. Its reward—of which we have a signal proof in England's own history. Compare her position and rank in Europe three centuries ago with her position and rank now. How prodigious the change! Or go back only a single century, and measure England's power just before the breaking-out of the French revolution, and her power now. Mark how, since the opening of the present century, her efforts for the dissemination of the Word of God have been accompanied, *pari passu*, by a constant advance in wealth, and power, and influence among mankind. The Bible, in England's hands, is now overrunning the earth. It is forcing its way even through the intolerance of Turkey and Persia; it is meeting and overcoming Brahminism and Buddhism; it is taking possession of the countless isles of the Pacific and of the Indian seas. And what is it that is thus filling the whole world? Is it a collection of fictions, frauds, and fables, originating in a corner of Syria some 3,500 years ago, and since kept in life by the joint efforts of several priesthoods, who agree in no other point but this? What a strange idea! There is no other tenable belief than the prevalent one—than that which has prevailed for thousands of years, and is now prevailing more than ever. That the Bible is a mere collection of old Jewish legends, which have lived and gained belief through the folly and gullibility of the Jews, is an idea which startlingly exhibits “the credulity of scepticism.” That it is more than this, and does contain a “Word of God,” and yet is full of fiction and imposture, is, if possible, a notion fraught with more absurdity than the former. It ascribes to the All-wise and Almighty a course of conduct which, in a man, we should deem puerile. It assumes that God desired to speak to man; but has so far failed, that, although he has actually spoken, no one can tell, with any certainty, what he has said! No reasonable man, acting impartially, can heartily consent to either of these suppositions. But the faith of the Church of England, and of all the churches of the Reformation, is one which agrees with all the known facts of the case. It believes that God has willed to speak to man, and that he has done so in a worthy manner. It believes that his Word is found in the Bible, *and is the Bible*. It believes that this Word is “the sword of the

Spirit,” and “abideth for ever.” That it is “quick and powerful,” and “able to make men wise unto salvation.” That it is light to them that sit in darkness; understanding to the ignorant; and strength to the weak. In fine, that it is the only hope of the world, because in it is revealed salvation. Here, and here only, man learns his real state, as *lost*; and here, and here only, he is told of One who came to “seek and to save that which was lost.” These are things which none but God could reveal; he has revealed them; and now, he that believeth “shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.”—Yours sincerely, R.

## LITANY.

In the hour of my distress,  
When temptations sore oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Oh! sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts disquieted,  
Oh! sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drown'd in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
Oh! sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I'm toss'd about,  
Either with despair or doubt,  
Yet, before the glass be out,  
Oh! sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursu'th,  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And affrights me with untruth,  
Oh! sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd,  
The book open'd which was seal'd;  
When to Thee I have appeal'd,  
Oh! sweet Spirit, comfort me.

## THE DUTY OF CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

“ . . . Life's best joys consist in peace and ease,  
And few can save, or serve, but all can please.”

“Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,  
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.”

THE world has its books of etiquette, its code of laws and regulations, by which to fashion the manners of those who are wont to mix in its gay circles; and volumes have been written, even by noblemen, to initiate the higher classes in those finished arts of politeness which are considered essential in fashionable life. Nor are these instructions in vain; for no one who has mixed among those classes can have failed to observe that graceful politeness which is the distinguishing charm of such society, and which renders the guest perfectly at ease, however inferior his rank or position may be.

It was the quaint saying of a good though eccentric man, when advocating an improvement in our church psalmody, that he saw "no reason why Satan should have all the best music;" so we may, with equal truth, say we see no reason why the world should have all the best manners and most courteous behaviour.

We remember hearing it remarked by another good man that a Christian shoemaker ought to be the best shoemaker in the parish. So, surely we may say, that a Christian gentleman ought to be indeed a thorough gentleman; for excellent as may be the world's conventional laws of politeness, we fear not to assert that they fall far short of those which the Christian possesses. He, too, has his "book of etiquette," and there are exquisite finishing strokes given to the general laws laid down in that Book for the regulation of our conduct towards one another, which we shall look for in vain among either the precepts or the practices of the world.

A rude Christian is a perfect anomaly. Shame, then, to him, who by his disagreeable manners and want of courtesy, brings reproach upon his profession, and provokes the remark, even from the lips of his fellow-Christians, "I believe he is a good man, but he is so uncourteous and repulsive in his bearing, that I do not desire his company again." Surely, even in this, we have often reason to say that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." Let such a one—and, alas! too many are to be found—reflect for one moment on the dishonour which he does to his Lord and Master. Let him not imagine that no sin was involved in that abrupt answer, in that uncourteous manner, in that cold and repulsive reception of one who was a brother and fellow-pilgrim, and who, as such, had a right to kindly sympathy. Or, if the unwelcome visitor was one whose heart was still given to the world, who can tell but that kindness and gentleness of manner might have gained such influence over him that ere long he might have been won over to the service of the same gentle and gracious Master? Alas! such Christians know not what mischief they may have done, nor what good they may have prevented. It is true they may have very clear views of the doctrines of the Gospel; they may be bold and fearless in the confession of Christ before the world; they may be sincere and consistent in the exercise of various duties; and yet with regard to this Christian grace, may it not be said of them, "One thing thou lackest?" Truly they have forgotten the exhortation of the Apostle, "Be pitiful, be courteous."

It is surprising how frequently the want of courtesy mars the loveliness and the usefulness of even sincere Christians. And yet that sweet and lovely temper and demeanour which our blessed Redeemer exhibited during his sojourn on earth, ought invariably to characterise all his true disciples. How continually does the Apostle Paul urge his blessed Master's perfect example, as a constraining motive to all his

followers! "Let every one please his neighbour for his good to edification, for *even Christ pleased not himself.*" And again, "In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than himself. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. *Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.*" And as if he could find no higher appeal on which to found his earnest exhortations to his beloved Corinthian church, he exclaims, "I beseech you, *by the meekness and gentleness of Christ!*" an appeal which well became that apostle, whose whole life was so eminent an illustration of those precepts of Christian courtesy which he was wont to enforce. The 13th chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians contains the secret principle of all true politeness. Pity it is that the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th verses of that remarkable chapter are not more generally practised by those who profess to take God's Word as the rule for their daily life and conversation!

Let us bear in mind that true Christian courtesy is very different from that outward polish and blandness of manner which is commonly called politeness. The latter is on the surface alone, and often conceals many a bitter and envious feeling. The former has its seat in the heart, and sheds a sweet fragrance over the whole character. Sincerity is one of its distinguishing marks. It will influence our conduct towards all with whom we hold any intercourse. It will commend the religion which we profess. It will soothe the broken spirit of the care-worn stranger who may cross our path. It will diffuse happiness among our families and households. It will lessen the difficulties of some, and increase the pleasures of others. It is so closely allied with that "meekness and gentleness" which are among the fruits of the Spirit, and with that self-denial, and that "preferring one another," which are positive duties enforced in the Gospel, that the exercise of it cannot fail to "glorify our Father which is in heaven;" and surely, therefore, every Christian should consider it well worth while to cultivate and cherish this habit of Christian courtesy.

#### A CHAPTER ON ASSES.

SOME humane persons propose to give prizes to the owners of the best fed, best grown, and best treated donkeys, in the hope thereby of producing care, attention, and kindness on the part of the drivers towards these useful, but proverbially badly-treated domestic animals. We therefore offer, for the information of our younger friends, a short sketch of the history and habits of these quadrupeds.

The ass is one of the few domesticated animals respecting the origin of which there is no doubt, being well known up to the present day in its original wild state. According to the observations of Pallas, who has given the most reliable information on its habits, it associates in numerous troops,



and migrates with the change of season, passing the colder months of the year in the warm climate of Persia and the interior of India, and returning in the hot season to the southern parts of the Russian Empire. On the retreat of their ravages a *worst* in breadth. The wild ass is larger than the domestic, at least, as we have it in this more northern region, where, indeed, the climate, the poor supply of food, and the wretched treatment to which it is subjected, have reduced its size far below that of the asses of Spain and of Northern Africa. The character of the animal, too, in all the wild freedom of its native habits, is very different from the stolid indifference which belongs to the domestic race. It is excessively swift, untameably savage, and has all the activity and quick instinct of the wild horse.

Wild asses live in herds, each consisting of a chief, and several mares and colts, sometimes to the number of twenty; they are excessively timid, and provident against danger. A male takes on him the care of the herd, and is always on the watch. The senses of hearing and smelling in these animals are most exquisite, so that they are not generally to be approached without the utmost difficulty. "The wild asses did stand in the high places," says the prophet Jeremiah; "they snuffed up the wind like dragons." The Persians catch them and break them for the draught. They make pits, which they fill about half up with plants; into these the asses fall without bruising themselves, and are taken thence alive. When completely domesticated they are very valuable, and sell at a high price, being at all times celebrated for their amazing swiftness. The food of these animals is the saltiest plants of the deserts, and also the bitter milky tribes of herbs. They also prefer salt water to fresh. This is exactly conformable to the history given of this animal in the Book of Job; for the words "barren land," expressive of his dwelling, ought, according to the learned Bochart, to be rendered "salt places." The hunters generally lie in wait for the asses near the ponds of brackish water, to which they resort to drink.

The ass, like the horse, was imported into America by the Spaniards, and that country seems to be peculiarly favourable to this race of animals; for, where they have run wild, they have multiplied in such numbers, that in some places they have become quite a nuisance. As has been said, in their wild state, they have all the swiftness of horses, and neither declivities nor precipices can retard their career. When attacked, they defend themselves, by means of their heels and mouth, with such address, that, without slackening their pace, they often maim their pursuers. They also feed together, and if a horse happens to stray into the place where they graze, they fall upon him,

and, without even giving him the choice of flying, bite and kick him, till they leave him dead on the spot.

In Spain the breed of asses has, by care and attention, become remarkably fine; they are large, strong, finely-formed animals, and are often found to rise fifteen hands high. The best of them sell sometimes for very high prices. This shows what the ass may, notwithstanding all our prejudices, and our generally contemptuous opinion of him, become with proper treatment. The Romans had a breed which they held in such high estimation, that Pliny mentions one of them selling for a price greater than £300 of our money; and Varro speaks of an ass that was sold in his own time, in Rome, for nearly £500.

Being more hardy than horses, these animals are preferred to them for journeys across the deserts. Most of the Musselmén pilgrims use them in the long and laborious journeys to Mecca; and the chiefs of the Nubian caravans, which are sixty days in passing immense solitudes, ride upon asses, and these, upon their arrival in Egypt, do not appear fatigued. In the principal streets of Cairo, asses, standing ready bridled and saddled for hire, answer the same purpose as the public conveyances in London. They are regularly rubbed down and washed, which renders their coats smooth, soft, and glossy. Their food is the same as that of the horse, usually consisting of chopped straw, barley, and beans. "They here seem," says M. Denon, "to enjoy the plenitude of their existence; they are healthy, active, cheerful, and the mildest and safest animals that a person can possibly have. Their natural pace is a canter or gallop, and, without fatiguing his rider, the ass will carry him rapidly over the large plains which lie between different parts of this straggling city."

There are not wanting instances even in this country which prove that these much abused animals do occasionally exhibit a far higher character than that which has generally been assigned to the species in a domesticated state. Mr. Bell, in his "History of British Quadrupeds," gives a remarkable account of an ass in the possession of one of his family, who, from age and disease, was obliged to give up riding horseback, and betake himself to the easier exercise of this animal's more gentle paces.

"General," for that was the name of the ass in question, was of an unusual stature, at least, for those bred in this country. His pace was easy and free, but swift, perhaps beyond example; and many times, in his earlier days, he had been in at the death, after a tolerably hard fox-chase. Matches had often been made, and asses of unusual power and fleetness had been placed against him, but he never met with a successful com-

petitor. He was docile, also, and gentle; and having survived his master, to the comfort of whose latter days he had essentially contributed, he spent the remainder of his life in ease and idleness, and at his death was buried, with due honours, in his own little paddock.

Mr. Bingley has a story of an old man who formerly sold vegetables in London, and who used an ass to convey his baskets from door to door. Frequently he gave the poor, industrious creature a handful of hay, or some pieces of bread, or greens, by way of refreshment and reward, and uniformly treated him kindly. In fact, the old man had no need for the goad to drive the animal, and seldom raised his hand to urge him forward. This was one day remarked upon, and he was asked whether his beast was not sometimes stubborn. "As for stubbornness," he answered, "I cannot complain, for he is ready to do anything, or to go anywhere for me. I bred him myself. Sometimes he is skittish and playful; and once he ran away. You will hardly believe it, but there were more than fifty people after him, trying to stop him, or turn him back; but he came of his own accord, and never stopped till he ran his head kindly into my bosom."

A still more pleasing instance of attachment and sagacity in this animal is mentioned by Mr. Thompson, in his "Passions of Animals." It was thus reported in the *Kelso Mail* at the time of its occurrence:—"Thomas Brown, residing near Hawick, travels the country as higgler, having an ass, the partner of his trade. From suffering under a paralytic affection, he is in the habit of assisting himself on the road, by keeping hold of the crupper of the saddle, or more frequently of the tail of the ass. During a recent severe winter, whilst on one of his journeys, near Rule Water, the old man and his ass were suddenly plunged into a wreath of snow. There they lay long, far from help, and ready to perish; at length the poor ass, after a severe struggle, got out; but finding his unfortunate master absent, he eyed the wreath for some time with a wistful look, and at last forced his way through to where his master lay, when, placing his body in such a position as to afford a firm grasp of the tail, the honest higgler was thereby enabled to take his accustomed hold, and was actually dragged out of the deep snow by the faithful beast to a place of safety."

Mr. Layard has given a graphic picture of a troop of wild asses which he saw in the desert, between Mirkan and Tel-Afer. He says: "As evening approached, we saw, congregated near a small stream, what appeared to be a large company of dismounted Arabs, their horses standing by them. As we were already near them, and could not have escaped the watchful eye of the Bedouin, we prepared for an encounter. We approached

cautiously, and were surprised to see that the horses still remained without their riders; we drew still nearer, when they galloped off towards the desert. They were wild asses. We attempted to follow them; after running a little distance they stopped to gaze at us, and I got sufficiently near to see them quite well; but as soon as they found that we were in pursuit, they hastened their speed, and were soon lost in the distance. In fleetness, they equal the gazelle; and to overtake them is a feat which only one or two of the most celebrated horses have been known to accomplish."

### THE SPINNING WHEEL.

"WELL, Mary," said Mr. Everard to one of his parishioners upon whom he was calling, "you are looking a little better, I think, than when I saw you last. I was quite glad, as I came to the door, to hear my old friend the wheel humming away again once more."

"Oh, yes, sir," she said, with a sigh, "the old hum must go on as long as I have strength to turn the wheel."

"No need to sigh, Mary; thank God that you have the strength. Depend upon it, if much longer unable to work, you would long for the employment. Persons are not happy when they are idle."

"Oh, sir," she said, stopping her wheel and looking up in his face, "I fear I am very ungrateful, then; for I often wish the spindle were in the corner, and I at rest."

The good old clergyman heard her, but did not immediately reply; it seemed as though he were thinking what he could say to check her murmuring thoughts. Meanwhile Mary's foot pressed the board again, the spool buzzed round, and the busy thread flew through her fingers.

And as he watched her working, and perceived her sunken eye and flushed cheeks, he could not but feel, indeed, that the spindle would soon be laid aside; and the words of comfort and admonition rose at once to his lips.

"Mary," he said, "that thread which you draw out hour after hour brings to my mind a very solemn thought, yet one which ought to be full of comfort."

"What is it, sir?" she asked, half listlessly. "I shall be glad to have something to think of; for, for this while back, I can fix my mind to nothing. It seems as if my thoughts were running round with the wheel till all is dim and confused, like its spokes. It's hard-earned bread, sir, spinning here all day alone; and at night, in my sleep, I often think I am still rocking at the go-foot."

"Well, Mary," he said, soothingly, "that spinning-wheel you might liken to your life, which goes on, round and round, day by day. You would not like to see your spinning-wheel going idly on, like a toy, spinning no flax for the weaver. You would be

weary then, indeed, Mary, of that monotonous work, when you saw no return for your labour. Is it not so? Now, God has given you a burdened life to sustain. It goes round heavily enough; but has it no flax to spin? There are homely duties he has appointed you, measured out according to your strength; and are not the days which he spares you like the threads which are gradually exhausting the distaff? You watch carefully over the thread till it is perfected for the spool, leaning lightly where it is frail, and seeing that it winds evenly away; so there is a watchful eye on the thread of your frail life, guiding it to its close. As, when the night comes, you lay aside the exhausted distaff and the perfected reel, ignorant of its precise destiny, though knowing well it lies ready for some useful purpose on the morrow; so, when the night of death comes, and the distaff of toil and duty is for ever put by, and the days of sorrow and suffering have been wound off and perfected, let us trust they have not been for naught; they have had their appointed purpose, if God's hand has guided their course. At the great sunrise of the resurrection all will be made clear, and God will give you, Mary, if you are faithful to the end, a crown of life and a robe of righteousness, unlike your earthly garb. Not the result of your toil—not a robe made out of the threads which you worked—but he will say to you, "I accept your work as done to me, and will write it down in my book of remembrance. You have now put off your earthly garments, and I have given you an immortal robe. "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."'"

He ceased speaking. Mary's tears fell fast over her work. At length she said, earnestly, "I thank you, sir; I see it all. God surely guided your steps here to-day to fill my heart with peace. I do not think I shall ever sit down to my work again, or lay it aside at night, without thinking of your words. I can work cheerfully now in feeling God's eye is upon me; and, whatever I do, I will try to do it with all my might, as to the Lord."

A few weeks after this the old clergyman came again; but the spindle was laid aside in the corner, and the days had been wound off and perfected, and Mary was at rest.

### "FOR ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN."

In order that life should not be only a scene of animal enjoyment, a higher element must enter into it than that of mere existence, and other motives than those which actuate the earth-bound spirits who imagine that a man's life consisteth in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

Happy—oh, how happy and blessed—are those who can say, "For me to live is Christ;" Christ in every event of that life which is "hid with Christ in God." To outward seeming that life differs not

from those of its fellow-men; it has its share of the cares and sorrows which fall to the lot of each, but the worst sting is taken away; for earthly losses bring with them no rebellious murmurs, and bereavement causes not sorrow without hope. It is not that the Christian is less capable of enjoyment than others, nor that his affections are less fervent; but, should poverty assail him, he knows that all his need shall be supplied through the riches which are in Christ Jesus; and if left alone on the earth, he yet is *not* alone, for his Saviour whispers, "Lo, I am with you always."

The springs of earthly happiness may be dried, and the Christian's wounded heart may be weary and athirst; but his Saviour is at hand—he asks of him, and he gives him fresh springs of living water. During his earthly pilgrimage he may often require rest and refreshment, but he drinks of that stream which follows him in every turn and winding of his onward journey.

But the journey ends; the Christian's pilgrimage is over, yet he shrinks not, although the last steps of life's journey must lead him through the dark valley; for, from the deepening gloom, he looks "up steadfastly into heaven," and, seeing "on the right hand of God" Him who has safely brought him thus far, he knows that He will not forsake him now, but will bring him to the promised rest. The fleeting spirit casts one backward glance on the past, and in the blessed remembrance that for him to live was Christ, sees an earnest that to die will be gain.

Oh, gain beyond compare! to be of the number who "shall obtain joy and gladness," from whose eye God shall wipe away every tear; and though the burden of life's sorrows once compelled him to exclaim, "All thy waves and billows are gone over me," those waves are now at rest, and he dwells beside the "still waters." It is no temporary lull, to be succeeded by fierce tempests; but he is at the haven where he would be, and he is there FOR EVER. The shadows of earth have passed away, the dawn of an eternal day has beamed upon his soul, the beams of that sun which never sets, for there is "no night there."

Happy spirit! no longer a "stranger and pilgrim" upon earth, but safely sheltered in one of the "many mansions" of his Father's house. The last conflict may have been bitter, but "to die is gain;" the strife is ended, and the victor has received "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

### NOTICE.

*A Second Series of "THE EARLY DAYS OF GOOD MEN" will shortly appear; and in the interval there will be a Series of the "LIVES OF EMINENT WOMEN;" this latter series will commence in No. 102 of this publication.*



## Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A YOUNG INQUIRER.—Does Mark ii. 27, 28 disparage the duty of observing the Sabbath?

Decidedly not. Our Saviour "came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil" it. He was here vindicating his conduct, and that of his disciples, against the charge which the Pharisees brought against him. They accused him of breaking the fourth commandment, because he had permitted his disciples to pluck the ears of corn on the Sabbath-day as they passed through the corn-field. But he tells them that what they had done was from necessity, because "they were an hungred;" and he reminded them of what David did in the like necessity: how, when weary and hungry, he came to Ahimelech the priest, and finding only shewbread, which, by the law of Moses, was to be eaten only by the priests, he partook of that bread to satisfy a present necessity. He then reminded them that they were speaking to one greater than David, who being himself "the Lord of the Sabbath," knew what might and what might not be done on that day, and in what spirit it ought to be observed. He told them that "the Sabbath was made for man," i.e.—1. Out of consideration to the necessities of man, who required one day in seven for rest and the recruiting of the wasted energies of his body. 2. Out of consideration to man as a redeemed creature, that he might have one day in seven for the more immediate worship of God, and that he might thus be reminded of the promised rest of heaven, which remaineth for the people of God. But while our Saviour would keep our attention fixed upon these objects for which the Sabbath was given, he has given us to understand that we are quite at liberty to engage on that day in works of necessity and compassion, similar to those in which he himself was often engaged.

L. N. M.—"Who is blind, but my servant? or deaf, as my messenger that I sent? who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant? Seeing many things, but thou observest not; opening the ears, but he heareth not."—Isa. xlii. 19, 20.

The prophet is here upbraiding the Jews for their wilful blindness, and obstinate unbelief. It had pleased God to make them his peculiar people—to dignify them by the honourable title of "my servant;" but they requited the special favours, and mercies, and blessings which he had shown to them, by disobedience and idolatry. Their priests (called, in Malachi ii. 7, "the messengers of the Lord"), and their prophets, and rulers, were unfaithful to their office; they were "blind leaders of the blind," and "deaf" to the voice of God, which called the whole nation to repentance and reformation. The term "perfect" is applied to them as a reproof, because of their self-complacency. They imagined themselves so perfect, so wise, so righteous, as not to need any repentance and instruction.

These words are also remarkably prophetic of the Jews in our Saviour's time. They had the clearest evidence of his Divine mission—in the miracles which he wrought, in the heavenly doctrines which he taught, and in the holy life which he led. But they were

deaf to all that they heard, and blind to all that they saw; and, priding themselves upon their own fancied "perfection" in holiness, they rejected the Saviour, as if they needed not his redemption.

C. T. H.—"For thus saith the Lord God; The city that went out by a thousand shall leave an hundred, and that which went forth by an hundred shall leave ten, to the house of Israel."—Amos v. 3.

The prophet, in the former chapter, had reproved God's people Israel for their oppression, idolatry, and obduracy of heart, under the Almighty's correction. In this chapter he tells them that they shall be forsaken by God, and given over to their enemies, the Assyrians, who would carry them away into captivity. And in ver. 3 he prophesies that the inhabitants of their cities shall be so cut off by famine, pestilence, and the sword, that they will not be able to contribute more than one-tenth of their usual number of fighting men to resist the invader.

J. W. F.—In Heb. xi. 25 we read of Moses' choice. Did he throw in his lot with the Israelites from a desire to be always with them, or did he do so in order to escape the anger of the king, when he was recognised as the slayer of an Egyptian?

St. Paul tells us, in Heb. xi. 24, that it was by faith in God's promises of deliverance of his people Israel from their bondage in Egypt, and of that still greater deliverance from sin and Satan, which was about to be wrought in the fulness of time by the Saviour, that Moses cast in his lot with the people of God. We are assured that it was by his own deliberate choice (ver. 25) that he preferred to suffer affliction with the people of God, and enjoy with them their promised inheritance, instead of remaining in Pharaoh's court, and there enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season. We have reason to think that he had come to this resolution before the circumstance happened of his avenging one of his suffering brethren. The circumstances of his remarkable preservation in infancy, and of his being educated in the very house of the oppressor of God's people, seem to have impressed his mind that God intended to work a deliverance for them by him. He was so assured that Israel was the people of God, and that the promises made to them would certainly be accomplished, that at length he sought an opportunity of delivering them. And seeing the cruelty shown to one of his people, and considering himself as acting under a Divine commission in defence of the oppressed, he slew the Egyptian. He thought, as Stephen tells us, in Acts vii. 25, that when they saw his readiness to venture his life to serve them, they would have concluded that he was the one whom God had raised up for their deliverance. But their spirits were so sunk, through long oppression, their disposition had become so servile, and their faith and hope so well nigh extinguished, that they seem almost to have given up all hope of deliverance. Moses, perceiving that the Israelites were not yet prepared to welcome him as their deliverer, and that his conduct in slaying the Egyptian was known, and that the king sought to slay him, may have concluded that he had acted prematurely, and therefore he fled for his life to a place of safety, until he should receive express commands from God to interfere on the behalf of his people.

## Readings for Spare Moments.

### THE TWO-FOLD INJURY.

IN 1763, a married man of Cremona being missed for two or three years, his wife was suspected of having murdered him. Rumour soon increased into a direct accusation, and she was apprehended. Being put on the rack, to avoid the torture, she accused herself of a crime of which she was entirely innocent; and in consequence thereof she was burnt, and her ashes thrown into the river. Five or six days after her execution, the husband arrived from Parma, where he had engaged himself for three years. Hearing of what had happened, he went to his wife's accusers, and to the judges, to clear up her character. Instead, however, of exculpating the woman's reputation, they turned against the husband, whom they charged as an impostor, saying, that the wife having confessed the murder, the man must really be dead; in consequence of which he was obliged to withdraw from the place, lest his own life should be forfeited to preserve the credit of the law. Happy are they whose privilege it is to dwell in a land exempt from such abuse of legal power.

### PERSEVERANCE.

In the year 1833, M. Mulet was charged by the Municipal Council of the city of Paris with the boring of an artesian well upon the left bank of the Seine.

In the prosecution of the work, the skilful geological engineer had to contend against difficulties under which ordinary minds would have sunk; but by patient perseverance he overcame them all. In 1837, when the bore had reached 1,246 feet 8 inches, the great chisel and 262 feet of rods, weighing five tons, fell to the bottom. M. Mulet placed a screw on the head of the rods, and thus connecting another length to them, after fifteen months' labour, by night and day, he drew up the chisel; and operations were carried on as before.

At last, after more than seven years of tribulations, accidents, and mistakes, the work was accomplished, and the water leaped up with impetuosity. The borer had arrived at the extraordinary depth of 1,794½ English feet, or 104½ feet below the depth at which M. Elie de Beaumont had foretold that water would be found.

Such are the triumphs achieved by perseverance. The shortest and surest way to prove a work possible is strenuously to set about it. It is the want of effort, and not ability, that causes so many to be unsuccessful.

### THE WISE MAN TAUGHT WISDOM.

ONE day in early spring, the youth Solomon sat beneath the palms in his father's garden, and bending his eyes on the ground, seemed deep in thought. Nathan, his teacher, stepped up to him, and inquired, "Why sittest thou here so thoughtfully?"

Solomon raised his head, and replied, "Nathan, I should like to behold a miracle."

The prophet smiled, and answered, "That is a wish I also indulged in, in my youthful days."

"And was it fulfilled?" hastily inquired the royal prince.

"A man of God," thus Nathan continued, "approached me once, holding the seed of a pomegranate in his hand. 'Behold,' said he, 'what will become of this seed.' Thereupon he made a small hole in the earth with his finger, laid the seed in it, and covered it up again. When he had withdrawn his hand, the earth divided, and I saw two tiny leaves appear. But scarcely had I seen them before they

closed together, and became a smooth, round stem, enveloped in a rind; and the stem became visibly higher and thicker.

"The man of God spoke to me, saying, 'Pay attention.' And whilst I was watching, there sprang seven branches from the trunk, like unto the seven arms of the candlestick on the altar. I wondered; but the man of God made a sign, and bid me be silent and attentive. 'Behold,' said he, 'new creations will soon take place.'

"Thereupon he took water in the hollow of his hand from a brook that was flowing past, and sprinkled there. With the branches three different times; and the branches now hung full of verdant leaves, spreading refreshing shade around us, mingled with sweet-smelling odours. 'Whence,' I exclaimed, 'arises this perfume, in addition to the cooling shade of the leaves?'

"'Dost thou not see,' answered the man of God, 'those purple flowers, hanging in clusters, and peeping between the leaves?'

"Before I could yet reply, a soft breeze arose, and, rustling through the leaves, cast the flowers to the earth, like to flakes of snow floating down from the clouds. Scarcely had the blossoms fallen, when the beautiful red pomegranates appeared between the leaves, like the almonds on Aaron's staff. The man of God then left me, sunk in silent wonder."

Nathan ended. Hastily Solomon exclaimed—

"Where is he? What is the name of the holy man? Is he still alive?"

Nathan answered, "Son of David, I have related a dream!"

When Solomon heard these words, he became sorry at heart, and sad.

"How canst thou thus deceive me?" he said.

But Nathan continued: "I have not deceived thee, son of David. Behold! in thy father's garden thou canst see all that I have related in reality. Is not the same the case with every pomegranate, and with other trees?"

"Yes," answered Solomon; "but gradually, within a wide space of time."

Then answered Nathan, "Is, then, the miracle the less wonderful or divine because it takes place in quiet and without show? I should think it the more wonderful.

"Study the works of Nature," he continued; "then you will learn to believe in the Most High, and not pine and wish for miracles by human hands."

### SAVED FROM A ROBBER BY RAIN.

A MERCHANT was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise well stored with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good man was wet to his skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because he had such bad weather for his journey.

He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber with a levelled gun aiming at him, and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet by the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape.

As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself, "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment, to save my life and preserve my property." And thus it is with a multitude of our afflictions; by causing us slight and short sufferings, they preserve us from others far greater, and of longer duration.

# A PRAYER OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

It may be interesting to our readers to meet with a prayer used in the second century, and to see how exactly it corresponds with the religious sentiments of pious men in the present day:—

"In faith, I confess and adore Thee, O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! Creator of angels and of men, have mercy on thy creatures!

"In faith, I confess and adore Thee, O invisible Light, most holy Trinity, and one God! Creator of light, and Destroyer of darkness, expel from my soul the darkness of sin and ignorance, and enlighten my soul at this moment, that I may be able to pray unto Thee after thy good pleasure, and obtain from Thee my request. Have mercy upon a great sinner like me.

"Heavenly Father, true God, Thou who hast sent thy beloved Son to seek the lost sheep, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee; accept me as Thou didst accept the prodigal son, and clothe me in the primitive dress of which I have been deprived, and have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a miserable sinner.

"Son of God, true God, who didst descend from the bosom of the Father, and tookest a body upon Thyself in the holy Virgin for our salvation, who hast been crucified, and buried, and raised up from the dead, and hast ascended up into heaven, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee; remember me as Thou didst the thief on the cross, when Thou shalt come into thy kingdom. Have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a great sinner.

"Spirit of God, who didst descend in the river Jordan, and hast enlightened me with the baptism of thy holy fountain, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee; purify me again with thy fire divine, as Thou didst purify the Apostles with the tongue of fire. And have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a miserable sinner.

"Christ, thou living fire, kindle in my heart the fire of thy love, which Thou hast scattered upon earth, that it may consume the uncleanness of my heart, and purify my conscience; and kindle in my intellect the light of thy knowledge. And have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon me, a miserable sinner."

## Mother's Department.

### HOW DO YOU MANAGE YOUR HOME AND YOUR CHILDREN?

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—Prov. xxi. 6.

"Economy is the parent of integrity, liberty, and ease; and the beauteous sister of temperance, cheerfulness, and health."

HAWKSWORTH.

"WELL, all I can say is, I can't think how you manage as you do, Mrs. Watkins," said Mrs. Brown to her neighbour, as they stood chatting one evening at their respective doors. "I know my husband earns a good bit more than yours, and you've ten children, while we

have only eight, and yet you always seem to get along better than we do, and your young ones are better clothed. Do all I can, *I can't make both ends meet!*"

The speaker was a tall, slatternly-looking woman, in a dress that was anything but clean. Her hair hung untidily from beneath a soiled cap, and her whole appearance may be described by the expressive term, "dirty finery." Her neighbour presented a striking contrast in every respect. A short, bustling, active-looking little woman, in a print dress, a good deal patched, but perfectly whole and scrupulously clean, and her hair neatly arranged beneath a very plain, white cap, without ribbons or flowers of any kind. There was a bright, cheerful look about her face also, very different from the worn and discontented expression of Mrs. Brown's countenance.

"I don't always find it very easy, neighbour," answered Mrs. Watkins. "It requires a little care, now and then, to feed twelve mouths on a pound a week; but I put a good heart into the matter; and, first and foremost of all, I made up my mind that, come what would, I'd never run in debt."

"But how can you help it?" asked Mrs. Brown, in a tone of surprise. "I've got a long bill at the shop, and another at the baker's (not as my husband knows it, though), and I see no chance of clearing them off."

"That's the very reason why my Joe and I determined never to have them," said Mrs. Watkins. "He doesn't earn more one week than another, and if we can't pay our way now, it's a bad chance we'd have of doing it when we had run up a score at the shop. 'Whatever you do, Betsy,' my old mistress used to say to me; 'whatever you do, however much you have to pinch, be sure and live *within* your means.'"

"Easier said than done."

"That may be, Mrs. Brown; but still it *is* to be done. Joe and I have been married now these fifteen years come next Christmas; and except the time when he was laid up with the fever, we have never been in debt. My two biggest boys are helping me a bit now; there's Willie gets his three shillings a week as a plasterer's boy, and we lend out George and a barrow for eighteen pence a week to Mrs. Smith, the laundress up yonder."

"Dear me, do you say so, now? I've all along looked upon that second boy of yours as too delicate ever to do much, let alone earning eighteen pence a week."

"Yes; but you see it's the barrow that does it. He *is* very weak, poor lad, and we knew it was no use to think of putting him to anything where he'd have to work many hours a day. So, what does my husband do (he's a handy man is Joe), but he picks up an old barrow wheel for a trifle at a wheelwright's in the town, and then he sets to work of an evening to make the barrow; his master gave him some bits of wood out of his yard. Then he put two good coats of paint on it, and a capital barrow it is, I can tell you. George goes out with it on Mondays and Tuesdays, to fetch the linen to be washed, and again on Fridays and Saturdays, to take it home, and he gets eighteen pence a week, and is all the better for regular exercise. Then there's Bessie, my eldest, you know. Well, I could get her a good place any day in a nursery; but she's such a



help to me with the little ones that I can't spare her until baby's a trifle older."

"I'm sure any one's welcome to my Lucy, that likes to have her," retorted Mrs. Brown. "She's more plague to me than anything else. As to looking after the children, I can't trust her a moment out of my sight; and she thinks of nothing but dress and finery."

"I wonder you allow the children to run about the streets so much," suggested Mrs. Watkins. "Don't they go to school?"

"I can't afford to send them, neighbour, and that's the truth."

"You'd soon save the money their schooling would cost, in their clothes alone," said Mrs. Watkins. "Children wear out more things in one month when running the streets, than they would in six if kept regularly to school. But it is also a great injustice to let anything short of illness induce a parent to keep a child from school. We have often felt that we could make our young ones useful in doing many little odd jobs at home; but we remembered that *now* is the only time they may ever have for learning habits of obedience and order, and of receiving regular religious training and teaching. There are many things which can only be acquired when children are young, and the time will soon come when they will be *obliged* to work for their daily bread. *Now*, therefore, is the *children's time*; and my husband says we should be as good as robbing our young ones of the only period in which their minds and souls may be trained for time and eternity, if we neglected to send them regularly to school. I always lay by a shilling a week for schooling, and I'd rather deny myself some necessary than encroach on that money."

"But surely it can't cost you a shilling a week?"

"Yes, it does; you see we always let one of the elder ones go to an evening school, for which we pay fourpence a week, and where they learn writing and accounts. Our Willie went for nearly a year, and he writes a good hand, and is quick at figures, which his master says will be of great use to him hereafter. He's left off going now, and we send Bessie; and by-and-by, when she goes to service, why George will take a turn there. Two of the little ones goes to the infant-school, three to the upper school. Bessie looks after the baby and the next to him, Willie is at work, and George makes himself very handy about the house when he is not out with his barrow."

"It would be long enough before I could put by a shilling a week for schooling. Why, there's Lucy left me no peace until I bought her a smart, new bonnet last week. I was obliged to get it partly on credit, and I'm sure I don't know when it will be paid for."

"If I allowed Bessie to tease me into buying things I could not afford, I certainly should find as much difficulty as you do in making both ends meet," replied Mrs. Watkins. "It is very seldom I can spare the money to buy any new article of dress for her, and, therefore, she is obliged to be very careful of what she has."

"And yet she always looks far nicer than my girl."

Mrs. Watkins could not say that such was not the case, and in her heart she felt deeply grateful as she

contrasted her own modest-looking, neat Bessie with the bold and untidy Lucy Brown.

"Why do you allow Lucy to mix so much with the girls of the neighbourhood, Mrs. Brown? If I had let Bessie run wild when she was little, she would not be the comfort to me she is now."

"Comfort! Mrs. Watkins. *My* children are no comfort to me; sometimes I almost wish —" and tears stood in Mrs. Brown's eyes as she spoke.

What could Mrs. Watkins say?

Sincerely as she pitied her neighbour, she yet felt that she was only reaping what she had sowed. Mrs. Brown had not *trained* her children.

What should we say to a gardener who allowed a fruit tree to grow just as it liked; who never pruned the irregular shoots, or trained the main branches against the wall; and, above all, who had never grafted on the original *seed* stock the branch which would bring forth good fruit?

And yet what all would condemn in a gardener is a common fault with parents, who pay far less attention to immortal beings than they would to a fruit-tree.

Children are great *imitators*; one great matter, therefore, in moral training, is to set them a good example. Poor Mrs. Brown, with her dirty, fine flounced gown, and her dirty cap, wondered that her child should be so unlike tidy, modest Bessie Watkins. Need she so have wondered?

"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Oh, mothers! and especially poor, working mothers! your hindrances may be many; but there is One who knows them all, and who can and will help you if you ask Him. It is the neglecting to apply to that one *only* fountain of grace and strength to do your duty by your children, which is the beginning and the end of the dreadful evil.

God says to every parent as Pharaoh's daughter said to the mother of the infant Moses, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." And if, even in *this* life, the gentle, patient, trusting, Christian mother has her reward in the *temporal* prosperity and happiness of her pious children, what will be her blissful gratitude on that day when she shall be reunited to all her dear ones in that home which our blessed Saviour has prepared for all his believing people, and where, safe from sorrow, sickness, or death, she will

"Rejoice, no wand'rer lost,  
A family in heaven!"

## Youths' Department.

### THE DOG ROVER.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

CHARLES COURTENEY had a large Newfoundland dog, named Rover; it had been given him by his uncle, and very highly did Charles value his uncle's present. Rover could swim, beg, run races, carry little Minnie on his back, and, in short, do almost everything a dog was ever known to do. Charles loved him dearly, and it was a sad day to him

when he heard that he and Rover must part; but there was no help for it, his father was going to India, and Rover, they feared, would be in the way; but Charles would not sell his favourite. "When he was a man," he said, "he would come to England and fetch him;" and so he was to be lent only to Mr. Roscoe, a friend of his father, who lived about ten miles off. At length the day arrived when Mr. Roscoe was expected; he was to stay a day or two, and take Rover back with him.

The morning of the day on which he was to leave, Charles set out with his favourite to bid farewell to all the dear, familiar scenes of his childhood, for in another week he would have left England, and be on the broad sea.

He went first to a little stream he had so often been to with Rover, and sat down upon the green bank, for he could not bear that any one should see his grief at parting with his favourite, and here he knew he should be safe from all intrusion.

"Oh! Rover, Rover," he said, throwing his arms around the dog's neck, "do you know, poor fellow, they are going to take you away?" and he burst into tears. The dog looked up into his master's face as though he understood what was said, and knew all about it, and commenced licking him. "Oh, I wish papa would take you with us; you wouldn't be any trouble!" For answer, Rover licked away more vigorously at his hands and face.

In the evening Mr. Roscoe went away; Rover was tied securely in the chaise; and Mr. Courteney told his friend not to untie him until they had got some distance, for fear he should come back.

The next morning when Charles awoke, the first thing he heard was a loud barking underneath his window. "That's Rover, I know!" he said, as he jumped out of bed, to look; and sure enough it was. There was the dog, pacing up and down, barking to be let in. During the day a messenger arrived from Mr. Roscoe, to say that Rover had got away when they were about five miles on their journey. Mr. Courteney was vexed that the dog had come back, and he got the man to take it again, as he was going direct to Mr. Roscoe's; but the next evening, when Charles and Minnie were coming home from their uncle's, who should they see walking along the road before them but Rover!

"Oh! papa, Rover is back again!" exclaimed Charles, running into the room where his papa was writing.

"You must make a mistake, my dear," said his mamma, "for I have just received a letter from Mr. Roscoe to say that he has received Rover quite safe, and that he seemed quite contented."

"Well, mamma, here he is," said Charles. "Rover! Rover!" and Rover came bounding into the room. "Don't send him away again, papa," said Charles, in a pleading tone. "Do take him to India; he shall not be any trouble; I will take care of him."

Mrs. Courteney joined her entreaties to those of Charles, and, at length, Mr. Courteney consented, upon condition that Charles took charge of him. On board the ship, Rover became a universal favourite, both with passengers and sailors, on account of his frolicsome ways, and attachment to little Minnie.

One evening Charles, Minnie, and Rover, were,

as usual, romping together, when Minnie ran close to the side of the ship, and at the same moment it gave a heavy roll, and splash she went into the sea!

"A child overboard! a child overboard!" shouted the sailors. Charles missed his sister, and screamed, "Oh! papa, papa, it's Minnie!" but before Mr. Courteney could reach the side of the vessel, Rover had sprang over, and was now swimming back to where she had gone down. By this time the sailors had lowered the boats, and Mr. Courteney, half frantic, jumped into one of them; but it was getting dark, and they could not see far before them.

"Poor little thing!" said the passengers, as they watched the boat, "she is gone by this time; they would never see her in the dark!" but just then a splash was heard, and they crowded to the stern, and strained their eyes to see what it was.

"Pull quick!" said the agonised father, "it's Rover; he may have got her!" The sailors pulled away with redoubled energy, and in another moment Rover was at the side of the boat, holding Minnie by her clothes! The boat was soon rowed back to the ship, and Minnie was put to bed. At first, Mrs. Courteney feared that her darling was dead; but, at length, she opened her eyes, and then the delighted parents began to hope that their darling would recover, and they did not forget to thank God that they had brought Rover with them.

When the voyage was about half over, they had to stop and take in water, and the passengers were allowed to go on shore.

"We'll take Rover with us," said Mr. Courteney; for since Minnie's accident he had become more than ever attached to him.

"Oh! papa, let him swim ashore," said Charles; "he hasn't had a good swim for more than a week."

Mr. Courteney consented; but when he and Charles got into the boat, it was as much as the sailors could do to hold him back; he tugged, and pulled, and backed, but they held him firmly by the collar.

"Don't let him come," said Charles, "until I hold my handkerchief up;" and the boat put off.

As soon as Charles reached the shore, he jumped out of the boat and waved the handkerchief, and Rover, once at liberty, went dash into the sea. He buffeted the waves courageously for a minute or two; but suddenly jumped right out of the water, at the same time uttering a shrill howl, as if in pain.

"He's seized with the cramp," said Mr. Courteney, and he jumped into the boat, and put off to his rescue; but the next minute he heard the sailors from the ship shout, "A shark! a shark! the dog is lost!"

Rover swam right and left, dived and doubled, and showed his teeth; but the shark was in his native element, and Rover was not, and he soon began to get exhausted. The boat was nearing the scene of action, and, fortunately, Mr. Courteney had a gun with him; but he feared every moment that he should be too late, for he could not fire until he got close to the shark, for fear of killing Rover. At last the boat came close up, just as the shark turned over, and opened his horrid mouth. Another minute would have been too late; Rover was almost gone, when Mr. Courteney levelled his gun. The water was tinged with

blood; he had shattered the jaw of the shark, and Rover was saved.

Charles had watched from the shore, with almost breathless anxiety, his favourite's attempts to elude the shark, and saw plainly enough that Rover would not be able to hold out long; but now he beheld Rover spring into the boat beside his father.

"He's safe, mamma! he's safe!" shouted Charles, and he jumped for joy.

They reached India in safety, where Rover still lives, as great a favourite as ever.

## SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

### CHAPTER LXIII.

#### A CONVERSATION WITH MR. CHATTAWAY.

THEY stood together, deep in dispute—Squire Trevlyn of the Hold, and he who had so long reigned at the Hold, its usurper. In that very rick-yard which had recently played so prominent a part in the career of the unhappy Rupert, stood they: the squire, bold, towering, haughty; Chattaway, cowardly, shrinking, indecisive.

It was of that very Rupert they were talking. Squire Trevlyn, on the termination of his visit to the lodge, had hastened to look for Chattaway, and had found him in the rick-yard; he urged upon him the claims of Rupert for forgiveness, for immunity from the consequences of his crime; he urged upon him its necessity; for a Trevlyn, he said, must not be disgraced. And Mr. Chattaway appeared to be turning obstinate; to say that he never would forgive him or release him from its consequences.

"You have not succeeded in finding Rupert," said the squire. "I shall succeed——"

"How do you know that?" interrupted Mr. Chattaway.

"I have no doubt whatever of it," was the reply—for, as you may readily comprehend, Squire Trevlyn had not yet disclosed what he knew to Mr. Chattaway. "But before I set about the search in earnest, I must have an understanding with you. James Chattaway, I would recommend you to hold him harmless."

Mr. Chattaway pointed to the blackened spots, scarcely yet cleared of their dark-ashed debris. "Is a crime like that to be pardoned?" he asked.

"What caused the crime? Who drove him to it?"

Mr. Chattaway had no plausible answer at hand.

"When you married into the Trevlyn family, you (as may be said) married into its faults," resumed the squire. "At any rate, you became fully acquainted with them. You knew as much of that failing, the Trevlyn temper—as the neighbourhood has been pleased to term it—as we ourselves knew. I ask you, then, how could you be so unwise—to put the question in a moderate spirit—as to provoke it?"

"Evil tempers can be subdued," returned Mr. Chattaway. "And ought to be."

"Just so. They can be, and they ought to be. But unfortunately, we don't all of us do as we can and ought. Do you? I have heard say in the old days that

James Chattaway's spirit was a sullen one: have you subdued its sullenness?"

"I wish you'd not wander from the point, Mr. Trevlyn."

"I am keeping pretty near to the point. But I can go nearer to it if you please. How could you, James Chattaway, dare to horsewhip a Trevlyn? Your wife's nephew, and her brother's son! Whatever might be the provocation—but so far as I can learn there was no just cause for provocation—how came you so far to forget yourself and your temper as to strike him? One possessing the tamest spirit ever put into man might be expected to turn at the cruel insult that you inflicted on Rupert. Did you do it with the intention of calling up the Trevlyn temper?"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Chattaway.

"It will not do to say nonsense to me. The setting on fire of the rick was your fault, not his; the crime was led to by you; and I, the actual owner of those ricks, shall hold you responsible for it. Yes, James Chattaway, those ricks were mine; you need not disclaim what I say; the ricks were mine then, as they are now. They have been mine, in point of actual fact, ever since my father's death. You may rely upon one thing—that had I known the injustice that was being enacted, I should have returned long ago."

"Injustice?" cried Mr. Chattaway. "What injustice?"

"What injustice! Heart alive, man, has there been anything but injustice? When my father's breath went out of his body, his legitimate successor (in my absence and supposed death) was his grandson Rupert; this very Rupert whom you have been goading on to ill, perhaps to death. Had my brother Joe lived, would you have allowed him to succeed, pray?"

"But your brother Joe did not live; he was dead."

"You evade the question."

"It is a question that will answer no end if replied to," cried Mr. Chattaway, biting his thin lips, and feeling very like a man who is about to be driven at bay. "Of course he would have succeeded. But he was dead, and Squire Trevlyn chose to make his will in my favour, and appoint me his successor."

"Beguiled to it by treachery. He was suffered to go to his grave never knowing that a grandson, a direct heir, was born to him. James Chattaway, were I guilty of the like treachery, I could not rest in my bed. I should dread that the anger of God would be ever coming down upon me."

"The squire did well," growled Mr. Chattaway. "What would an infant have done with Trevlyn Hold?"

"Granted for a single moment, for the sake of argument, that it had been inexpedient to leave Trevlyn Hold to an infant, it was not to you it should have been left. If Squire Trevlyn must have bequeathed it to a son-in-law, it should have been to him who was the husband of his eldest daughter, Thomas Ryle."

"Thomas Ryle!" contemptuously ejaculated Mr. Chattaway. "A poor, hard-working farmer——"

"Don't attempt to disparage Thomas Ryle to me, sir," thundered the squire; and the voice, the look, the hastily-rising anger were so like the old squire of the days gone by, that Mr. Chattaway positively recoiled.



"Thomas Ryle was a good and honourable man, respected by all; he was a gentleman by birth and breeding; he was a gentleman in mind and manners—and that could never be said for you, James Chattaway. Work? to be sure he worked; and so did his father. They had to work to live. Their farm was a poor one; and extra labour had to be bestowed on it to compensate for the money which ought to have been spent upon it, but which they had not got to spend, for their patrimony had dwindled away. They might have taken a more productive farm; but they preferred to stop upon that one because it was their own, descended to them from their forefathers. It had to be sold at last, but they still remained on it, and they worked, always hoping to make it prosper. You use the word 'work' as a term of reproach! Let me tell you, James Chattaway, that if the fact of working is to take the gentle blood out of a man, there'll not be much gentle blood left for the next generation. This is a working age, sir; the world has grown wise, and we most of us work with the hands or with the head. Thomas Ryle's son is a gentleman, if I ever saw one—and I am mistaken if his looks belie his mind—and he works. Do not disparage Thomas Ryle again to me. I think there must lie on your mind a sense of the injury you did him, which induces it."

"What injury did I do Thomas Ryle?"

"To usurp Trevlyn Hold over him was an injury. It was Rupert's; neither yours nor his; but had it come to one of you, it should have been his; you had no manner of right to it. And what about the two thousand pounds bond?"

Squire Trevlyn asked the last question in an altered and very significant tone. Mr. Chattaway's green face grew greener.

"I held the bond, and I enforced its payment in justice to my wife and children. I could do no less."

"In justice to your wife and children!" retorted Squire Trevlyn. "James Chattaway, did a thought ever cross you of God's justice? I believe from my very heart that my father did cancel that bond upon his dying bed, that he died believing Thomas Ryle released from it; and that you, in your grasping, covetous nature, kept the bond with an eye to your own profit. Did you forget that the eye of the Great Ruler of all things was upon you, when you pretended to destroy that bond? The eye of your earthly master, Squire Trevlyn, was soon to be closed in death, and you believed yourself safe from consequences; did you forget that there was another eye, that of your heavenly Master, which could not be closed? Did you suppose that eye was turned away, averted, when you usurped Trevlyn Hold to the prejudice of Rupert? Did you think you would be allowed to enjoy it in security to the end? It may look to you, James Chattaway, as it would to any superficial observer, that there has been wondrous favour shown to you in this long retarding of justice. I regard it differently. It seems to me that retribution has overtaken you at the worst time: not for you possibly, but for your children. By that inscrutable law which we learn in childhood with the commandments, a man's ill-doings are visited on his children: I fear the result of your ill-doing will be felt by yours. Had you been deposed from Trevlyn Hold at the time

you usurped it, or had you not usurped it, your children must have been brought up to play their parts in the busy walks of life; to earn their own living. As it is, they have been reared to idleness and luxury, and will feel their fall in proportion. Your son has lorded it, as the heir of Trevlyn Hold, as the future owner of the works at Blackstone, and lorded it, as I hear, in a very offensive manner. He will not like to sink down to a state of dependency; but he will have to do it."

"Where have you been gathering your account of things?" interposed Mr. Chattaway.

"Never mind. I have gathered it, and that is sufficient. And now—to go back to Rupert Trevlyn. Will you give me a guarantee that he shall be held harmless?"

"No," growled Mr. Chattaway.

"Then it will be war to the knife between you and me. Mind you—I do not know that there's any necessity to ask you this: as the ricks were not yours, but mine, at the time of the occurrence, you could not, as I believe, become the prosecutor. But I prefer to be on the safe side. On the return of Rupert, if you attempt to prosecute him, the first thing that I shall do will be to insist that he prosecutes you for the assault, the horsewhipping, and I shall prosecute you for the usurpation of Trevlyn Hold. So it will be prosecution and counter prosecution, you see. Mark you, James Chattaway, I promise you to do this, and you know I am a man of my word. I think we had better let by-gones be by-gones. What are you going to do about the revenues of the Hold?"

"The revenues of the Hold?" stammered Mr. Chattaway, wiping his hot face, for he did not like the question.

"The past rents up to now. The mesne profits, which you have received and appropriated since Squire Trevlyn's death. Those profits are mine."

"In law, possibly," was the answer. "Not in justice."

"Well, we'll go by law," complacently returned the squire, a spile of mischief in his eye. "Which have you gone by all these years? Law?—or justice? The law would make you refund them to me."

"The law would be cunning to do it," was the answer. "If I have received the revenues, I have spent them in keeping up Trevlyn Hold."

"You have not spent them all, I suspect: and it would be productive of great trouble and annoyance to you were I to come upon you for them. But now, look you, James Chattaway: I will be more merciful than you have been to others, and say nothing about them, for my sister Edith's sake. In the full sense of the word, I will let by-gones be by-gones."

The ex-master of Trevlyn Hold gazed out from the depths of his dull grey eyes. In point of fact, he was but gazing on vacancy, for every sense he possessed was buried in his mind. It might be well to make a friend of the squire. On the one hand was the long-cherished revenge against his rival Rupert; on the other was his own self-interest. Should he gratify revenge, or should he study himself? Ah, you need not ask: revenge may be very sweet; but with Mr. Chattaway his own self-interest was sweeter. The scales were not equally balanced, and the one came down with a thump.

He saw that Squire Trevlyn's heart was set on the pardon of Rupert; he knew that with him the less he beat about the bush the better; and he spoke at once. "I'll forgive him," he said. "Rupert Trevlyn behaved infamously, but—"

"Stop, James Chattaway. Pardon him, or don't pardon him, as you please; but we will have no ill names over it. Rupert Trevlyn shall have none cast at him in my presence."

"It is of no consequence. He did what he did in the face and eyes of the neighbourhood, and they don't need to be reminded of what he is."

"And how have the neighbourhood judged?" sternly asked Squire Trevlyn. "Which side have they espoused—yours, or his? Don't talk to me, James Chattaway; I have heard more than you suppose. I know what shame the neighbours have been casting on you for years on the score of Rupert; the double shame they have cast on you since these ricks were fired. Will you pardon him?"

"I have said so," was the sullen reply of Mr. Chattaway.

"Then come and ratify it in writing," rejoined the squire, turning towards the Hold.

"You are ready to doubt my word," resentfully spoke Mr. Chattaway, feeling himself considerably aggrieved.

Squire Trevlyn threw back his head, Trevlyn fashion. It spoke as plainly as ever motion spoke that he did doubt it. As he strode on to the house, Mr. Chattaway in his wake, they came across Cris. Unhappy Cris! his sun of authority and assumption had set. No longer was he the son of the master of Trevlyn Hold, or the heir of Trevlyn Hold: henceforth Mr. Cris must set his wits to work, and take his share in the active labour of life. He stood leaning over the palings, biting a bit of straw as he gazed at Squire Trevlyn; but he did not say a word to the squire or the squire to him.

With the aid of pen and ink Mr. Chattaway gave a sort of ungracious promise to pardon Rupert. Of course it had nothing formal in it, but the squire was satisfied and put it in his pocket.

"Which is Rupert's chamber here?" he asked. "It had better be got ready. Is it an airy one?"

"For what purpose is it to be got ready?" returned Mr. Chattaway.

"For him. In case we find him, you know."

"You would bring him home? Here? to my house!"

"No; I bring him home to mine."

Mr. Chattaway's face went quite dark with its pain. In good truth it was Squire Trevlyn's house; no longer his; and he may be pardoned for momentarily forgetting the fact. There are brief intervals even in the darkest misery when we lose sight of the present in a gleam of forgetfulness.

Cris came in. "Dumps the policeman is outside," he said. "Some tale has been carried to the police station that Rupert Trevlyn has returned, and Dumps has come up to see about it. The felon Rupert!" pointedly explained Cris.

"Don't call names, sir," said Squire Trevlyn to him as he went out. "Look here, Mr. Christopher Chattaway," he stopped to add. "You may find it to your advantage

possibly to be in my good books; but that is not the way to get into them: abuse of my nephew and heir, Rupert Trevlyn, will not recommend you to my favour."

The police station had certainly heard a confused story of the return of Rupert Trevlyn, but before Dumps reached the Hold he learnt the wondrous fact that it was another Rupert; the one so long supposed to be dead; the real Squire Trevlyn. He had learnt that Mr. Chattaway was no longer the master of the Hold, but had gone down to a very humble individual indeed. The moment the squire appeared he knew who he must be, and snatched his hat off. Mr. Dumps was not particularly gifted in the perceptive faculties, but the thought did strike him that it might be to the interest of the neighbourhood generally, including himself and the station, to be on friendly terms with Squire Trevlyn.

"Did you want me?" asked the squire.

"I beg pardon, sir. It was the other Mr. Rupert Trevlyn that I come up about. He have been so unfortunate as to get into a bit of trouble, sir," added Dumps, who may have deemed that Squire Trevlyn had not yet heard of it.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the squire. "Mr. Chattaway withdraws from the prosecution. In point of fact, if anybody prosecuted it must be myself, since the ricks were mine. But I decline to do so. It is not my intention to prosecute my nephew and heir. Mr. Rupert will be the squire of Trevlyn Hold when I am gone."

"Will he though, sir?" said Mr. Dumps, humbly.

"He will. You may tell your people at the station that I put up with the loss of the ricks. What do you say—the magistrates? The present magistrates and I were boys together, Mr. Policeman; companions; and they'll be glad to see me home again: you need not trouble your head about the magistrates. You are all new at the police station, I expect, since I left the country—in fact, I forget whether there was such a thing as a police station then—but you may tell your superiors there that it is not the custom of the squires of Trevlyn to proclaim what they cannot carry out. The prosecution of Rupert Trevlyn is at an end, and it never ought to have been instituted."

"Please, sir, I didn't have nothing to do with instituting of it."

"Of course not. I am sure the police have not been in the least to blame. I shall walk down to-night or to-morrow morning to the station, and put things on a right footing. Your name is Dumps, I think?"

"Yes, it is, sir—at your service."

"Well, Dumps, that's for yourself: hush! not a word. It's not given to you as a policeman, but as an honest man to whom I wish to offer an earnest of my future favour. And now you come into the Hold, and take something to eat and drink."

The gratified Dumps, hardly knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels, and inwardly vowing eternal allegiance to the new squire from henceforth, stepped into the Hold, and was consigned to the hospitality of the lower regions. Mr. Chattaway groaned in agony when he heard the kindly orders of the squire

echoing through the hall—to put before him everything that was good in the house to eat and to drink. That is, he would have groaned, but for the negative comfort of recollecting that the Hold and its contents belonged to another and not to him.

How strange it all was at the Hold—how unsettled; it may be said, how uncomfortable; for there was the discomfort which arises from strangeness. The young ladies stood peeping and listening: Octave came out as Dumps descended, and stared stealthily—it was strange to hear the tones of authority from other than her father or Miss Diana. As the squire was turning round, he encountered Diana.

"I have been inquiring after my nephew's chamber. Is it an airy one?"

"Your nephew's?" repeated Miss Diana, not understanding. "Do you mean Christopher's?"

"I mean Rupert's. Let me see it."

He stepped up the stairs as he spoke with the air of a man who was not born for contradiction. Miss Diana followed, wonderingly. The room she showed him was very small. The squire threw his head back.

"This his room? I see! it has been all of a piece. This room was a servant's, in my time. I am surprised at you, Diana."

"It is a sufficiently comfortable room," she answered: "and I used occasionally to indulge him with a fire in it. Rupert never complained."

"No, poor fellow! complaint would be of little use from him, and that he knew. Is there a large chamber in the house unoccupied? one that would do for an invalid."

"The only large spare rooms in the house are the two given to you," replied Miss Diana. "They are the best, as you know, and have been kept vacant for visitors. The dressing-room may be used as a sitting-room."

"I don't want it as a sitting-room or a dressing-room either," was the reply of the squire. "I like to dress in my bed-room, and there are enough sitting-rooms downstairs for me. Let this bed of Rupert's be carried down to it at once."

"Who for?"

"For one who ought to have occupied the best rooms from the first—Rupert. Had he been treated as he ought to be, Diana, he would not have brought this disgrace upon himself."

Miss Diana was wondering whether her ears deceived her. "For Rupert!" she repeated. "Where is Rupert? Is he found?"

"He has never been lost," was the curt rejoinder. "He has been all the while literally within a stone's throw—sheltered by Mark Canham, whom I shall not forget."

She could not speak for perplexity; scarcely knowing whether to believe the words or not.

"Your sister Edith—and James Chattaway may thank fortune that she is his wife, or I should visit the past in a very different manner upon him—and little Maude, and that handsome son of Tom Ryle's, have been privy to the secret; have been visiting him in private; have been stealthily doing for him what they could do: but the fear and the responsibility have been well-nigh driving Edith and Maude to sickness. That's where

Rupert has been, Diana: where he is. I have not long come from him."

Anger blazed forth from the eyes of Miss Diana Trevlyn. "And why could not Edith have communicated the fact to me?" she cried. "I could have done for him better than they."

"Perhaps not," significantly replied the squire: "considering that Chattaway was the ruler of Trevlyn Hold, and that you have been throughout an upholder of his policy. But Trevlyn has another ruler now, and Rupert a protector."

Miss Diana made no reply. She was too vexed to make one. Turning away she flung a shawl over her shoulders, and marched onwards to the lodge, to pay a visit to the unhappy Rupert.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

### NEWS FOR MAUDE.

You should have seen the procession going up the avenue. Not that first night; the night of the return of Squire Trevlyn, but in the broad glare of the noon-day following. How Squire Trevlyn contrived to make things straight with the superintendent, Bowen, he best knew, but they were made straight; poor misguided Rupert was a free man again, and Policeman Dumps was the busiest of the lot in helping to move him.

The easiest carriage that the Hold afforded was driven to the lodge for Rupert. A shrunken, emaciated object he looked as he tottered down the ladder of a staircase, Squire Trevlyn with his powerful frame standing below to catch him did he make a false step. George Ryle was ready with his protecting arm, and Mr. King, talkative as ever, followed close behind. Old Canham stood leaning on his stick, and Ann, shrinking into herself in her humble fashion, curtsied behind the door.

"It is the proudest day of my life, Master Rupert, to see you come to your rights, recognised as the heir to Trevlyn," cried old Mark, stepping forward.

"Thank you for all, Mark!" cried Rupert, impulsively, as he held out his hand. "If I live, you shall see that I can be grateful."

"You'll live fast enough now," interposed the squire in his loud tone of authority. "If King does not bring you round in no time, he and I shall quarrel."

"Good-bye, Ann," said Rupert. "I owe you more than I can ever repay. She has waited on me night and day, Uncle Rupert; she has laid down on that hard settle at night, and had no other bed since I have been here. She has offended all her places of work, to stop at home to attend on me."

Poor Ann Canham's tears were dropping at the words of kindness. "I shall get my places back, sir, I dare say. All I hope is, that you'll soon be about again, Master Rupert—and that you'll be pleased to excuse the ill accommodation father and me have been obliged to give you."

Squire Trevlyn stood and looked at her. "Don't let it break your heart if the places do not come back to you, Ann Canham. What did you earn by them?—ten shillings per week?"

"Oh, no, sir; there was never a week that I got so much as that."

"Mr. Rupert will settle that upon you from to-day.



"Don't be overcome, woman. It is only fair, you know, that if he has put your living in peril, he should make it good to you."

She was too much overcome to answer; she sat down on the settle and sobbed, and the squire stepped out with Rupert and found himself in the midst of a crowd. The almost incredible news of his return had spread far and wide, and people of all grades and degrees were flocking to the Hold to see him with their own eyes, and to welcome him home. Old men, friends of the late Squire Trevlyn; middle-aged men, who had been hot-headed youths when he, Rupert, went away to exile and supposed death; younger ones, who had been children then and could not remember him, all were there. The chairman of the magistrate's bench himself—grave now in the eyes of the world as became his position, but with a suggestive conscience that could not wholly ignore certain youthful escapades in which he had been a sharer with the very man now resuscitated as it were from death—helped Rupert into the carriage. These magistrates were not likely to be harsh upon the younger Rupert. Magistrates are but men; and these of Barmester had their private likings and dislikings. They'd a great deal rather have seen Chattaway transported than Rupert Trevlyn; and they could not help themselves, for there was no prosecutor.

The chairman helped Rupert into the carriage, and shook hands twenty times with the squire, and entwined his arm within that gentleman's to accompany him to the Hold. The carriage went at a foot pace, Mr. King being inside it with Rupert. "Go slowly; he must not be shaken," were the surgeon's orders to the coachman.

The spectators looked on at the young heir as he leaned his head back on the soft lining of the carriage, which had been thrown open to the fine day. The air seemed to revive Rupert greatly. The warm sun played on his face; lighting up its emaciation, its suspicious hectic, the dead look of the golden curls that surrounded it as a halo; and though some of them started at first at the change, they failed to detect the ominous nature of the signs. That the face, always a beautiful one, had never looked more beautiful than it looked now, was indisputable; and beauty is a great covering to the ravages of disease.

They watched him as he talked with George Ryle, who walked with his arm on the carriage door; they shouted out "Long live Trevlyn's heir!" they pressed round to get a word with him. Rupert, emancipated from the close confinement, from the terrible *dread* that had been upon him, felt as an imprisoned bird released from its cage—felt as we can imagine we might feel were wings bestowed upon us, and we took our flight to soar to those blissful regions to which we all of us hope some time to attain; and his spirits went up to fever-heat.

He held out his hands to one and to another; he laughingly told them that in a week's time he should be in a condition to run a race with the best of them; he accepted half a dozen invitations on the spot. "But you needn't expect him," put in Mr. King by way of warning. "By the time he is well enough to go out gallivanting, I shall order him off to a warmer climate."

"Why not order him at once, doctor?" cried one.

The surgeon coughed before he replied. "Not just yet. He must get a little stronger first."

As Rupert stepped out of the carriage, he saw, amongst the sea of faces pressing round, one face that struck upon his notice above all others, in its yearning eagerness, its earnest sympathy, and he held out his hand impulsively. It was that of Jim Sanders, and as the boy sprang forward in answer, he burst into tears.

"You and I must be better friends than ever, Jim. Cheer up. What's the matter?"

"It's to see you looking like this, sir. Mr. Rupert, you'll get well, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I feel all right now, Jim. A little tired, perhaps. You come up and see me to-morrow, and I'll tell my uncle who you are and all about you."

Standing at the door of the drawing-room, in an uncertain sort of attitude, was Mr. Chattaway. He was evidently undecided whether to receive the offending Rupert with a welcome, to burst forth into a reproach for the past, by way of relief to his feelings, or to run away altogether and hide himself. Rupert decided it by walking direct up to him and holding out his hand.

"Let us be friends, Mr. Chattaway. I have heartily repented of the mad passion in which I suppose I set fire to the rick, and I do thank you for absolving me from the consequences. Perhaps you are sorry on your side for the treatment that drove me to it. We will be good friends, if you like."

But Mr. Chattaway did not respond to the generous feeling or touch the offered hand. He muttered something about its having been Rupert's fault, not his, and disappeared. Somehow he could not stand the keen eye of Squire Trevlyn that was fixed upon him.

In truth it was a terrible time for Chattaway, and the man was living out his punishment. All his worst dread had come upon him without warning; a dread which at the best he had perhaps looked upon as dreams of phantasy, emanating but from his own wild imagination. That dread in its worst extent had overtaken him, and he could not rebel against it. There might be no attempt to dispute the claims of Squire Trevlyn; no standing out for his keeping possession of the Hold; Mr. Chattaway was as completely deposed as though he had never held it.

Rupert was installed in his large and luxurious room, everything being pressed into it that could in the least contribute to his ease and comfort. Rupert Trevlyn (speaking of the squire now) had been tenderly attached to his brother Joe when they were boys together. He so robust, so manly; Joe so delicate; it may be, that the want of strength in the younger only rendered him dearer to the elder brother. As it is in the nature of weakness to cling to strength, so it is in the nature of strength to protect and love the weak; of all our children we love the frailest and weakest the best; the one least physically capable to go through and contend with the battle of life. Perhaps it was but the old affection for Joe transferred now to the son; certain it was, that the squire's love had already grown for Rupert, and all good care was lavished on him.

But as the days went on it became evident to all that Rupert had only gone home to die. The removal over, the excitement of those wonderful changes toned down,

the sad fact that he was certainly fading grew on Squire Trevlyn. Somebody suggested that the warmer climate should be tried; but Mr. King, on being appealed to, answered as he had answered in the carriage—that Rupert must get stronger first; and the tone of his voice was as significant now as it had been then.

Squire Trevlyn noticed it. Later, when he had the surgeon to himself, he spoke to him. "King, you are concealing the danger? Can't we move him?"

"I would have told it you before, squire, had you asked me. As to moving him to a warmer place—certainly he could be moved, but he would only go there to die; and the very fatigue of moving him, the journey, would shorten his life."

"I don't believe it," retorted the squire, awaking out of his pause of dismay. "You are a croaker, King. I'll call in a doctor from Barmester."

"Call them all in if you like, squire; if it will give you satisfaction. When they come to understand his case, they will tell you as I do."

"Do you mean to say that he must die?"

"I fear he must: and speedily. The day before you came home I tried his lungs, and from that moment I have known there was no hope. The disease must have been upon him for some time; I suppose he inherits it from his father."

The same night Squire Trevlyn sent for a physician. An eminent man. But he only confirmed the opinion of Mr. King. All that remained now was to break the tidings to Rupert; and to lighten, so far as might be, his passage to the grave.

But a word must be spoken of the departure of Mr. Chattaway and his family from the Hold. That they must inevitably leave it had been unpleasantly clear to Mr. Chattaway from the very hour of Squire Trevlyn's arrival. He gave a day or two to the digesting of the dreadful necessity, and then he began to turn his thoughts practically to the future.

Squire Trevlyn had promised not to take from him anything he might have put by of his ill-gotten gains. These gains, though a fair sum, were not sufficient to enable him to live and keep his family, and Mr. Chattaway knew that he must do something to eke them out. His thoughts turned, not unnaturally, upon the Upland Farm, and he asked Squire Trevlyn to let him have the lease of it.

"I'll let you have it upon one condition," said the squire. "I should not choose for my sister Edith to sink down into obscurity, but she may live upon the Upland Farm without losing caste; it is a fine place, both as to its land and its residence. Therefore, I'll let it you, I say, upon one condition."

Maude Trevlyn happened to be present at this conversation. She started forward in the moment's impulse.

"Oh, Uncle Rupert! You promised—you promised—"

"Well, Miss Maude?" he cried, coming to the relief of her faltering hesitation, and fixing his eyes on her glowing face. Maude timidly continued.

"I thought you promised somebody else the Upland Farm."

"That favourite of yours and of Rupert's, George

Ryle? But I am not going to let him have it. Well, Mr. Chattaway?"

"What is the condition?" inquired Mr. Chattaway.

"That you use the land well. I shall have a clause inserted in the lease by which you may cease to be my tenant at any time by my giving you a twelvemonth's notice; and if I find you carry your parsimonious nature into the management of the Upland Farm, as you have on this land, I shall surely take it from you."

"What's the matter with this land?" asked Mr. Chattaway.

"The matter is, that I find the land impoverished. You have spared money upon it in your mistaken policy, and the inevitable result has supervened. It is being penny wise and pound foolish, Chattaway; as you were when you suffered the rick-yard to remain uninsured."

Mr. Chattaway's face darkened, but he made no reply to the allusion. "I'll undertake to do the farm justice, Squire Trevlyn, if you will lease it to me."

"Very well, I will. Let me, however, candidly assure you that, but for Edith's sake, I'd see you starve before you should have had a homestead on this land. It is my habit to be plain: I must be especially so with you. I suffer from you in all ways, James Chattaway. I suffer always in my nephew Rupert. When I think of the treatment dealt out to him from you, I can scarcely refrain from treating you to a taste of the punishment you inflicted upon him. It is possible, too, that had the boy been more tenderly cared for he might have had strength to resist this disease which has crept upon him. About that I cannot speak: it must lie between you and God: his father, with every comfort, could not escape it, it seems; and possibly Rupert might not."

Mr. Chattaway made no reply. The squire, after a pause, during which he had been plunged in thought, continued. "I suffer also in the matter of the thousand pound debt of Thomas Ryle's, and I have a great mind—do you hear me, James Chattaway?—I have a great mind that the refunding of it should come out of your pocket instead of mine; even though I had to get it from you by suing you for so much of the meane profits."

"The refunding the debt?" repeated Mr. Chattaway, looking as if he would never understand anything again. "Refunding it to whom?"

"To the Ryles, of course. That money was as surely given by my father to them on his death-bed as that I am here, talking to you. I feel, I know, that it was; that Thomas Ryle, ever a man of veracity, spoke the truth when he asserted it. Do you think I can do less than refund it? I don't, if you do."

"George Ryle does not want it; he is capable of working for his living," was the only answer Mr. Chattaway in his anger could give.

"I do not suppose he will want it," was the quiet remark of Squire Trevlyn; "I dare say he'll manage to do without it. It is to Mrs. Ryle that I shall refund it, sir. Between you all, I find that she was out off with a shilling at my father's death."

Mr. Chattaway liked the conversation less and less. He deemed it might be as agreeable to leave details to another opportunity, and withdrew. Squire Trevlyn

looked round for Maude. He discerned her at the very end of the room, her head bent in a sorrowful fashion. The squire suddenly raised it, and found the face pale and weary.

"What's this for, young lady? Because I don't let Mr. George Ryle the Upland Farm? You great goose! I have reserved a better one for him."

The tone was very peculiar, and she raised her timid eyelids. "A better one?" she stammered.

"Yes. Trevlyn Hold."

Maude looked aghast. "What do you mean, Uncle Rupert?"

"My dear, but for this unhappy flat which appears to have gone forth for your brother Rupert, perhaps I might have let the Upland Farm to George. As it is, I cannot part with both of you; if poor Rupert is to be taken from me, you must remain."

She looked at him, her lips apart, utterly unable to understand.

"And as you appear not to be inclined to part with Mr. George, all that can be done in the matter, so far as I see, is that we must have him at the Hold."

"Oh, Uncle Rupert!" And Maude's head and her joyous tears were hidden in the loving arms that were held out to shelter her.

"Child! child! Did you think I had come home to make my dead brother's children unhappy? You will know me better soon, Maude."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

### Literary Notices.

*Life Scenes from a Reformatory.* Published for the benefit of Mr. Bowyer's Reformatory, 237, Euston Road.

THE Sixth Report of the Certified Industrial and Reformatory Schools has been recently issued, and from this official document we learn that on the 1st January, 1863, there were 4,536 young offenders in these institutions. The returns show a decided diminution in the number of juvenile offenders when compared with the preceding years. This decrease amounts to several hundreds, thus testifying, in the most effectual manner, to the good results produced by these admirable institutions. In the infliction of sentences upon offenders, a portion of the chastisement must be penal, and designed to punish; but the larger portion ought to be paternal, and be designed to reform; therefore, we regard with favour reformatories of every kind, whether carried on under the sanction of public authority, or through the zeal and benevolence of private individuals, as in the case of Mr. Bowyer's Home. We cannot carry out the design of this little book better than by a quotation, which will allow Mr. Bowyer's reformatory to speak for itself, through the medium of two of its former inmates:—

A young man, of most repulsive and ruffian-like appearance, demanded admission. The Governor, though not prepossessed in his favour, was led to admit him. He conducted himself well for a month; but the Governor still doubted his sincerity of purpose, and would not allow him to have any new clothing. At the expiration of the second month, he begged for a private interview. It was granted. He began, "Oh, sir, I must tell you. When I came in here, I was on my way to commit murder! I had just come out of prison, and my pals, who were not *nailed* with me, cheated me. I knew the haunt of the man who had the chief hand in robbing me of my share, and I had

my knife with me on purpose to stab him. I saw 'Reformatory' written up, and thought I would come in and see what it was like—it would be a spree—but I did not mean to stop. I thought it was chance, but now I know it was God's providence. If I had not come here, I should, perhaps, be swinging on the gallows. And now, sir, if you will allow me to remain, I shall be too thankful."

He conducted himself well; his appearance improved; the ruffian's manners and looks disappeared; and at the expiration of twelve months he emigrated to America as a smith.

Let us take another case:—

S. J. was head of a gang of thieves, most of them older than himself; he was a "dipper," or pickpocket, so clever, that although, in consequence of his abominable and tyrannical temper, his companions frequently quarrelled with him, they were obliged to make their submission, as they could not do without him. Some of his "pals," however, had found shelter within the Reformatory, and were most anxious that he, too, should be rescued from ruin. He was but fifteen years of age, but had been fifteen times in prison during the five years he had "gone thieving." He occasionally attended the Ragged School, but could neither read nor write. His reformed companions succeeded in persuading him to try the Reformatory. Headstrong, wilful, and utterly reckless, he could not brook restraint or discipline. His ordinary language was so awful, that a bricklayer employed at that time on the building, remarked, "I should be afraid to sleep under the same roof with him."

One afternoon, one of the masters having occasion to complain of his conduct, the Governor sent for him. He made his appearance, and, instead of quietly listening to words of remonstrance, quickly set at naught every effort by saying, "I'll be — if I'll stand your humbug (to the master), nor his either." He was dismissed—received with acclamations by the gang without. In less than three months he was again in prison. The Sunday before the term of imprisonment was ended, the young man who was the disposer of all the stolen property—who sheltered and taught young boys, never himself coming within reach of the law—passed the Reformatory inmates on their way from church. They were neat, *he* was ragged. "Ah," he remarked, with a sneer, "J. comes out on Wednesday, and then I shall have new boots, new coat," &c. &c. This was reported to the Governor.

"Ah, sir," said one, "G. J. and his pals will be at the prison-gates waiting for him; they will take him to the public-house, stand him a good dinner, give him plenty of drink to keep up his *pluck*, and he will be ready again for his old trade."

Accordingly, it was arranged that one more effort should be made. One of the old gang, who could be trusted, was sent to the prison door in a cab. The gate opened, he sprang out, caught him by the hand, saying, "Oh, S. J., come with me, and try *once* more." He was driven off unseen by the others, who were waiting his appearance.

The Governor having taken the trouble to send after him, made a great impression on him; gradually a change was perceptible; his temper improved, and his language was quite altered, and he soon began to check those about him if ever they indulged in an oath.

At the expiration of two years he might have easily obtained a situation at fifteen shillings per week, as turner, but he begged to remain in the institution, lest he might be beset by his old associates. He persuaded his *mother* and *aunt* to go to church, paid for one brother at the National School, and two brothers to attend the Sunday-school. He anxiously entreated the Governor to ascertain if he had been baptised, as he thought he had not been in infancy, and earnestly desired to become a member of the church.

He was baptised and confirmed, was consistent in his conduct, exercising almost as great an influence for good within the Reformatory walls, as formerly he had for evil without.

He married a Sunday-school girl, well known to the Governor and his wife, who was confirmed, and became a regular communicant at the same time with himself. He emigrated to Australia, and sends occasionally very satisfactory letters.

Facts like these are better than arguments.



## THE MODERN JEW.

WHAT a marvel is the Jew—invested with so sublime a mystery and loveliness, the centre-point of the world's progress, the constant subject of history, legend, and poetry! Dwelling under all stars, drinking of all streams, the Jews in their differences possess the strongest identity, and can boast an immortality among the nations. The Jewish nation resembles the burning bush seen by their great prophet and leader, ever being undestroyed and ever unconsumed. It is the perpetual miracle which the Most High has placed amid the events of human life, the undying witness of the truth of the heavenly revelation, the everlasting monitor of the great consummation of all things to which the world moves on. In his lowest aspect the Jew is still invested with sad, profound significance as a member of the race of whom, as concerneth the flesh, came the Lord Jesus Christ. His history is linked with the most stupendous crime recorded in the annals of the past, and the most glorious events revealed in the prophecies of futurity. His authentic history stretches back far beyond the dim dawn of all legendary history. His worship at our present day, in the synagogues that rise in our crowded streets, represents still the rites and ceremonies performed on the encrimsoned Arabian sands, beneath the light of the pillar of fire, and the shadow of the pillar of the cloud.

Mr. Disraeli, in his writings, has claimed for the Jew the chief place in our modern genius and civilisation. Without entirely conceding this extraordinary claim, we must admit a foundation of astonishing and substantial excellence in the achievements of the modern Jew.

Let us look at him in the immemorial service of the synagogue. Females are not reckoned to belong to the congregation. They sit in the gallery simply as spectators, and a kind of lattice-work prevents them from viewing all the ceremonies distinctly. They are at liberty to join in the prayers, but their voices must not be heard. Sometimes they must gain their place through a narrow separate staircase, and can only view the proceedings through an aperture in the wall. In the midst of the synagogue is an elevated reading-desk, perhaps thirty feet in circumference. In the service there is much chant, or recitative; their system of musical notation is simple but curious, and, they

say, has been handed down traditionally from father to son. The rabbi does not preside in the congregation, but deposes this to an officer called the "kazan," generally selected for the excellence of his voice. The most striking part of the synagogue is called the "veil," or the "holy of holies," fronting which is the reading-desk.

In the ark are deposited the scrolls of the law, which are wrapped in rich velvet, and covered with gold, silver, and precious stones. Each roller, attached to each end of the scroll, has a crown of pure silver or gold. The law is divided into fifty-two chapters, one of which is read every Jewish Sabbath. The Pentateuch is brought from its depository to the desk, and the bearing of it forth is a high privilege, which is previously put up to a kind of auction. The person who has bid the highest, probably states that he has purchased the honour for some friend present, and mentions his name. This favoured individual silently wraps his fringed garment almost over him, and then solemnly walks before the chief reader to the holy of holies. The people chant a prayer as he draws the Pentateuch from its depository, and lays it on the reader's shoulder. The privilege of thus withdrawing the roll, on a marriage or great ceremony, has been purchased for as much as fifty guineas. When the reader has reached the desk, he takes off the ornamented cover of the sacred volume, and a ruler, through a clerk, calls up a member of the congregation to have a portion of the Word read aloud to him. The individual called up severally lays the fringes of his garment on a part of the Pentateuch, kisses them three times, and utters a short prayer. A chapter is chanted, and the individual again performs his acts of reverence. The Pentateuch is then rolled up, and the reader implores a blessing on the father and mother, wife and children, relations and friends of the individual. These blessings are sometimes fifty in number, and sums from sixpence to a guinea are paid for each. Six persons are called up every Sabbath, and thus the whole congregation in course of time is passed through.

When the twenty-ninth chapter of Deuteronomy is read—the curses of disobedience—a curious ceremony takes place. A poor man, a servant of the synagogue, is actually paid to have that chapter read to him, which is done in a most mournful and almost inaudible tone.

The Jews hold the Book of the Law in the utmost admiration and love. They lavish the resources of wealth and art upon the adornment of the volume. We have read an account of a particular copy of the Pentateuch, which for decorative value is probably unsurpassed in the world. It is written on prepared vellum, sewn on rollers of solid gold of the old standard. At the tops of the rollers two pivots receive what are called the bells, of fine gold; the sockets that fix the pivots represent the two tables. Jewellery is lavishly employed in the decoration of the Bible and its appendages: brilliants, diamonds, emeralds, rubies. Twelve precious stones of immense value represent the twelve tribes of Israel. Above a coronet is a mitre supported by angels, with the chased inscription, in Hebrew characters, "Holiness to the Lord." The whole is kept in Morocco, in a large oak chest, deposited in the Bank of England. It is necessary that each copy of the Pentateuch should be written by a scribe or married man, a person of learning and dignity. Only a few lines a day must be written on the first five days of the week. No word must be divided. The ink is made in a peculiar manner, and the ingredients must not be defiled by other hands. Certain prayers are said during the time. Rabbis come to examine it, that it may contain no mistakes. It frequently takes two years in the preparation. Its completion is a solemn and joyful occasion.

The finest Jewish synagogue is at Amsterdam; that at Leghorn comes next. A synagogue of five hundred seats averages six guineas a seat, or three thousand guineas annually. These seats are also heavily rated for religious and charitable purposes; especially for supplying the poorer Jews with unleavened bread during the passover. Sums are also raised for burying the poor and for keeping the sanctuary in order. There are also boxes, on which are written, "For Jerusalem," "For Safet," &c. All foreign Jews residing in Palestine, except a few wealthy individuals, are maintained by contributions sent from Europe. Any individual, however, whether wealthy or poor, after the residence of a year, may claim his share. It must be stated, for the credit of the Jews, that they raise enormous sums for charitable purposes. Some years ago the treasury box of the great synagogue in London was nearly or quite exhausted. The fact was stated, and the following Sabbath a gentleman put in a thousand guineas, his wife five hundred guineas, and in an hour and a half twenty-eight thousand pounds were collected. When a Jew, poor or rich, is dying, two nurses attend him and say prayers, the expense of which is defrayed by the treasury.

The number of Jews in the United Kingdom may be estimated at sixty thousand. Ten large synagogues are to be found in London, and there

are various others in the provinces. Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool each possess two. All these synagogues, to a certain extent, are under the authority of the great synagogue, Duke's Place, London. Each provincial synagogue has the privilege of voting when a chief rabbi has to be elected. The chief rabbi is consulted on the more important matters of a provincial synagogue, and has the power of deposing any country reader or lecturer who has shown himself unworthy of his office.

Birmingham was the first place in the country which attracted the attention of the Jews, and where they built the first provincial synagogue. The Birmingham manufacturers in hardware and jewellery, where a Jew might easily begin business as a hawker or shopkeeper, were the allurement. At Birmingham Lord George Gordon became a devout Jew; though an old man, he was circumcised, and was always most regular in all Jewish observances. Manchester attracted many rich Jews, probably because Rothschild commenced his career there. His father, Meyer Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, sent his third son, Nathan, to Manchester with twenty thousand pounds, to open an English connection. The twenty thousand soon became sixty thousand, and by-and-by the magnitude of his operations led him to remove to London.

Of late years the much debated question of emancipation has been conceded to the Jews. The devout Jew was not anxious for this. It is his wish that his people should remain a peculiar people, and this increased amalgamation with the Gentiles tended to do away with Hebrew peculiarities. The true Jews shrink from an amalgamation that might lead to apostasy. In Germany, since old peculiarities have been discarded, the Jew has become less a Jew, and there have been innumerable secessions from the Jewish faith. The rabbis have been greatly distressed by this. One of them thus expressed himself to a traveller in Austria: "Were the Messiah to come to-morrow, my congregation would kill him." "Why?" "Why? did you say? because he would insist upon their keeping the law of Moses."

The first French revolution was an era of liberty to the Jews. The States General admitted all Jews, on taking the civic oath, to the full rights of citizenship. Jews have since raised themselves even to the Cabinet in France. When Napoleon was in Egypt he conceived the idea of restoring the Jews to their own land. In 1806 he summoned a great Sanhedrim of the Jews in Paris, and demanded how far they, as a people, held themselves bound by the laws of the people among whom they resided. The Sanhedrim replied that France would be their adopted country, the French laws their laws, the will of the French prince their constant rule in

life. Some of the rabbis even went so far as to apply to the Emperor texts relating to the Messiah, which greatly offended the Jews in England. The English quite undeceived them as to the notion of the Messiahship of Napoleon.

In England the Jews are chiefly known as a money-getting people. Elsewhere they are more honourably known for their high character, their extensive learning, their benevolence, and uprightness. The Hebrew community of Prague is perhaps the most conspicuous; many of their most celebrated men are interred in the cemetery there. The Jews in Poland amount to at least three millions, and are most numerous in Warsaw and Cracow.

In central Europe the power of the rabbis is most visible. The rabbi, arrayed in pontificals, sits at the end of a long table in an inner room, encircled by a numerous assemblage, and his house is a place of assembly for the whole congregation. Sometimes he takes his seat in the open market-place, that he may be accessible to all, reminding us of oriental kings and judges, and possessing much of their dignity and their power.

The Jewish Church has at times, like the Christian Churches, been torn by internal dissensions. The year 1755 was one of much unhappiness and dissension among the Jewish congregations in England. In that year the chief rabbi dismissed the *shochtim* of the day. These *shochtim* are officials appointed to slaughter animals, according to the prescribed rules of the Talmud, and to examine the lungs, to see whether they are free from disease. These persons must therefore possess both a fair knowledge of the Jewish law and also of anatomy. The *shochtim* were dismissed on the suspicion of elandestinely destroying distempered pellicles of the animals' lungs, and thus causing the congregation to eat forbidden meat. The decision seems to have caused much dissatisfaction. Nothing was done in the lifetime of the chief rabbis, but after their death the decision was repealed. The synagogues now broke up into a variety of small circles among themselves, excommunicating each other, and declaring that the food each ate was unlawful. The higher classes among the Jews were greatly disgusted by this display of puerility on the part of the Talmudists. Various defections from the Jewish ranks took place at this time; among these was the defection of the original Benjamin Disraeli, the namesake and grandfather of the celebrated and accomplished leader of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons.

But the greatest dissensions of all are those which exist between the Karaites Jews and their brethren. The Karaites are comparatively few in number, but they are by far the most virtuous and intelligent of the Jews. For

upwards of five hundred years a colony of them has been settled in the Crimea. The difference between them and the Rabbinist Jews is this—they reject tradition, and rigidly appeal to the text of Scripture. The name Karaites signifies Scripturists—an honourable appellation, which, nevertheless, excites the horror of the Rabbinists or Pharisees. When they discover these "sons of the text," they will hiss them out of their quarter with contempt. The Karaites are free from many Jewish superstitions, as the transmigration of souls, and the power of talisman. Their character for probity and quietness stands high in the south of Russia, where they are chiefly known. In the observance of the Sabbath they are very strict. The Karaites read the Talmud, but they refuse to assign it any binding authority. The Talmudist searches Scripture to bring out some recondite or mysterious sense; but the Karaites rigidly maintain that Scripture is its own interpreter, and must be determined by the general sense of Scripture.

Some of the Jewish opinions and customs are highly curious. Before a Jew is thirteen years old, his parents are responsible for his sins; after that age, he is himself accountable. This age is an important epoch, and great preparations are made for it. The youth that day attends the service of the synagogue, blessed by his parents, and accompanied by the rabbi. His father is that day ready to give a large sum that his son may have the honour of going up to the desk, and read aloud a portion of the Prophets. The Jewish maiden is of age when she has attained twelve years and a day. Eighteen is considered the proper age for marriage. The betrothing frequently takes place six months or a year previously, and is a public event in the families, conducted with feasting and rejoicing. On the day of the marriage, all are in gayest attire. The bride and bridegroom sit under a velvet canopy, the bride supported by two women, the bridegroom by two men. Each drinks from a glass of wine presented by the priest, who utters certain words, and then the bridegroom puts the ring on the bride's finger. The marriage contract is read, a prayer is offered, then they again drink of the wine. The empty glass is then laid on the ground, the bridegroom stamps on it, and breaks it, as an emblem of the frailty of human life. A shout is raised, "*Mazel treve*" (may it issue happily), and then the ceremony is complete. Every person present makes an offering of plate or money, for the good of the young couple.

The Jew considers that, of all pious acts, to pray for a dying man, and accompany him to the grave, is the purest and most unselfish. When a patient is dying the whole Jewish neighbourhood is generally made acquainted with the fact. The symptoms are watched; and after death the



corpse continues on the bed for one hour. The Jews consider it an honour to stay during that time in the room, and while the removal of the body takes place. The death is made known in the synagogue: the way of doing so is remarkable. A Jew takes a copper money-box, in the shape of a half-gallon cask, and secured by lock and key, and goes among the people. The orifice will admit a penny, and a peculiar sound made when shaken intimates that some one is dead. The Jews flock around, make inquiries, and put in their contributions. To be deprived of this announcement is considered the highest disgrace. Suppose two Jews are quarrelling, and that one threateningly says, "Don't unlock my lips, or I will disgrace you," and that the other dares him to do his worst. The vindictive Jew, if he can name no nearer relative, will even say, "Why, your great grandfather died, and the box did not go for him." The Jews have no walking funerals, either for rich or poor. Females do not attend the corpse to the grave, but their grief is very poignant. They sit on the ground, and a hard-boiled egg is cut in pieces among them. In this posture they continue for seven days, receiving condolences and presents.

In 1808 the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews was founded, and has been crowned with important, though limited results. The circumstances of its foundation are sufficiently remarkable. Lewis Way, a rich Englishman, was one day riding with some friends through the rich Devonshire scenery. Passing a country house, he remarked the extraordinary growth and beauty of the trees with which it was surrounded. He was told an extraordinary history concerning them; that a lady in her will had forbidden the trees of this country seat to be touched until the Jews should once more have become the possessors of Jerusalem. Mr. Way was greatly struck by this account, and examined the Scriptures deeply, to see what reason there might be for expecting the speedy restoration of the Jews. He travelled over a large part of Europe for the purpose of investigating their state. He devoted his means and energies to their cause, and aroused his friends in their favour. In 1813 the foundation of the beautiful Episcopal Jews' Chapel was laid by the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, in the presence of many thousands. Our gracious Queen herself was the sovereign who signed the mandate for the appointment of a Jewish Christian Bishop of Jerusalem. This was Dr. Alexander, who was once the minister of a Jewish synagogue. The Church of Scotland has since also embraced the Jews within their missionary pale. There are at present about forty clergymen of the Church of England who have been gathered from the Jewish synagogues.

Referring to the report of the society for the present year, 1863, we perceive that the income is upwards of thirty thousand pounds. The number of those baptised at the Episcopal Chapel is nearly a thousand; several missionary students are employed; wherever Jews are to be found throughout the world the agents of the society are at work. In Abyssinia forty-one persons had been baptised during the year. At the present time, more than ever, a remarkable desire exists among the Jews to become acquainted with the contents of the New Testament. The society has greatly increased the facility of procuring copies. One of the persons who addressed the annual meeting was Dr. Mesner, formerly a rabbi. He spoke with eloquent enthusiasm on behalf of the Hebrews:—

"As a nation, as a people, as a tribe of the family of nations, where do you find a history to compare with the history of Israel? Where do you find a history that has such glorious events in it? Whether you look at the Jew as the true monarch of Judea, whether you look at him as the captive of Babylon, as the outcast wanderer in Spain, or as the busy merchant of London, everywhere his existence is surrounded with a halo that no other people possess. Viewed as a nation, where is there a nation that is as old as this? With its cradle standing in a remote antiquity, it forms, as it were, a bridge of communication between the days long gone by and the days that now are. Far mightier, far greater nations have existed, and have been swept off the face of the earth. Egypt, and Babylon, and Assyria, and Greece, and Rome have, in their turn, flourished and crumbled away. The tide of time has floated them out of the list of nations. But Israel yet exists, cast about on the billows of misfortune, carried down among quicksands and currents, yet still existing, not as a compact body, but scattered abroad. Yes, amidst all the nations of the earth, it is a nation still—a nation animated by one hope, by one inspiration. The sun of Nubia has burned his face, but it has not consumed his national feeling. The frost of the ice-bound regions has chilled some of his ardent, oriental blood, but has not frozen up the well-springs of his home—his national home. And yet the day will come when the whole will be gathered together into one land, and when one Shepherd shall rule over them."

The wonderful words of prophecy are now being accomplished: "The children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim," Hos. iii. 4. Thus will it be while "the veil is on their hearts." But one day that veil shall be taken away. Jew and Gentile shall

hereafter be gathered together—one fold under one Shepherd. "If," says the Apostle, "the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?" Who does not long for the accomplishment of those inspired words of prophecy? "And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn . . . In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness."

#### THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFIDENCE.

DESERTED by each faithless friend,  
When fortune's smiles no more attend,  
Submissive to his Father's will,  
The patient Christian trusts Him still;  
Still walks in duty's rugged way,  
Looks up to God both night and day,  
His joy and peace, oh, who can tell?  
In weal and woe with him "all's well."

Or passing through death's gloomy vale,  
If fears invade, and doubts assail,  
While leaning on the staff and rod  
Of his unchanging, faithful God,  
A gleam of heavenly light appears,  
The Saviour wipes away his tears;  
Triumphant over death and hell,  
In life and death with him "all's well."

#### ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITION.

##### I.—THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

THE ancient and venerable city of Leyden is the capital of a small district called the Rhyndland—the most fertile and highly cultivated part of Holland. It is a fine town, stately and silent, with its eight gates, and its ramparts formed of earth, used, in ancient times, as warlike defences, now forming a pleasant walk, bordered on each side with trees. Its numerous canals form a striking feature, intersecting the town in all directions, and making it, as it were, a number of small islands, connected together by light and ornamental bridges. The principal street, called the Rapenburg, is truly noble; it extends from one end of the city to the other, a distance of nearly two miles, and is full of very handsome houses and fine public buildings. The houses have platforms of grey marble before them, which are washed clean every day, and the middle of the streets are paved with stones, the sides with bricks, and the whole so clean that a stranger feels he might safely sit down in any part. The dwellings on the outside are not unlike some good old houses in Yarmouth; but in Ley-

den every house looks as though it had been cleaned and painted within the last fortnight.

The Stadt-house, or town-hall, may be considered especially worthy of notice. It is of great extent, executed in the Gothic style, and surmounted by several small spires. In its apartments are to be seen several fine paintings, among which is an admirable one by Lucas, of Leyden, depicting the Last Judgment. The Emperor Rodolphus is said to have offered for this masterpiece as many gold ducats as would cover it. Another still more interesting treasure of the Stadt-house is a representation of the famous siege of the city in 1574, wrought in tapestry, in which are figured the most remarkable incidents of that renowned event.

There is something very delightful in the feelings associated with the idea of a country of universal toleration and unbanded liberty; the first country that offered an asylum to the Protestant reformers who were driven from their native soil, and long without a resting-place, till they found protection in the Dutch towns. At the time when Holland was about to shake off the tyranny of the Spanish yoke, Leyden embraced the cause of freedom, and boldly stood out in defence of her religion and her civil rights. The city was consequently besieged by its former master, and memorable is the story of mingled heroism and horror connected with its trial. Holland, from one end to the other, had become the theatre of the most shocking events, caused by the barbarous and rapacious conduct of the execrable Duke of Alva. While the people performed deeds of the greatest heroism, the cruelty and perfidy of the Spanish troops knew no bounds, and the patriots saw more danger in submission than in resistance. Each town which, in succession was subdued, endured the last extremities of suffering before it yielded, and none distinguished itself more in the terrible contest than did Leyden. For a long period the inhabitants held out with unflinching pertinacity. Even the women, who lined the ramparts, performed all the duties of soldiers; they were headed by one whose name was Kennava, and who gained a niche in history by her surprising valour in directing the movements of her female associates, who bore a part in all the labours and perils of the siege.

At length, however, famine threatened to effect what the sword of the enemy had vainly endeavoured to accomplish. All the provisions were exhausted, and the people were reduced to live on herbs and roots, and the bodies of their horses and other animals. Every morsel of leather was consumed, the ravenous garrison having recourse to a kind of food prepared from the hides of the slaughtered cattle. To add to the miserable sufferings of the besieged, a pestilence came on, which carried off more than half their number,

In this dreadful extremity, a dawning hope of succour appeared. The Prince of Orange, despairing of relief by any less desperate means, determined to open all the surrounding dykes and to raise the sluices, in order thus to sweep away the besieging host on the waves of the ocean. The inhabitants of Leyden were apprised of this intention by means of letters, intrusted to the safe carriage of pigeons, trained for the purpose. The citizens eagerly awaited the result. Before long, the waters of the ocean rushed in, and the whole surrounding country was inundated; but, to their inexpressible disappointment and dismay, the waters rose but a few feet, so as greatly to inconvenience indeed, but not to dislodge the besiegers.

All hope seemed now at an end; the inhabitants could see from their walls the vessels laden with provisions destined for their relief, but they also saw that their approach was impossible; and the blockade was carried on more vigorously than ever. For three weeks they still held out; at the end of which time a party of the inhabitants, driven to disobedience and revolt by the excess of misery to which they were reduced, attempted to force the burgomaster, Vanderwerf, to surrender, and free them, at length, from the horrors they endured. But he sternly made the answer, which has become celebrated, and which cannot be remembered without shuddering, "Bread, I have none; but if my death can afford you relief, tear my body in pieces, and let those who are most hungry devour it!" The complainants looked on each other with silent wonder, and retired, determining rather to perish than to swerve from the noble example thus given them. In consequence, when the besiegers renewed their summons, demanding the townsmen to surrender, the governor—who was Jean Vanderdoes, known in literature by the name of Dousa, and celebrated for his Latin poems—replied, in the name of the inhabitants, "That when provisions failed them, they would each cut off his left arm for food, and fight with the right!"

At this crisis the arm of Omnipotence interfered on behalf of the gallant men who preferred liberty and truth before life itself. The equinox was at hand—a season when every Dutchman who resides in the neighbourhood of the dykes trembles for the security of his person and property. The storms raged with peculiar violence; the dykes that had resisted the usual pressure of the sea gave way at once; the whole accumulated waters of the ocean flowed in without obstruction, overwhelming the banks, the batteries, and the forts of the Spaniards, and swallowing up all who were not fortunate enough to save themselves by a timely flight. Above one thousand of the Spanish soldiers, it is said, perished by the flood, and their destruction was complete. By a remarkable and providential

change of the wind, no sooner were the enemy entirely gone than the waters retired, and there was an easy access to the town for the people with provisions, who flocked in on every side. Joy and gratitude now took the place of misery and despair. The churches were crowded with the famished beings, who, just saved from the jaws of death, one moment greedily devoured the welcome food, and another, with sobs and inarticulate exclamations, returned thanks to Heaven for their deliverance. So great was the general excitement, that no regular or methodical service could, for a time, be performed; the language of the heart poured itself forth in utterances that could bear no restraint, or heed strict rules and observances. Surely never was there said a more sincere and a more acceptable grace! Had but two more days elapsed before this providential relief, the garrison must have perished to a man! The day after this signal deliverance, the Prince of Orange, just recovering from a severe illness, was carried to Leyden, to express his admiration of the inhabitants' behaviour, and to return thanks to the gallant defenders of the city. As a reward for their unparalleled defence, he offered the townsmen their choice between an immunity of taxes for a stated period, or the founding of a university in their town. To their immortal honour they chose the latter, and the university was established. This new seat of learning soon acquired a high character, and it long took the lead in the West of Europe as a superior place of instruction in several departments of liberal education. Among its most illustrious men was the renowned physician, Boerhaave, whose fame may truly be said to have reached the ends of the earth, for he was consulted, in cases of difficulty and danger, by physicians in all parts of the world. Should any youthful reader of these lines ever visit the venerable city of Leyden, he will remember, with a thrill of admiration, the history of its great sage, and will pay a visit to the tomb of its illustrious physician, which he will find in the Church of St. Peter. The monument is of black marble, supporting an urn, decorated with emblematic figures, representing the four ages of man's life, and the sciences in which Boerhaave excelled—medicine and chemistry.

#### COTTON FAMINE.—ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Amount previously acknowledged ...		£	s.	d.
H. W., 43, New North Road, Hoxton .....		0	6	6
D. N. Bradford .....		0	9	0
W. J. Burrell, Great Marlrow .....		0	1	2
Sebastien School, Guiberswick, Shetlands .....		0	10	2
Mansfield, F. S. ....		0	1	3
O. Dalton, Falmouth .....		0	2	0
G. S. P. ....		0	0	6
C. J. F., Blackheath .....		0	1	10
E. Grouser, Gullford Street .....		0	1	0
A. Grouser, .....		0	5	0

£708 15 10



## AN INVOCATION.

CREATOR, Spirit! by whose did  
The world's foundation first were laid,  
Come, visit every humble mind:  
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make us temples worthy thee.

## THE PETITION.

LORD, who art merciful as well as just,  
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust.  
Not what I would, O Lord, I offer Thee,  
Alas! but what I am.  
Father Almighty, who hast made me man,  
And bade me look to heaven, for Thine art there;  
Accept my sacrifices and humble prayer.  
Four things which are not in thy treasury  
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition:—  
My nothingness, my wants,  
My sins, and my contrition.

## GOD OUR SHIELD.

My soul shall cry to Thee, O Lord—  
To Thee, supreme, incarnate Word,  
My rock and fortress, shield and friend,  
Creator, Saviour, source and end;  
And Thou wilt hear thy servant's prayer,  
Though death and darkness speak despair.  
Ah! why, by passing clouds oppress'd,  
Should warring thoughts distract my breast?  
Turn thou to Him in every path,  
Whom never supplicant sought in vain;  
Thy strength is joy's triumphant day,  
Thy hope when joy has pass'd away.

## THE SABBATH.

Hail, Sabbath! thine I hail; the poor man's day;  
On other days the man of toil is doom'd  
To eat his joyless bread lonely—the goddard  
Both seat and board—sorend from the winter's cold  
And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree;  
But on this day, ambrosia's in his bowl,  
Here shines the frugal meal with those who love.

## CHRIST REJECTED.

ARGENTINE! what do we blame,  
Nor fear our doom will be the same—  
Oft as our rebel hearts begin  
To parley with some cherished sin,  
Barabbas is preferred again,  
And Christ, rejected, pleads in vain.

## THE SCOPTIC.

Oh! live there, Heaven, beneath thy broad expanse,  
One hopeless, dark idolater of chance,  
Content to feed with pleasures unrefined  
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;  
Who, mouldering earthward, refts of every trust,  
In joyless union wedded to the dust,  
Could all his parting energy dismiss,  
And call this barren world sufficient bliss.  
Ah, me! the huddled wreath that murder reeds,  
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,  
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,  
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.

## Youths' Department.

## THE PICTURE.

I AM afraid it is not an uncommon scene—that want and unhappiness which prevailed in the Gerrits family, in the old town of Rotterdam. They were only unhappy because they were destitute. The father was very ill of the ague, and through this illness the gains of the little family were small indeed. Little Gebhard, indeed, made something: he used to go about those strange old streets, shaded by trees, and by the side of which the canals carried shipping into the very heart of the city, and would gain a trifle by directing passengers, or carrying their luggage. Others, however, regarded him as an interloper, and the regular *commissionnaires* did not allow him to intrude far on their province. The mother's heart felt faint within her—not for herself, she thought of herself last, but for her little ones, and her dear, good, honest husband. He, poor man, possessed his soul in patience, and humbly committed himself and his to the loving-kindness of a merciful Providence. It is comparatively easy to trust in Providence—and assuredly it is God whom we should see in all our blessings, and be grateful to him—when friends are many, and means abundant; but when the last coin is spent, and the last loaf is broken, there is anxiety and disquietude of heart—a little murmuring, a little simfulness. This was now the case with the Gerrits family. When that evening's frugal meal was finished, they were not certain where the morrow's meal would come from. The poor family had also a crowning anxiety. The landlord's claim was overdue; and the landlord was one of those people whose anxiety to be perfectly just to themselves often causes them to be unmerciful to others. He had a right to call them up, and he was a great advocate for what was the right. Still, they gathered that night round the domestic hearth, the hearth still theirs, now poverty-stricken, and shortly to be desolated. Before the sick man fell asleep that night, he said, with a quivering voice, to his trembling wife, "I will lay me down to sleep and take my rest, for it is thus, Lord; only who must me to dwell in safety."

Now amid all this gloom and unhappiness, the children possessed a certain source of satisfaction and hope; and if the truth must be known, so venerable and prevalent is a peculiar superstition in Holland, that the circumstances I am about to mention gave pleasure and cheerfulness even to old Gerrits and his wife. Two ancient storks had come and built their nest by the fantastic gable of their house. Throughout Holland it is looked upon as a good omen to a house and its inmates if a stork should select its roof for an habitation. To kill a stork is almost as bad as to kill a human being. The Dutch are very good to all birds, and highly prize the nightingale, and other birds of song. Boys who are fond of the wicked amusement of bird-nesting would have only a bad time of it in Holland; for it is an offence according to law, and punished very severely. Not only are the storks never injured or disturbed, but people will do whatever they can to help them in the construction of their nests. So when the storks began to build a huge nest under the edge of their cottage gable,

the Gerritz family blessed their stars; and all the neighbours said that, though old Gerritz might be very low in the world just then, some slice of good luck might be in store for him, after all.

Very early the next morning, while all the others were still asleep, little Gerritz quietly stole out of bed. He did not expect any breakfast, because he knew that there was no breakfast for any one in the house. First of all, the boy said his prayers—praying that he might be a good boy, and that his brothers and sisters might be good also, and that God would raise up his father; and then he said the Lord's Prayer; and when he came to "Give us this day our daily bread," he made a pause, and said that over again very solemnly, for he knew that they all had need for that prayer. And then he went out of the house: for little Gerritz had thought to himself over night that he would get up the very first thing in the morning, and try and get something to do; and, oh! how happy he would be if he could only earn something to give them a breakfast at home! When he went out of the house he lifted up his eyes to the storks' nest. He caught sight of the old male stork, looking so wise, and grave, and solemn; then Gebhard took off his hat, and made a low, reverential bow. He had the highest respect for the moral character of these venerable birds. He had often heard how, when there might be a great fire, the storks would bear away their young ones through the flames, or perish with them among the burning houses. Gebhard thought of his sick and loving father, and thought that was exactly the line of conduct he would have pursued, under similar circumstances, if it had been his father's lot in life to have been born a stork.

Now it must here be confessed that Gebhard Gerritz was ambitious. He hugged a glowing idea in his breast; for it happened, by a coincidence which, I dare say, was not uncommon, that his surname was the same as that of the great Erasmus. The real name of the great Erasmus was Gerrit Gerritz, which, in accordance with the custom that prevailed at that time among the learned, he translated into Desiderius Erasmus. He was a native of Rotterdam, and I think the people of Rotterdam are more proud of their Erasmus than they are proud of anything. They put up a great bronze statue to him, over the big bridge that does as a market-place. There the great scholar stands, holding, most appropriately, a book. Gerritz had often looked up to the statue with awe; for they tell the very little people of Rotterdam that on the last night of every year the statue figure turns over one of the metal leaves of his book; and that when he had turned over all the leaves, why then the end of the world would come. Gerritz had no particular ambition ever to be glorified in a bronze statue—indeed, it was all the other way; for, he acutely argued with himself, if the statue possesses sufficient vitality to be able to turn over the leaves of his book, he is probably able to feel very cold and lonely in the long evenings. Still, as the great Gerritz had become a great scholar, there was no reason, in the nature of things, why the little Gerritz should not. It would be so grand to be a good scholar, and to go to the University of Leyden, and to have his name enrolled as a member of that ancient and most famous body.

It was only six o'clock; but two English gentle-

men were lightly moving through the almost vacant streets in the clear, free morning.

"A very good idea of yours, Mornington," said one of these gentlemen. "It is better to dress and come on shore, though almost in the middle of the night, than to remain cooped up in that close packet."

"I am glad you like the idea," was the answer. "I am afraid it is too early to find any of the public places open. But I have always heard that at Rotterdam the outside is the best part of the show. Let us step out. How new and odd everything seems. And what splendid ships!"

"I suppose it is too early to find any of those *commissionaire* fellows about?" said the other.

Their language, dress, and wondering gestures had told Gerritz that they were strangers. He thought of addressing them; and when he recognised the word *commissionaire*, his mind was made up: he went forward, and offered to guide him.

The elder of the gentlemen, who had been addressed as Mornington, gave him a civil nod, and, taking out a guide-book, asked him some questions in German, to which Gerritz was able to reply.

So he took them through the town. They went along the fine long quay with the elms, which is rather like Cheyne Walk, at Chelsea; and then across innumerable draw-bridges over the canal; and then he took them to see the famous house where his great namesake was born; and you may be sure that he did not forget to point out the bronze statue, and then the outside of the Exchange and Town-hall. By this time the Church of St. Lawrence was open, and they went in to look at the monuments and the organ. And now the stout Dutch girls were energetically mopping and scrubbing the steps, and doors, and windows, as if dear life depended on it. The strangers being tired, and the sun now high, they paused at the door of a large hotel, and turned round to enter. Then the younger stranger took out his purse, and, finding no smaller coin, flung him a three-guilder piece, worth five shillings of our money, saying, in English, "There, my boy, you're in luck, this morning."

"You are too liberal, Lord Dalmar," said Mr. Mornington. "I had plenty of change, and did not think you were going to dismiss him this minute. You cango, my boy," he interpreted to the astonished Gerritz; "but be a good boy, and do something for them at home."

They at once disappeared from the sight of the delighted Gerritz. The kindly-meant advice was, in this instance, at least, superfluous. The happy lad bought some bread and butter, and milk and meat; then he ran home, and gave them all a good breakfast. After breakfast, Gerritz puzzled away in teaching himself some Latin. It so happened that in the next day or two Gerritz got nothing to do worth mentioning; but they thought that with strict economy the money might last till better times.

Their contentment, however, was of short continuance. The next day the landlord came in, and said that, as the rent was not paid, he would sell their effects on the morrow. This was positive. The poor mother wept. Her chairs and tables were not worth much: that was all they had, except their bedding, their coarse delf ware, a few trifling necessities, and, to make the enumeration perfectly

complete, that old, useless picture. The sale would not be sufficient to satisfy the landlord's demand; and then they must turn out and starve. The wife wept sore, and the little ones with her. Gerritz wondered if the storks had suddenly taken their departure; but there was the nest still, inhabited and intact.

The old picture. There it was, grimy and dusty enough, answering no purpose, useful or ornamental, not allowed even to hang on the walls, but placed upright on the floor. It had been regarded as a piece of lumber, not to be destroyed, on account of old associations, but of no artistic or any other value. Poor Gerritz had derived it from his father, and believed that his father had received it from an uncle. Beyond this it was impossible to ascertain the pedigree. There were two theories on the subject: the one was that it was a portrait, executed in a rude kind of art, of some undistinguished ancestor in days when the family was more prosperous; the other was that it was a copy, by some obscure artist, of some portrait in a great painter's studio. There was a great deal of shadow in the picture, but the first opinion would be that it was father dirt than darkness. It never occurred to the simple family that when the dirt and dust of so many years were cleared away, there might be discoverable beauties underneath. The day before the sale it certainly did look a little brighter, for the covetous landlord came in and had it cleaned up. And so the sad morning came when the scanty furniture, including the despised picture, was disposed of, at a kind of auction, to the poor denizens of the street. The mother's heart was well nigh broken. "Surely," she thought to herself, "something will happen to prevent this. My hopes, my hard work, my prayers, they will not all be thrown away!" She looked up to the heavens, still fair and unchanged, in this terrible crisis. There was no voice, nor any that regarded; but one by one the poor chairs and tables were disposed of. She despairingly thought that her prayers were altogether unheard. Thus it is that men are sometimes tempted to think, vainly expecting that their wishes will be granted in their own way, instead of humbly leaving the disposal of events in the hands of infinite wisdom and pity.

Little Gerritz had sank down upon the door-step, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"Well, my little friend, we have found you again," said the gentleman with the kind voice, whom he recognised as Mr. Mornington; "and why are you so miserable?"

Gerritz stood up, and mechanically pointed at the little scene of the sale.

The scene was in itself picturesque—to a stranger doubly so, and the manifest grief and consternation of the poor family lent it a deeply tragic interest. It was hardly necessary for little Gerritz to tell Mr. Mornington the story. His quick eye gathered all in before the tale was told.

"Look at this picture, Mornington," said the gentleman whom we have called Lord Delmar. He was a young nobleman travelling with the clergyman of his parish, who was a distant connection.

"Rather a daub, isn't it?" said Mr. Mornington.

"Certainly not a daub," returned the young nobleman, who had some knowledge of and genuine love of art; "it is very Rembrandt-like, in my opinion."

"Probably a bad copy," said Mr. Mornington, who did not himself possess any pretensions to a correct knowledge of art.

"I think it probably is a copy of one of Rembrandt's Burgomasters," said Lord Delmar; "and not a bad copy."

The picture, thanks to the cleansing which the grasping landlord had with some skill administered to it, had begun to vindicate its title to be really a picture. One discerned bright eyes peering under a beetling brow, a picturesque garb, and then shadow darkening upon shadow, so characteristic and so constantly to be found in the pictures of Rembrandt.

"You are collecting pictures, are you not?" said Mr. Mornington. "Now, if you like this painting, buy it. To buy a picture because you admire it, must be a sufficient reason. It will help this poor family," he continued. "I was just puzzling how far I could manage to help my little friend here."

Our readers will perceive that Mr. Mornington was amiably mixing up a matter of business with a matter of philanthropy. It was very illogical, but it so fortunately happens that good people are often amiably illogical.

"I have certainly a suspicion that this may be a good picture," said Lord Delmar; "but then it might be a bad one, and it would never do for me to buy a decidedly bad picture."

"I don't know that," said Mr. Mornington, with a good-humouredly satirical laugh; "there are plenty of bad pictures in a big show up. They put them away, you know, in the dark parts of the gallery, or the highest part of the staircase. Stokes, the dealer, will be able to clean it up and make it look quite cheerful."

Lord Delmar hesitated.

"Put it in my room, the chaplain's room. If it is not a good picture, it will remind me of a good action."

During this time no bid had been obtained for the picture. An old woman at length offered some coppers, probably with the intention of converting it into fuel, and it was not unlikely that her offer would be accepted.

"I suppose they would take fifty shillings," said Lord Delmar. "It may not be worth having at fifty farthings."

When Mr. Mornington communicated this offer, the joy of the Gerritz family was great. All that quantity of guineas for that good-for-nothing old picture! They fancied they must be in a dream. Why, that would enable them to pay their landlord, and keep a roof over their heads.

"I will make it five pounds," said Lord Delmar, reflectively. "I think I can find a use for the picture, and in that case it will be worth that to me. Give them five pounds' worth of this barbarous coin," he continued; "you understand it, Mornington, which is more than I do."

The astonishment of the poor family may be conceived when this little fortune was paid into their hands. The neighbours flocked together to congratulate them. Those who had bought any article at once gave it back in return for their money. The Englishmen did not listen for any tearful thanks, but sent the picture on to their hotel, with directions that it should be placed in a wooden case for transit. With bounding joy little Gerritz carried it away, scarcely able to sustain the burden. As he came back he stole a look at the storks, and fancied



the benign birds were contemplating the whole proceeding with much satisfaction. That helpless father and the grateful mother reverently recognised this great providence, and devoutly thanked the good Giver of all good.

Our story now takes a glimpse at England. A year had passed away. Mr. Mornington had come up to spend a few days at Lord Delmar's house in town. The travellers had only returned from the Continent about six weeks ago.

"Stokes has seen all the pictures we bought," said Lord Delmar, "and, upon the whole, we have not done badly. The Canaletti I bought at Venice is no Canaletti, and the Perugino I bought at Milan is only a copy. At Rome and Munich the artists have treated us very fairly; but, above all, my dear Mornington, the Rotterdam picture is the fortunate purchase—"

"No," excitedly interrupted Mr. Mornington, "you don't say so; you really don't mean that—"

"I do! It is a real Rembrandt. No mistake about it. He has taken it in hand, and it cleans up gloriously. In Rembrandt's very best style, too. Stokes felt quite certain about it, and we showed it to Sir Charles. 'Certainly, it is a splendid Rembrandt,' was the verdict. Now, that's what I call glorious!"

"What do you suppose the picture is worth?" asked Mr. Mornington.

"Five hundred pounds. Stokes assured me he could get me five hundred pounds for it, if I wished to part with it."

"Will you do so?"

Not for five times five hundred pounds. I am more proud of that picture than of any that I have purchased. Why, sir, I detected that picture myself, picked it up in a most marvellous way. A picture does not turn up that way more than once or twice in a century. Any other man would pass it over."

I must say there was a little playfulness in this remark. Lord Delmar had hesitated about the picture, had showed very little reliance on his own judgment, and had chiefly bought it that he might perform a charitable action, and please his friend Mr. Mornington.

"Well, I suppose you will make the former Dutch owners a handsome present," said Mr. Mornington.

"I don't know that," replied Lord Delmar. "I gave them five pounds when it might not have been worth five pence. The transaction is closed. To pay them over again would destroy the whole credit and beauty of the thing. Any idiot can buy a Rembrandt for five hundred pounds; but let me tell you, it is not every man who could get it for five pounds. Half London is talking about it."

"I scarcely think you would like to be a gainer in a money transaction with these poor people, Lord Delmar," said Mr. Mornington.

Lord Delmar rose and paced the room impatiently. And then his brow cleared and brightened. "You are, my dear Mornington, quite right; you are always right. They shall have it; yes, they shall have the whole five hundred. If an English gentleman cannot act justly and generously in a matter like this, who could be expected to do so? It would be intolerable to think

that I should make any gain out of their extreme poverty!"

"Bravo, Lord Delmar; bravo!" cried Mr. Mornington. "I knew that is what you would say in a minute or two. I will take over the money myself, and find them out, and tell you how you have made a whole family happy."

We again return to the Gerritz family. A year has passed, and we find them very much as we left them. The father is still ill, and the family have still a sore struggle. Gerritz, the son, is getting bigger, and his earnings are a little more considerable than they used to be. I am afraid he has not made any appreciable improvement in his studies; but by turning his spare time to good account, he has certainly not gone back. They often talk over the wonderful event of the last year, and with hearts full of grateful feeling. Often they wondered about that stupid old picture which had turned out such a splendid success. They have learned to trust more unreservedly in a kindly providence; and from their experience of mercies past, look forward hopefully to mercies yet in store. At the same time they are talking this evening of the undoubted good which a little money would do them. For the father is better, and the doctor thinks that good nourishment and change of air might set him on his feet altogether. As for Gerritz, his love of a book is so unconquerable, that he really might do well if only he had a chance of getting to Leyden.

There came a knock at the door, and the wonderful stranger of last year stood before them, Mr. Mornington.

The whole family uttered an exclamation of astonishment and delight. The grateful mother seized his hand and kissed it. Gerritz was fairly beside himself. He was sure something delightful was going to happen. Besides, had not the constant and friendly storks returned after their annual migration to their old abode under the cottage eave?

Mr. Mornington shook young Gerritz warmly by the hand. "Tell your father and mother," he said, "that the English nobleman who bought their picture finds that it is a really valuable one, by the famous master, Rembrandt. He wishes them to enjoy the full advantage of the discovery, and has sent me over with about five thousand guildens for them."

I will not dwell upon the transports of joy that were expressed. I am sure those two stately English gentlemen were never the worse for the constant memorial kept in prayerful and grateful hearts on account of this act of high-minded justice and princely liberality.

A year later, the father, a comparatively strong man, was able to walk about with cheerful footsteps, leaning on the arm of his student son. Beside him is the happy mother, with her little brood of little ones, so comfortably clothed, and looking so stout and healthy; talking, I dare say—for they are always doing so—about those two good and great Englishmen. I dare not hope that Gerritz will ever become so great a scholar as his namesake, the renowned Erasmus; but he will, nevertheless, make a very good one, and will have learned a valuable lesson, namely, that a Christian's extremity is God's opportunity, and in the hour of need "the Lord will provide for his people."

## SQUIRE TREVLIN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHAMBERLAIN," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

## CHAPTER LXV.

## A BETTER HEIRSHIP.

A SHORT while, and people had settled down into their places. Squire Trevlyn was alone at the Hold with Maude and Rupert, the Chattaways were at the Upland Farm, and Miss Diana Trevlyn had taken up her abode in a pretty house that belonged to herself. Circumstances had favoured the removal of Mr. Chattaway from the Hold almost immediately after the arrival of Squire Trevlyn at it; otherwise it is hard to say how he and the squire would have got along together; and the squire would scarcely have liked to turn him out summarily, from consideration for his sister Edith. The occupant of the Upland Farm, who only remained in it because his time was not up until spring, was glad to find it would be an accommodation if he quitted it earlier; he did so, and by Christmas the Chattaways were installed in it.

Mr. Chattaway had set to work in earnest. Things were changed with him. At the Hold, whether he was up and doing, or whether he lay in bed in idleness, his good revenues came in to him. At the Upland Farm he must be up early and in bed late, for the eye of a master was necessary always, if the land was to yield its increase; and by that increase he and his family had now to live. There was a serious battle with Cris. It was deemed advisable for the interest of both parties—that is, for Mr. Cris and his father—that the younger gentleman should enter upon some occupation of his own; but Cris resolutely refused. He could find plenty to do on the Upland Farm, he urged, and he'd not be turned out from his home. In fact, Mr. Cris had lived so long without work, that it was difficult, now he was leaving his youth behind him, to begin it. Better, as Squire Trevlyn said, that this change had been made years ago. It was hard for Cris; let us acknowledge it. He had been reared to the expectation of Trevlyn Hold and its easy revenues; he had lorded it as the future master. When he rose in the morning, early or late, as his inclination prompted him, he had nothing more formidable before him than to take a ride on his handsome horse, his groom in attendance behind him. He had indulged in out-door sports, hunting, shooting, fishing, at will; no care upon him, save how he could most agreeably get through the day, or be home for the plentiful dinner. He had been addicted to riding or driving into Barnester, and showing himself off in the streets, lounging up and down them on foot for the benefit of all admiring spectators, or taking a turn in the billiard-rooms. All that was over now; Mr. Cris's leisure and his greatness had come to an end; his groom would take service elsewhere, his fine horse must be used for other purposes than pleasure. In short, poor Cris Chattaway had fallen from his high estate, as many another has fallen before him, and must henceforth earn his bread before he ate it. "There's room for us both on the Upland Farm, and a good living for both," Cris urged upon his father; and though Mr. Chattaway demurred, he gave way, and allowed Cris to

stop upon it. With all his severity to others, he had lost his authority over his children, especially over Cris and Octave, and perhaps he scarcely dared to maintain his own will against that of Cris, or tell him he should go if he chose to stop. Cris had no more relish for work than anybody else has who is reared to idleness; and Cris knew quite well that the easiest life he could now enter upon would be that of staying at home and pretending to be busy upon the farm. When the dispute was at its height between himself and his father, as to what the future arrangements should be, Cris so far bestirred himself as to ask Squire Trevlyn to give him the post of manager at Blackstone. But the squire had heard quite enough of the past doings there, and told Cris, with the plainness that was natural to him, that he'd not have either him or his father in power at Blackstone, if they paid him for it in gold. And so Cris was at home.

There were other changes also in Mr. Chattaway's family. Maude's tuition, that Octave had been ever ready to find fault with, was over for ever, and Octave had taken her place. Amelia was come home, for the expenses had to be curtailed. An outlay that had been quite suitable for the master of Trevlyn Hold, would be unjustifiable and imprudent in the tenant of the Upland Farm. They found the worth of Maude now that they had lost her; they could appreciate now the sweetness of her temper, the enduring, gentle patience to which she had constrained herself. Octave, who liked idleness as much as Cris did, had undertaken the tuition of her sisters with a very ill grace: she did not positively refuse, but she hated the trouble and the labour. She might have refused but for Miss Diana Trevlyn. Miss Diana had not lost her good sense or her love of rule in vacating Trevlyn Hold, and she openly told Octave that she must bend to circumstances as well as her parents, and that if she would not teach her sisters, and so save the money, she had better go out as governess and help to earn it. Octave could have beaten Miss Diana for the unwelcome suggestion—*she* go out and earn her living!—but she offered no further opposition to the proposition that she should replace Maude with her sisters.

Ay, and it was hard for Octave, as for Cris; we cannot deny it. Alluding not to that one great disappointment which had fallen upon her, and which we may as well pass in silence, as she had to do and to make the best of it, life was hard, very hard just then, for Octave Chattaway. She had inherited the envious, selfish disposition of her father, and the very fact that Maude and herself, as may be said, had changed positions, was sufficient to vex her almost beyond endurance. She had become the drudge whose days must be passed beating grammar and spelling into the obtuse minds of her rebellious sisters; Maude, the young lady of Trevlyn Hold. Whether things would go on as they had begun, it was difficult to tell; for the scenes that frequently took place between Octave and her pupils disturbed to a grave degree the peace of the Upland Farm. Octave was impatient, fretful, and exacting; they were self-willed, tantalising, and disobedient. Noise and quarrels were incessant; and it came now and then to blows, Octave's temper urged her to personal correction, and the girls, unused to it, retorted in kind.

It was hard for Octave; it was different; who may be no favourite with us, but let us be just. It is in human nature to exaggerate sorrow, and Octave not only exaggerated hers, but did what she could wilfully to increase it. Instead of patiently sitting down to her new duties, and striving to perform them, praying that they might in time become pleasant, that her change of position might be soothing to her, she steelled herself against them, and augmented her chagrin by every possible means. A terrible jealousy of Maude had taken possession of her; it had long been smouldering; and she did what she could to enhance it. There was a gate in their grounds which overlooked the highway leading to Trevlyn Hold, and it seemed to be Octave's delight to go and stand there on the watch, at the hour when she might expect Maude to pass. Not a day went by but Maude drove out with her uncle. Sometimes in the open carriage—a new one which the squire had purchased—sometimes in a close carriage, according to the weather, but always with the marks of wealth and position, the fine horses, the attendant servants—Miss Maude Trevlyn, of Trevlyn Hold. And Octave would watch stealthily until they were out of sight, and gather in fresh food for her unhappy state of envy until the next day. It would seem most strange that she should thus like to torment herself; but that the human heart is full of such anomalies.

One day that she was standing there Mrs. Ryle passed. And, speaking of Mrs. Ryle, it may be as well remarked that, Mr. Chattaway excepted, she seemed to be most aggrieved—not at her brother's return, but at some of the results of that return. In the certainty of Rupert's not living to succeed—and it was all too great a certainty now—Mrs. Ryle had again cherished hopes for her son Trevlyn. The first intimation she had received of Rupert's undoubted state, came to her in what may be called an incidental manner. She had been exceedingly vexed when she heard of the Upland Farm being leased to Mr. Chattaway. She allowed her resentment to smoulder for a time, but one day it burst forth, and she so far forgot herself, forgot past obligations, as to demand of George whether he thought that two masters would answer upon Trevlyn Farm, and she hinted that it was time he was away from it, and made room for Treve.

George, though his cheek burnt—for her, not for himself—answered, with the calmest equanimity, That he expected shortly to be away from it—to relieve her of his presence, Treve of his advice and help.

"But you have not got the Upland?" she reiterated. "And I have been told this morning that the other farm you thought of is let over your head."

"Stay, mother," was George's answer. "You are ready, I see, to blame Squire Trevlyn for letting these farms, and not to me; but my views are altered. I do not now wish for the Upland, or any other farm. Squire Trevlyn has proposed something else to me; that I should manage his own land for him."

"Manage his own land for him!" she repeated. "Do you mean the land attached to Trevlyn?"

"Yes."

"And where shall you live?"

"With him. At Trevlyn Hold."

Mrs. Ryle could scarcely speak for amazement. "I never heard of such a thing!" she exclaimed, staring excessively at the smile hovering on his lips, and which he vainly endeavoured to suppress. "What can be the meaning of it?"

"It is an assured fact, unhappily, that Rupert cannot live. Squire—"

"Who says it is?" she interrupted. "Who says he cannot live?"

"The medical men," answered George. And he proceeded to inform her of the advice which had been called in to Rupert—of the adverse opinion given of poor Rupert's state. "But for this, Squire Trevlyn would have had no need of me," he continued. "Had Rupert regained his health and strength, he would have filled this place. But he will not regain it, and Squire Trevlyn spoke to me." George did not add that at first he fought with Squire Trevlyn against going to the Hold, *its heir*—for indeed it was as nothing else. He would rather make his own fortune, than have it made for him. Very well, the squire answered with equanimity, he could give up the Hold if he liked, but he must give up Maude with it. And you may guess whether George would do that.

But Mrs. Ryle did not overget her surprise; she could not see things clearly. "Of course, I can understand that Rupert Trevlyn would have held sway on the estate, would have looked after it, just as a son would do; but what my brother can mean by wanting a 'manager'—by taking you—I cannot understand. And you say you are to live at Trevlyn Hold?"

The suspicious smile grew very conspicuous on George's lips. "It is so arranged," he answered; "and therefore I no longer wish to rent the Upland."

Mrs. Ryle stared at him as if she did not believe it. She fell into deep thought—thought, from which she suddenly started, put on a bonnet, and went direct to Trevlyn Farm.

A pretty little mare's nest she was indulging as she went along. If Rupert was in this state, was to be called away from this world, the only fit and proper person to succeed him as the squire's heir was her son Treve. In which case, George would not be required as manager, and their anticipated positions might be reversed; Treve take up his abode at the Hold, George remain at his old home, the farm.

She found Squire Trevlyn alone. She gave herself no time to consider the propriety of speaking at all, or the words in which she should speak; but without any circumspection whatever, she told him that, failing Rupert, Trevlyn must be his heir.

"Oh dear no," said the squire. "You forget Maude. Maude!"

"If poor Rupert is to be taken, Maude remains to me. And she will inherit Trevlyn Hold."

Mrs. Ryle bit her compressed lips. "Is it well to leave Trevlyn Hold to a woman? Your father would not do it, Rupert."

"I am not bound to adopt the prejudices of my father. I imagine the reason of his disinheriting Maude—whose birth and existence it appears he did know of—was the ill-feeling he felt towards Joe and her mother, for their having married in opposition to him. But that ill—



feeling does not extend to me. Why, Maude, were I capable of leaving the estate away from Joe's children, while one of them is in existence to take it, I should deem myself as bad as Chattaway."

"Maude is a girl; it ought not to be held by a girl," was Mrs. Ryle's reiterated answer.

"Well, that objection need not trouble you; for, in point of fact, it will be held by Maude's husband. Indeed, I am not sure but I shall bequeath it direct to him; I believe I shall."

"She may never marry."

"She will marry immediately. Why, you don't mean to say he has not let you into the secret?" broke off Squire Trevlyn, as he gazed on her puzzled face. "Has George told you nothing?"

"He has just told me that he was coming here as your manager," she replied, not in the least comprehending Squire Trevlyn's drift.

"And as Maude's husband. My manager, eh? He put it upon that score, did he? He will come here as my son-in-law—I may say it, for I regard Maude as my daughter; as my recognised successor; as the future squire of Trevlyn Hold."

Mrs. Ryle was five minutes before she recovered herself. Utterly unable to digest the news, she could do nothing but stare. George Ryle the future successor! the inheritor of Trevlyn Hold! Was she awake, or dreaming?

"It ought to be Trevlyn's," she said, at length. "He is your relative by blood; George Ryle is none."

"I know he is not. I do not leave it to him on the score of relationship, but as Maude's husband. He will take the name of Trevlyn. You should have got Maude to fall in love with the other one, an' you wished him to succeed."

Perhaps it was the most unhappy moment in all Mrs. Ryle's life. Never had she given up the hope of her son's succession until now. That George should supplant him!—George, whom she had so despised by the side of Treve—so put upon! She sat beating her foot on the carpet, her pale face bent.

"It is not right; it is not right," she said, at length. "George Ryle is not worthy to be the successor of Trevlyn Hold; it is reversing the order of things."

"Not worthy!" echoed Squire Trevlyn. "Your judgment must be strangely prejudiced, Maude, to say it. Of all those who have flocked here to welcome me home from the different parts of the country, far and near, I have looked in vain for a second George Ryle. He has not his compeer. If I hesitated at the first moment to give him Maude, I don't hesitate now that I know him. I can tell you that had Miss Maude chosen unworthily, as your sister Edith did, her husband would never have come in for Trevlyn Hold."

"Is your decision irrevocable?"

"Entirely so. I wish them to be married immediately; for I should like George to be installed here as soon as may be; and, of course, he cannot come until Maude is his. Rupert wishes it."

"It appears to me that this arrangement is very premature," resumed Mrs. Ryle. "You may marry yet, and have children of your own."

A change came over Squire Trevlyn's face. "I shall

never marry," he said, with emphasis; and to Mrs. Ryle's ears there was a strange solemnity in his tone, "You need not ask me why, for I shall not enter into my reasons; let the assurance of the fact suffice—I shall never marry. Trevlyn Hold will be as securely theirs as though I bequeathed it to them by deed of gift."

"Rupert, this is a blow for my son."

"If you persist in considering it so, I cannot help that," was the reply of Squire Trevlyn. "It must have been very foolish of you, Maude, ever to cast a thought to your son's succeeding, while Joe's children were alive."

"Foolish! when one of my sons—my step-son, at any rate—is to succeed, as it seems!"

The squire laughed. "You must talk to Maude about that. They had settled plans together before I came home. If Treve turns out all he should be, I may remember him before I die, Maude. Trevlyn Farm was originally the birthright of the Ryles; perhaps I may make it so again in the person of Treve. There! don't let us go on discussing: it will bring no good. Will you see Rupert?"

She had the sense to see that if the discussion were prolonged until night, it would indeed be productive of nothing, and rose to follow him into the next room. Rupert, with the hectic still upon his cheeks, but not looking very ill, sat in a chair near the fire. Maude was reading to him.

"Ah, what, is it you, Aunt Ryle!" he called out. "You never come to see me."

"I am sorry to hear you are so poorly, Rupert."

"I am not half as ill as I feared I should be," he said.

"I thought by this time it—it would have been all over. But I seem better. Where's George?"

"George is at home. I have been talking to your uncle about him. Until to-day I did not know what was in contemplation."

"He'll make a better squire for the Hold than I should have made," cried Rupert, lifting his eyes, bluer and brighter than ever, the effect of the disease, to her face, while Maude made her escape from the room, and Squire Trevlyn had not entered it, so that they were alone. "But, Aunt Ryle, I want it to be soon; I want it to be before I die. I should like George to be here to see the last of me."

"I think I might have been informed of this before," observed Mrs. Ryle.

"It has not been told to any one. Uncle Rupert, and I, and George, and Maude have kept the secret between us. Maude was shy, and did not wish it talked of. Only think, Aunt Ryle, that after all the hopes, the contentions, the heart-burnings, it should be George Ryle to succeed to Trevlyn Hold."

She could not bear this repeated harping on the string; she could not bear it. George's conduct to his step-mother had been exemplary, and she did not remain insensible to the fact; but she was one of those second wives (there are such in the world) who feel an instinctive dislike—a jealousy—of their step-children. Very bitter, for Treve's sake, was the jealousy that burnt in her heart now.

"I will come in and see you another day, Rupert."

she said, starting up. "I am too vexed to remain longer this morning."

"What are you vexed about, Aunt Ryle?"

"I was in hopes that Treve—failing you—would have been made the heir of Trevlyn Hold."

Rupert opened his eyes in wonder. "Treve?—while Maude lives! Not he. I can tell you what I think, Aunt Ryle: that Treve, had there been no Maude, would never have come in for the Hold. I don't fancy Uncle Rupert would have left it to him."

"To whom, then, would he have left it, do you fancy?"

"Well—I suppose," slowly answered Rupert, turning the matter over in his mind—"I suppose, in that case, it would have been my Aunt Diana. But there is Maude, Aunt Ryle, and we need not talk about it. George and Maude will have it, and their children after them."

"Poor boy!" she said, with a touch of compassionate feeling; "it is a sad fate for you! Not to live to be the heir!"

A gentle smile rose to his face and he pointed upwards. "There's a better heirship for me there, Aunt Ryle."

It was upon returning from this memorable interview with Squire Trevlyn, that Mrs. Ryle encountered Octave Chattaway. She stopped to speak.

"Are you getting pretty well settled, Octave?"

"Tolerably so. Mauma says she shall not be straight in six months to come. Have you been to the Hold?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Ryle, turning her determined face full on Octave. "Have you heard the news? That the squire has chosen his heir?"

"No," breathlessly rejoined Octave. "We have heard that Rupert is entirely beyond hope; but we have heard nothing else. It will be Maude, I conclude."

"It is to be George Ryle."

"George Ryle!" repeated Octave, in amazement.

"Yes. I suppose it will be left to him, not to Maude. But it will be all the same. He is to marry her, and to assume the name of Trevlyn. George never told me of this. He just said to me to-day that he was going to live at the Hold; but he never said it was as Maude's husband and the squire's heir. How prospects have changed!"

Changed! Ay, Octave felt it to her inmost soul, as she leaned against the gate, and gazed in thought after Mrs. Ryle. Gazed without seeing or hearing, deep in her heart's tribulation, her hand pressed upon her bosom, her pale face shivering as it was turned to the winter sky.

#### CHAPTER LXVI.

##### IN THE CHURCH AT BARBROOK.

BENDING in tenderness over the couch of Rupert Trevlyn was Mrs. Chattaway—Madam Chattaway no longer; she had quitted that distinctive title when she quitted Trevlyn Hold. It was a warm day in early May, and Rupert had lingered on; the progress of his disease being so gradual, so imperceptible, that even the medical men were deceived; and now that the end (as

was soon to be seen) had come, were still saying that he might last until the autumn.

Rupert had been singularly favoured: some, stricken by this dire malady, are so. Scarcely any of its painful features were apparent; and Mr. Daw wrote them word that they had not been in his father. There was scarcely any cough, scarcely any pain, and though the weakness was certainly great, Rupert had not for one single day taken to his bed. Until within two days of this very time, when you see Mrs. Chattaway leaning over him, he had gone out in the carriage whenever the weather would permit. He could not sit up much; he chiefly lay on the sofa as he was lying now, facing the window, which he liked to have open to the warm noonday sun. The room was the one you have seen frequently before, the former sitting-room of Mrs. Chattaway. When the Chattaways left the Hold Rupert had changed to their rooms; he seemed to have a fancy for them, and would sit there and watch the visitors who came up the avenue.

Mrs. Chattaway has been stopping at the Hold since the previous Tuesday, for Maude is away from it. Maude left it with George Ryle on that day, but they are coming home this evening, Saturday, for both are anxious not to be long away from Rupert. Rupert sadly wanted to attend the wedding, and Squire Trevlyn and Mr. Freeman strove to invent all sorts of schemes for warming the church; but the edifice persisted in remaining cold and damp, and Rupert was not allowed to venture into it. He sat with them, however, at the breakfast afterwards, and but for his attenuated form and the peculiar hectic that excitement brought to his otherwise white and hollow cheeks, might have passed very well for a guest. George, with his marriage, has taken the name of Trevlyn, for the squire insisted upon it; he will come home to the Hold to-day and take up his permanent abode in it—Mr. Ryle Trevlyn. Miss Diana received mortal offence at the wedding breakfast, and sat at the table cold and impenetrable, for the squire asked his eldest sister to preside in right of her birth-right, and Miss Diana had long considered herself of far more importance than Mrs. Ryle, and had looked out to be chief on that occasion herself.

"Shall we invite Edith or Diana to stay here with you while Maude's away?" the squire had inquired of Rupert. And a flush of pleasure came into the wan face, as he answered, "My Aunt Edith! I should like to be again with Aunt Edith."

So Mrs. Chattaway had remained with him, and passed the time as she was doing now—hovering round his couch, giving him all her care, caressing him in her loving, gentle manner, whispering of the happy life on which he was about to enter.

She had some eau-de-cologne in her hand, and was pouring it on a handkerchief to pass it lightly over his brow and temples. In doing this a drop went into his eye.

"Oh, Rupert, I am so sorry! How awkward I am."

It smarted very much, but Rupert smiled bravely. "Just a few minutes' patient bearing of the pain, Aunt Edith, and it will be all gone. Do you know what I have got to think lately?"

She put the cork in the long narrow green bottle, and sat down on the chair close to his sofa. "What, dear?"

"That we must be very blind, foolish mortals to fret ourselves so greatly under misfortunes. A little patience, a little time, and they are sure to pass away."

"It would be better for us all if we had more patience, more trust," she answered. "If we could leave things more entirely to God."

Rupert lay with his blue eyes cast upwards, bide as the sky he looked at. "I would have tried to put that great trust in God, had I lived," he said, after a pause. "Do you know, Aunt Edith, at times I do wish I could have lived."

"I wish so, too," she murmured.

"At least, I should wish it but for this great feeling of fatigue that is always upon me. I shall feel it up there, Aunt Edith."

"No, no," she whispered.

"When you get near death, knowing for certain that it is coming upon you, as I know it, I think you obtain clearer views of the reality of things. It seems to me, looking back on the life I am leaving, as if it were of no consequence at what period we die; whether we die young, or live to be old; and yet how dreadful a thing death is looked upon to be by people in general."

"It needs sorrow or illness to reconcile us to it, Rupert. Most of us must be tired of this life, ere we can bring ourselves to anticipate another, and to look for it."

"Well, I have not had so happy a life here," he unthinkingly remarked. "I ought not to murmur at exchanging it for another."

"No, no, he had not. The words had been spoken without thought of wounding her, were entirely innocent of intentional reproach; but she was feeling them to the very depths of her long-bruised heart. Mrs. Chattaway was not famous for the control of her emotions, and she burst into a flood of tears as she rose and bent over him.

"The recollection of the past is upon me to-night and day, Rupert. Say that you forgive me! Say it now, ere the time for it shall have gone by."

He looked surprised. "Forgive you, dear Aunt Edith? I have never had anything to forgive you; and others I have forgiven long ago."

"I lie awake in my bed at night and think of it, Rupert," she said, the tones of her voice betraying how great was her emotion. "Had you been differently treated you might not have died just as your rights are recognised. You might have lived to be the inheritor as well as the heir of Trevlyn."

Rupert lay pondering the proposition. "But I must have died when the end came," he said. "I might not have been any the better for it. Aunt Edith, it seems to me to be just this. I am twenty-one years of age, and a life of some sort is before me, a life here, or a life there. At my age it is only natural that I should look forward to the life here, and I did so until I grew sick with the weariness of lying in pain. But now, if that life is the better and happier one—and if it were not, what miserable creatures we should all be!—does it not seem a favour to me to be taken to it before my time?"

Aunt Edith, I say that as death comes on, I believe we see things as they really are, not as they seem. I was to have inherited Trevlyn Hold; but I shall exchange it for a better inheritance. Let this comfort you."

She sat, weeping silently, holding his hand in hers. Rupert said no more, but kept his eyes fixed upwards in thought. Gradually the lids closed, and his breathing, somewhat more regular than when he was awake, told that he slept. Mrs. Chattaway laid his hand on the coverlid, dried her eyes, and busied herself about the room.

About half an hour afterwards, he awoke. She was sitting down then, watching him. It almost seemed as if her gaze had caused his eyes to open, for she had but just taken her seat.

"Are they come?" were his first words.

"Not yet, Rupert."

"Not yet! Will they be long? I feel sinking."

Mrs. Chattaway hastily called for the refreshment which Rupert had until now constantly taken. But he turned his head away as it was placed before him.

"My dear, you said you were sinking!"

"Not that sort of sinking, Aunt Edith. Nothing that food will remedy."

A tremor came over Mrs. Chattaway. She detected a change in his voice, saw the change in his countenance. It has just been said, and not for the first time in this history, that she could not boast of much self-control; and she ran out of the room, shrieking for Squire Trevlyn.

He heard her and came immediately, wondering much. "It is Rupert," she said in her irrepressible excitement. "He says he is dying."

Rupert had not said it; though, perhaps, what he did say was nearly equivalent to it, and she had jumped to the conclusion. When Squire Trevlyn reached him, he was lying with his eyes closed and the changed look on his white face. A servant stood near the table where the tray of refreshment had been placed, gazing at him.

The squire hastily felt his forehead, then his hand. "What ails you, my boy?" he asked, subduing his voice as it never was subdued, save to the sick Rupert.

Rupert unclosed his eyes. "Are they come, uncle? I want Maude."

"They'll not be long now," looking at his watch. "Don't you feel so well, Rupert?"

"I feel like—going," was the answer; and as Rupert spoke it he gasped for breath. The servant stepped forward and raised his head. Mrs. Chattaway, who had again come in, broke into a loud cry.

"Edith!" said the squire, reprovingly. "A pretty one you are for a sick room! If you cannot be calm, you had better keep out of it."

He quitted it himself as he spoke, called his own groom, and bade him hasten for Mr. King. Rupert looked better when he returned; the spasm, or whatever it was, had passed, and he was holding the hand of Mrs. Chattaway.

"Aunt Edith was frightened," he said, turning his eyes on his uncle.

"She always was one to be frightened at nothing," cried the squire. "Do you feel faint, my boy?"

"It's gone," answered Rupert. "No thank you, Aunt Edith; I can't eat."



Mrs. Chattaway poured out a cordial, and he drank it without difficulty. Afterwards he seemed to revive considerably, and spoke to them now and then, though he lay so still as to give an idea that all motion had departed from him. Even when the sound of wheels was heard in the avenue he did not stir, though he evidently heard.

"It's only Ralph," remarked the squire. "I sent him out in the gig."

Rupert slightly shook his head then to express a negative, and a half smile illumined his face. The squire also became aware of the fact that what they heard was not the noise of gig wheels. He went down to the hall door.

It was the carriage bringing back the bride and bridegroom. Maude sprang lightly in, and the squire took her in his arms.

"Welcome to your home, my darling! A brave welcome to you, Madam of the Hold!"

Maude laughed and blushed, and the squire left her and took the hand of George. Yes, it was true: henceforth she was "Madam" of the Hold.

"How is Rupert, sir?"

"Well—he has been famous until half an hour ago. Since then there has been a change in him. You had better go up to him at once, he has been asking for you and Maude. I have sent for King."

George drew his wife's hand within his arm, and led her up-stairs. No one was in the room with Rupert but Mrs. Chattaway. He never moved, never stirred, as they advanced and bent over him, Maude throwing off her bonnet—only gazed up at their faces from his sofa-pillow with a happy smile.

Maude's eyes were swimming; George was startled. Surely death was now, even now, upon him. It had come closer in this little minute between Squire Trevlyn's departure from the room and his return.

He lay passively, his wasted hands in theirs. Maude was the first to give way. "My darling brother! I did not think to find you like this."

"I am going on before, Maude," he breathed, but his voice was so low they had to stoop to catch it. "You will come later."

A wailing cry interrupted him; it came from Mrs. Chattaway. "Oh, Rupert, say you forgive the past! You have not said it. You must not die with unforgiveness in your heart."

He looked at her wonderingly; a look which seemed to ask if she had forgotten his assertion of an hour ago. He laid his hands together, feebly holding them raised. "Pray God bless and forgive all who may have been unkind to me, as I forgive them—as I have forgiven them long ago! Pray God bless and forgive us all, and take us after this world's over to our home in heaven; for the sake of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

"Amen!" said the squire.

The deep silence which fell on them, after the sonorous tones of the one word died away, was broken only by the sobs of Maude, as she knelt. George laid his hand gently on her head that she might feel its loving protection; he knew how bitter was the moment to her.

The next interruption was caused by Mr. King. He came quietly up to the sofa, glanced at the face of

Rupert, and kept his eyes fixed on it for the full space of a minute. Then he turned them meaningly on Squire Trevlyn. The face, though they had known it not, was already the face of the dead. With the sorrows and the joys of this world, Rupert Trevlyn had done for ever.

The long procession of mourners wound down the avenue of Trevlyn Hold. The hearse was first, containing the remains, but all followers were on foot. With the squire walked his son-in-law and acknowledged heir, George Ryle—or Ryle Trevlyn as he was henceforth to be called; and next to them came Mr. Chattaway, and Mrs. Ryle's son, Trevlyn.

Yes! Mr. Chattaway, who—as may be said—had hunted Rupert to death, yet saw fit to attend the funeral. Do you remember that the etiquette touching funerals in this rural neighbourhood was alluded to early in this history?—that same etiquette prevailed still; and Mr. Chattaway had not deemed it good manners to refuse when the invitation came. It was not as James Chattaway that it was sent to him, but as Edith Trevlyn's husband; and the squire had a battle with himself ere he could be brought to send one at all. Old Canham, too infirm to walk to the church, stood at the gate in his Sunday clothes, and bared his head as they swept past him, paying his last respects to the dead heir of Trevlyn.

It was a large and goodly company to gather round the grave. Thomas Ryle's funeral years ago had been scantily attended; this was different. Many faces familiar to you were among them: the doctors mentioned in the story, the lawyers, Mr. Wall of Barmester, Mr. Apperley and his sons, the clerk Ford from Blackstone, even policeman Dumps was there. How did Mr. Chattaway like standing among them? How did he like to feel that George Ryle, whom he would so have put upon, was from henceforth his master? Suddenly the even sound from the voice of Mr. Freeman was marred by a burst of sobs, and many eyes were turned to the quarter, and found the interruption came from Jim Sanders. Mr. Dumps inwardly vowed a chastisement for the breach.

The coffin was lowered into the grave of the Trevlyns, and sorrowful eyes pressed forward to catch a glimpse of its plate. The inscription had been made in accordance with the will and pleasure of Squire Trevlyn:—

RUPERT TREVLIN,  
HEIR OF TREVLIN HOLD.

DIED MAY 2ND, AGED TWENTY-ONE.

It was so. The true heir, was he, of Trevlyn Hold, the sole heir of Squire Trevlyn. But God had taken him from his heirship before he could enter upon it. A great calamity, some of those mourners are thinking. No, it was no calamity; for as Rupert himself had said in his last illness, he had but resigned a poor earthly heirship to enter upon that heavenly one which fades not away.

They left his body in its kindred earth, and wound their way back again. Oh, my friends! may we learn to strive for that true heirship, without which all other heirships will avail us nought! Fare you well!

THE END.

## Literary Notices.

*Exotics; or, English Words derived from Latin Roots.* Ten Lectures by the VERT REV. the DEAN of WATERFORD, Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

FROM this useful and unpretending volume, a young man of ordinary abilities may obtain, in a few weeks, and with little labour, a knowledge of the meaning and of the derivation of words in the English language which cost his grandsires years of toil to acquire. The author, with great skill, has brought together a large amount of kindred words, and by connecting them as links in a chain, and by interspersing all needful information, he has rendered the study of etymology easy, pleasing, and profitable. Root-words have many descendants, and he who is acquainted with one or two members of the family may easily become acquainted with the rest. For example: the little word "sto," to stand, claims kindred with sixty English words, and the learned Dean, in his lucid and happy manner, has thus arranged them:—

STO, to stand, and its participle, STATUS, stood, supply the root of many English words. A "stable" is a place where horses are kept standing; and a "stable" mind means one that is steady or steadfast. A "stand" is the place where carriages for hire are allowed "to stand." Of similar derivation are "stamen" and "stamina"—the singular and plural of Latin words Anglicised, and meaning the first principles of life, having for their origin the thread supposed by the ancient Romans to be spun by the Fates, whence the term *the thread of life*. The "stamina" in botany are the fine threads on which the spices stand at the end, as in a tulip. "Stanch," or "staunch," means stayed, or made to stand or stop; and the word is applied to the stopping of blood running from a wound. The term is also applied to anything fixed and firm. A "stanch" friend is one who will stand by you in time of need. A "standard" is applied to the colours standing on a pole, and good soldiers will stand to their colours. The term is also used to describe a tree that grows upon a tall trunk, as distinguished from dwarf plants; and likewise to a fixed or stated measure, by which others are to be tried. A "stanza" is a staff or stave, a set number of lines, at the end of which the versification stays or stops. This word comes through the French or Italian "state" and "status"—the latter a Latin word Anglicised, denoting the condition or standing. "Stateliness" implies a standing stiff and upright. "Statement," is a fact laid down upon which one makes a stand. "Statistics," a still more modern word, is a term by which is designated that part of political science which treats of the standing condition and resources of a nation. "Status" is a scientific term, derived from the Greek, signifying that which treats of the weight of bodies. A "station" is a standing place, and is a term used in railway nomenclature; it is also applied to one's rank, condition, or "standing" in society. "Stationary" means fixed in one station or place; and a "stationer" is one who sells "stationery"—so called from the fixed stalls or book-stands at which such dealers formerly sold their wares. As a "state" is put for a nation, so a "statesman" means one who is skilled in the art of governing a nation, which is hence called "statesmanship." A "statue" is a standing figure of a man; and a "statuary" is a maker of statues. The standing laws of the land are called "statutes." To "stay" is to stand or remain in one place; and a pair of "stays" is meant to uphold the figure. The word is also applied to the rigging of a ship; but this, like other nautical terms, is rather from the Saxon. A "stayed" or "staid" behaviour means that which is steady. "Circumstances" are those events by which we are surrounded, which stand about us. "Circumstantial" evidence is that which depends upon

circumstances connected with the affair, as distinguished from facts testified to by eye witnesses. "Constant" means standing together, and "inconstant" that which cannot "continue in one stay." To "constitute" is to make to stand together—that is, to establish. The "constitution" is the state of being. The term is also applied to the frame of Government under which we live; and that which is legal and according to the established form of Government is "constitutional;" if otherwise, it is "unconstitutional." The "constituents" are the persons who, by their votes, "constitute" a member of Parliament as a representative of the "constituency." To "contrast" is to set up one against another. "Destitute" implies weakness, from *de* and *sto*, taking away the standing. "Instant" means present, that which is now standing or existing, and so is applied to the date of the current month. The word is used figuratively, to describe constant readiness, as also urgent importunity. "Instance" means example, that which stands before us; hence the phrase "for instance;" we also speak of giving an "instance" of anything, and the word is constantly used by Shakespeare in the sense of an example. To "institute" is to set up on its foundation; and that so set up is an "institution." An "interstice" is space or time standing between, or intervening. "Obstinacy" means a determined standing out against; and an "obstacle" stands in the way. To "rest" is to stay still; but in this sense it appears to be a word of Saxon origin; while the "rest" or residue of anything, that which remains standing over or re-standing, is of Latin derivation. "Restive" or "restiff" means resting, or stopping, as an obstinate horse refusing to go on. "Restitution" is a giving back, putting back in its place. "Substance" means that which stands under, or "subsists," and the word is applied to anything bearing certain qualities of matter, bulk, solidity, or power to sustain.

We believe that we shall benefit our young friends by quoting largely. We therefore present to them extracts in another form, in which the Dean gives the derivation of various words in common use.

## LECTURE X.

ABSD denotes what is said unreasonably, and implies deaf to reason. The derivation is from *surdus*, "deaf," with the preposition *ab*, "from." An "absurd" answer is such as might be expected from a deaf man, ignorant of that to which he attempts to reply.

CALAMITY is a misfortune, a loss. The word was first derived from *calamus*, the stalk of corn, and had reference to a blight, when the corn could not get out of the stalk—a great misfortune to the tillers of the land.

CAPRICIOUS means whimsical, like a goat; the Latin name for which animal is *capra*. Hence, also, we have the phrase, *cutting capers*.

COMPANION is literally one who eats bread with us, from *com* and *panis*, "bread."

ERADICATE is to take up from the root, from *ex* and *radix*, "a root." The epithet *radical* was first applied to those who demanded what they considered "radical" or thorough reform.

EXTRICATE means to free from any impediment or difficulty. The derivation is from *ex* and *trix*, "snare," from which we also have tricks. The literal meaning of the word is *hauris*; and the original allusion is to hairs or threads put about the legs of fowls, to hinder them from wandering, and hence applied to any kind of incumbrance.

FUNERAL is derived from *funis*, a torch, because formerly performed by torchlight.

INEBRIATED means drunken; literally, in *cupis*—the derivation being from *drin*, "a drinking-cup;" whence, also, we have "obriety;" and, on the other hand, "sober"—that is, *sine bris*, "without a cup."

INFANT means one who cannot speak, from *is*, as a negative, and *fans*, from *fari*, "to speak."

INTOXICATION is derived from *toricam*, "poison," a word probably derived from *taxa*, the yew tree, the berries of which are poisonous.

NORMAL means adapted to rule. The word is of very recent introduction. *Normal schools* were first established by the National Convention of France, and called by

this name (*normales*), equivalent to model schools. "Abnormal" indicates a departure from rule; and "enormous" means beyond all rule, *out of measure*.

*OVATION* denotes a triumph, or the ascribing of praise to a performer or public character. The origin of the term is to be traced to the manner in which a lesser triumph among the Romans was celebrated, when only a sheep was sacrificed to the gods; *ovis* being Latin for a sheep.

*ROMANCE* was a name at first given to any piece of poetry; but as the old romances were remarkable for the extravagance of their fictions, the word, as well as its derivative "romantic," became applicable to any wild, extravagant story. The Latin language ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century, and was succeeded by what was called the *romance* tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks with *lud* Latin. The songs of chivalry having been in that language, they were called *romances*, or *romances*.

*SALARY* is a word in common use. It means payment for services done at stated periods, and the origin of the term was the *salarium*, or salt, which was made part of the pay of the Roman soldier. From the same root we have "salt" and "saline."

*SEW* may be traced to *sue*, "a sow," because formerly the bristles of swine were used for sewing instead of needles, as they are still used by shoemakers.

*STIPULATION* is a contractor's bargain, derived from *stipula*, "a straw," because in contracts respecting land the parties hold a straw in their hands, which represented the whole of the land or crop conveyed; and to this day a tenant is often put in possession of land by giving him a handful of earth, or even a few blades of grass.

## Temperance Department.

### "THERE'S DEATH IN THE GLASS."

I HAVE been a district visitor, and during my life I have witnessed many scenes of wretchedness; but perhaps the most wretched has been the story I am now about to relate.

My lot has been cast in a large city in the south of Ireland, where, alas! cases of misery are too frequently presented to the notice; and, I much fear, the greatest proportion of these result from the fearful vice of intemperance.

A district visitor's duty was to call on all poor Protestant families who would receive such visits, sit a little while with them, and engage them in conversation on spiritual matters; see if their children attended school regularly; and in every way in their power, and through Divine assistance, endeavour to be of use to those they thus visited. It was also the custom to leave with each family some little paper or story, of an interesting or religious character, for their perusal, which would be exchanged on the next visit.

Among the families in my district whom I thus visited, there was one in particular where I felt I was doing, indeed, little good. I was received certainly with civility, but without any show of interest. The tracts were given and exchanged, but I felt they were not read by the family.

When I first knew them, the household consisted of a father, mother, and three children; they, at that time, rented a large house, which they again let to lodgers, reserving for their own use three good rooms.

The father was an industrious young man, of a sound and healthy constitution, never out of employment, and earning good weekly wages as a house carpenter—wages quite sufficient to keep his family in every comfort, and also to enable him, if so inclined, to lay by something every week towards any unforeseen expense he might have to meet.

The mother was a rather pretty-featured, slightly-made woman, but extremely untidy in her personal appearance. She had, notwithstanding, an air of refinement somewhat above her station, owing to the fact that in her youth she had been carefully brought up and very well educated by her parents, who were respectable people.

It was "the old story," she had, when quite a girl, fallen in love with this James Graham, who, though a most excellent young man, was not quite in her rank of life. Her indulgent parents had at first refused consent, but was induced afterwards, when her health began to fail, to grant it. Her parents had taught her many good things, but they had not, alas! taught her to look to God to enable her to resist temptation, and the consequence was she fell into sin.

Her eldest child, a pretty girl of thirteen summers, attended, though irregularly, a good parochial school in the neighbourhood; the second child, a plain, coarse boy of ten years, also attended school, but in the same desultory manner; and the youngest, a sweet little baby-girl of two years, of course remained at home with the mother. This child was a particularly lovely little thing, requiring great care and attention, as from her birth she had been delicate. She was the idol and the plaything of the family, and with me she soon became the greatest pet, always running to me when I called, putting out her little arms, to be taken up and kissed. On the whole, they were an interesting family; and I often called to see them, though, for a long time, with little effect on the mother.

There was one thing struck me in all my visits to this place, which was the great scarcity of all domestic comforts, as well as the exceedingly dirty, slovenly appearance of everything I saw.

Everything about the room told the tale of utter neglect. There were presses in the room, and it appeared strange to me that they were always locked; even little Ally's pocket toys were shut up, and the child could only have them when the father was at home.

The mother's clothes were particularly shabby and mean, but such as they were, they would have been improved by washing and mending. These matters surprised me, as I knew the husband earned good wages. Another thing that puzzled me was the remarkable confusion that took place when my knock was heard; and often I fancied I heard steps of some one passing into another room, before I could be allowed to enter; yet Mrs. Graham told me she knew no one, and kept company with none.

When I visited the parochial school, and found the daughter absent, I would sometimes go to the house to inquire the reason. On such occasions, by the daughter's account, the mother was out; and the daughter said that she was required to stay at home, to mind Alice and cook the meals. If the boy was absent, the same reason, or one like it, would be given.

At first I thought this was true, but at last it began to strike me suspiciously how very often the mother required the children at home in consequence of her absence.

Now, putting all things together—the shabby room, the mother's slovenly appearance, and frequent absence from home—I began to think there was something wrong; and that something, I very much feared, was that the mother drank. I



was slow to believe this, though I had, at times, discerned the smell of spirits about her. Many times in my visits I alluded to the comfortless home and scanty furniture; her answer would generally be—

"Ah! yes, ma'am, it is too true. Things are not as comfortable about us as they might be; but we have been, and still are, under heavy expenses, my husband having to pay back, by instalments, a large sum of money he borrowed at our marriage."

"But," I said, "that is fifteen years ago. Surely, with his good wages and steady habits, he must, long since, have repaid such a loan as you mention?"

"Yes, ma'am," she said, "so he ought, and so, I think, he might, long since, have done; but then he is not as prudent, in many ways, as folks think him."

This I did not believe, as Graham was well known to be an industrious, steady man.

One day I said, "Well, Mrs. Graham, surely you could contrive to keep your home cleaner than it is; those windows might be cleaned, without any expense; and Alice is such a sweet little child, I wonder you do not take a pride and pleasure in keeping her neat and clean."

"Oh, indeed," she answered, "I have been intending to clean up the place a bit, it does want it, certainly; but it is quite impossible to keep Ally clean, playing, as she does, all day, on the floor, and about the place."

When next I called, the room had been tidied up, in a kind of manner, but Ally's face and frock were no cleaner. Things went on in this way for many months. I visited, and left the tracts—often temperance ones—and would try to engage her in religious conversation. She had some head knowledge of Divine truth, but I could discover that the heart was not right with God. That she did not love the Saviour was evident, for she did not follow in his footsteps. She seldom attended at the house of God, and always made some excuse; either she had her husband's dinner to dress, Ally to mind, or her clothes were too shabby. These excuses are very common among poor people.

In visiting Mrs. Graham, I would sometimes speak of sobriety as being one of the greatest blessings a poor family could have. She would always listen attentively, and say, "It was all very true, and good advice for those who needed it; but for her part, she took, she might say, nothing in the way of drink, and so did not need the advice."

One day a friend of hers said to me, "Is it not awful the way Mrs. Graham drinks? Really, you should get her to join the Temperance Society; it would, perhaps, save them all from ruin."

"With God's assistance, my friend," I said, "the Temperance Society may be of use; but we must look to Him alone for strength to resist temptation. But as to Mrs. Graham, do you think she does really drink? I have often suspected it, but could not be certain."

"Go in some evening," said her friend; "that is the best time. I know her poor husband and children are to be pitied."

I determined to call in the evening; and as I had, at different times, given Mrs. Graham fancy-work to do, I could make the bringing of some a reason for so late a call. One evening, therefore, about

six o'clock, I set out. The husband, I knew, never returned home from his work till eight o'clock. On arriving at the house, one of the lodgers opened the door. She greeted me with a civil "Good evening, ma'am. Can I do anything for you?"

"No, thank you; I want to see the Grahams."

"Oh, then, ma'am," was the answer, "you will not find him, or the two eldest children in; he has not returned from work, and Dick and Lizzy are gone to spend a couple of hours with a friend, a little way out of the town."

"Thank you; Mrs. Graham will do as well."

I ascended the stairs, and knocked; but though there was a light within the room, I received no answer. I knocked again and again, and thought I heard the child's voice. Knocking once again yet louder, I heard the little one say, "Mammie—mammie, get up and let in poor daddie; Ally too little to open the door." I knew something must be wrong; perhaps she was ill. I waited no longer; I gave the door, therefore, a good push; it yielded to my efforts, and I entered the room. What a scene met my view! There was a fire in the grate, and a bit of candle alight in a candlestick on the floor; and near a chair the mother had evidently fallen down in a state of intoxication. She was breathing heavily, and appeared quite insensible. By her side was sitting little Alice, busy with a pair of scissors, cutting up an old picture-paper, which was in dangerous proximity to the candle. Almost as I entered a large piece of the snuff of the candle fell upon the paper, setting it on fire. I at once quenched the flame, and was, perhaps, the humble means of saving little Alice from being burned to death. Little Ally flew to my arms, and said—

"I so glad you come to wake mammie; she is so long asleep. Ally no wake her; and Ally 'frind very much."

Poor little darling. I took her up in my arms, and drawing a chair to the fire, I sat down, knowing nothing could at present be done with Mrs. Graham, and thinking it would be well to wait for Graham's return.

"Ally," I said, "who put the candle on the ground?"

She said, "Me did."

"Ah," said I, "that was bad; you might have set fire to yourself."

She said, "Me put it near mammie, to see her." She added, "Why don't you wake her up? Daddie will want his supper; and I hungry, too."

"Why are you not in bed?" I said.

She replied, "Oh, Ally so sleepy and lonely. Daddie got no supper last night; mammie sick then, too; and daddie said mammie was a bad wife." And then the poor little thing began to cry, and call out, "Oh, mammie!—mammie! Ally wants to get her supper and go to bed."

While I was trying to amuse her, the father came running up-stairs, and entered the room. He looked shocked and humbled at the situation of his wretched wife. I told him I had called so late to judge for myself if the reports I had heard of her were true; and that what I feared was indeed the case.

He thanked me, and said he was glad I had called to see for myself, as he had often wished to tell me, but somehow he could never bring himself to complain of his wife.

"But sit down, ma'am," said he. "I would be glad to have a little talk with you."

The substance of his conversation was this. Fifteen years ago, he had married her, a pretty, likely young woman, far too good, he said, for him. She had some little fortune, and for a few years they lived happily together—they owed no money, were able to pay their way, and had every prospect of doing well. "In fact, ma'am," he said, "Jane was then all I could have wished; she was the comfort of my life."

"Shortly after the birth of Dick," continued Graham, "some people persuaded her that, as she was nursing, she required some stimulant to nourish her. They taught her to drink."

"She had grown fond of it, and step by step she had gone down. She had neglected her husband, her children, her home, and herself. She had run him into debt; she had—when he no longer gave her money—pawned her clothes and household articles; and even to-night," added he, "she must have pawned something that was not locked up; or perhaps, ma'am, when the children went out, she bought something on credit, and then sold it again or pawned it—for this she has often done, in spite of all my efforts to prevent her."

"Alas! ma'am, I cannot tell what to do. When first we married, we could afford to keep a little servant; and now that we want some one to mind the place, and watch her when we are from home, we are too poor to keep one. I do not like to keep the children at home, as they are backward in learning. They have, as you know, been absent only too often; and, ma'am, the example, I fear, will be ruinous to Lizzie. On the day she contrives to get any drink, one of us must stay at home, and if it is I, we must starve, for as it is we can hardly manage to live."

Many other things he added, but suffice it to say, that with the tears pouring down his face, he told me a tale of misery. Leaving him to look for comfort from Him who alone is able to give it, I bade him "Good night," promising to call next day.

I did call, and found, as I expected, Mrs. Graham full of repentance, shame, and remorse. We had then a long conversation together, as well as many times afterwards.

She did, for a time, appear to amend, and seemed sorry for her sin; but it was only for a time. She again and again relapsed, and over and over again promised amendment. Need I add she failed, because she trusted in her own strength, and did not fervently entreat God's assistance to enable her to conquer her besetting sin?

Her daughter could now rarely come to school, and had begun to look careworn, anxious, and even dirty.

The husband told me one day, with grief, he feared he must leave her, take the children himself, and go to another town, and seek for employment. The day of punishment was at hand.

One bright and sunny May morning, she was tempted by a female friend to join her in going to a fair, and taking Ally with her, they went first to a public-house, where her companion treated her. While she was taking the spirits, a respectable-looking man passing by called out to her—"There's death in the glass." She and her companion became excited, and they went, all unsteady as they

were, to walk by the river-side. While there, little Ally complained of being tired, so the mother took her up in her arms. Both, however, were observed by a policeman walking so unsteadily by the water's edge, that he rushed over to remove them. But, alas! for little Alice, the mother lost her footing, and fell with the child into the water. In the confusion her companion fled. The policeman, who had rushed over to remove them from the water's edge, now jumped into the river to endeavour to rescue them. But, dreadful to relate, he could only save the mother. By the time another man had jumped in it was too late. Ally was drowned. As she rose to the surface, the last words she ever uttered were—"Cruel maminie!" Mrs. Graham was sobered; her child's corpse was in another's arms; and shouts and execrations surrounded her on all sides. Amidst such confusion she was hurried to her home. Her distracted husband arrived very soon after. When the inquest was held, she had to give evidence, and also to listen to the coroner's charge, in which he did not fail to lay before the jury the sad cause of the poor child's untimely end. She had, moreover, to stand by and listen to the verdict—"Accidental death, caused by her mother's intoxication."

Soon after the sad event, I called at the house. What a scene met my view! On the floor sat the miserable mother, clasping her child's corpse with frenzy, and saying, "Oh, woe is mine! oh, woe is mine! I killed her—my precious darling. Her last words were, 'Cruel maminie!—cruel maminie!'"

The following night ushered into the world an infant son, who lived but a few hours. Fever ensued, and for weeks her own life was despaired of. Her ravings were fearful to listen to. "Cruel maminie!" and "I killed her!" was the burthen of her cry.

Poverty came, in its most dreaded shape, into the house. The lodgers had left, frightened away by the misery around them. The good clergyman who had so constantly visited the house during her illness, was sent for again and again, as she grew better; and at length, in the most solemn manner, after earnest prayer to God to bless the means used, if in accordance with his will, Mrs. Graham and all the family took, then and there, a pledge of *total abstinence*.

As she gradually gained strength, I could see that the Spirit of God had changed her heart; she became an altered woman. Years have passed since then, and though she wears upon her brow many wrinkles of sorrows and cares that she will carry to her grave—though her hair has become white, not with years, but with grief—yet she trusts that, through the blood of the Saviour, her sins have been forgiven, and she humbly hopes that she shall again meet her little child in that happy land where sin and sorrow shall be no more. Better times have come to them. She is now the cleanest, tidiest woman in the town. Her husband looks happy; her children look pleasant. Another little one has been given to them; and their earnest prayer to God is, to grant their children grace to resist temptation.

You know what intemperance does, therefore I now conclude with the earnest desire that God may bless this little story, and teach us to remember that "no unreformed drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven."

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